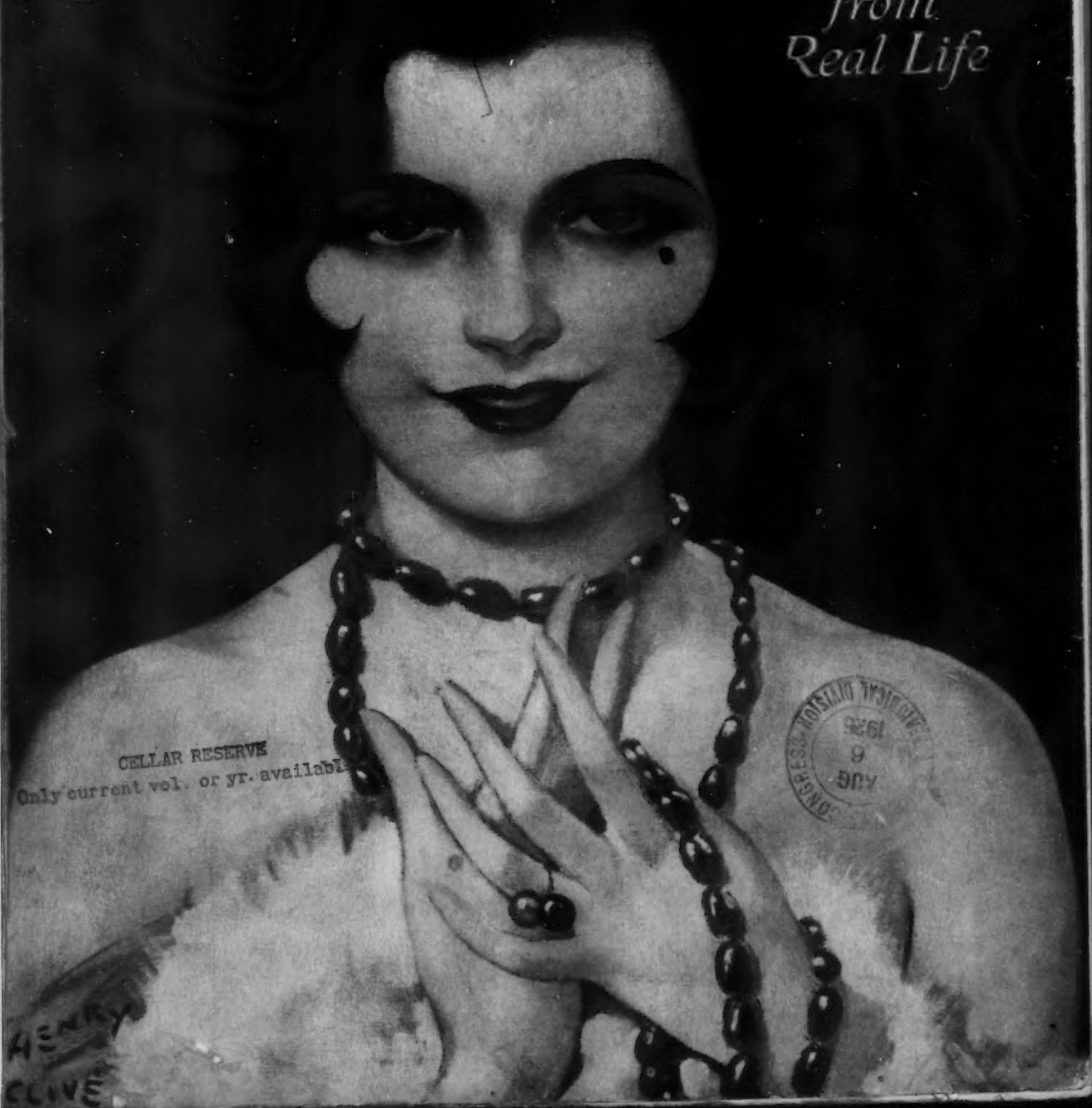


September - 25 Cents

SMART SET

*True Stories
from
Real Life*



CELLAR RESERVE
Only current vol. or yr. available



HENRY
CLIVE

AS pioneers in the field of oral hygiene, we believe that the makers of Listerine are logically qualified to introduce this new and drastic note into dentifrice advertising. And we believe that a very definite public benefit will result from this endeavor to make the nation properly conscious of the disease dangers that may result from tooth abscesses.

—Lambert Pharmacal Company.



"—he was an old young man at forty"

Hidden wells of poison

Son of a famous family of horsemen, it was the ambition of his father to see him mature into one of the leading sportsmen of the country.

Even as a boy of five, he began to ride. In his 'teens he was giving as good account of himself on a polo pony as many players much older. His hunters were the envy of his friends.

His big aim, however, was international polo. But just as he was attaining this goal his health began to fail, and now when he should have been in his very prime, he was an old young man of forty.

Shattered health, due to tooth neglect! Hidden wells of poison in his mouth had made him practically an invalid.

Do you realize this?

Do you know that, according to eminent dental authorities, 78 out of 100 adults today have tooth abscesses: that usually they do not know it themselves and that such abscesses may directly cause many dread diseases?

Among the diseases so caused are rheumatism and joint diseases; heart and kidney trouble; stomach and in-

testinal derangements; to say nothing of more minor disorders ranging from simple headaches to insomnia and nervous affections.

In spite of these grave dangers that lurk in tooth abscesses, relatively few people today ever think of visiting a dentist until pain drives them there. Whereas, only a good dentist can really place you on the safe side.

Protect yourself

You are probably like most other human beings; so while at this moment you realize all these dangers you, too, will very likely put off going to your dentist.

In the meanwhile, however, you owe it to yourself to take one simple precaution: There is a dentifrice that will do very much to keep your teeth and gums in a healthy condition. Consequently, more and more dentists are today recommending Listerine Tooth Paste.

Because Listerine Tooth Paste, and this tooth paste only, contains all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, the safe antiseptic. These healing ingredients help keep the gums firm and healthy and discourage the breeding of disease bacteria in the mouth.

Quick results—and safe!

This is an age when people want quick results. Listerine Tooth Paste is so formulated that it cleans your teeth with a *minimum* of brushing, calling for much less effort than is ordinarily required.

Also, this paste cleans with absolute safety. The specially prepared cleanser it contains is just hard enough to discourage tartar formation, yet not hard enough to scratch or injure tooth enamel. And, of course, you know how precious tooth enamel is!

Finally, Listerine Tooth Paste is sold at a price that is fair—large tube 25 cents—the right price to pay for a good tooth paste. Try it. Enjoy really clean teeth. But don't forget the importance of seeing your dentist regularly.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.

If your dentist has not already handed you our booklet on tooth abscesses and a sample of our dentifrice, you may have both of these by addressing a postal to the Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint Louis.

Listerine Tooth Paste—25 cents for the large tube



Women especially may well be thankful for it

EVERY enlightened woman is aware that the use of powerful poisons in feminine hygiene is fraught with many dangers. Prominent physicians everywhere are discouraging the employment of bichloride of mercury as well as compounds of carbolic acid.

These and other powerful chemicals are actually a menace to house and home. Their regular use for feminine hygiene can't help being injurious to delicate membranes and tissues. The pity of it is that science has been in the past unable to offer other means of securing real protection against germ life.

No "skull-and-crossbones"

But now, women may well be thankful that this old order of things has passed. No longer is the "skull-and-crossbones" danger necessary in the home. Zonite, the extraordinary non-poisonous germicide, at last opens the way to a new and safe era of feminine hygiene.

This remarkable antiseptic, though more powerful than pure carbolic acid, is absolutely non-poisonous. It does not burn the tissues nor toughen them. It has no hardening effect—leaves no scars.

Zonite gives real protection

Zonite has been investigated and endorsed by prominent authorities. It is used by hundreds of hospitals, and by specialists. Its results are most satisfactory. It gives real protection against germs and, in addition, its action upon sensitive tissues is mildly stimulating and healthful.

As a woman, you will be interested in reading the booklet offered below—written expressly for women. Thousands have sent for it and have been grateful for the helpful information which it contains. Simply fill out the coupon and address it—*Women's Division, Zonite Products Company, Postum Building, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.*

Zonite, despite its great germicidal power, is absolutely non-poisonous. This form of antiseptic can be used freely in the mouth, nose and throat to kill the germs that cause sore throat, colds and other respiratory diseases.

In bottles, 50c and \$1
at drug stores
Slightly higher in Canada

If your druggist cannot
supply you, send 50c direct
to the Zonite Products Co.

Zonite



Summer uses for Zonite

In the summertime the dreaded scourge of infection creeps on its victims unawares. The camper or vacationist naturally must have his share of cuts, burns and insect bites. Broken bottles and clamshells infest even the nicest bathing beaches. Barbed wire and fish-hooks and poison ivy are always with us. Mosquito-bites and sunburn, too, are dangerous sources of infection. Tennis, rowing and hiking cause blisters which may have extremely serious consequences.



Rusty nails

But you need not carry a whole medicine chest full of special preparations for all those purposes. The same bottle of Zonite which prevents infection from knife-cut or gun-wound will soothe your sunburn and insect-bites or, as a mouthwash, will prevent colds and more serious diseases of throat, nose or gums.



Insect bites

Best of all, Zonite is absolutely non-poisonous. Though far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be applied to the body, Zonite is safe in the hands of a child. There is no longer any excuse for the skull-and-crossbones in the family medicine chest. Full directions for using Zonite come with every package.



Sunburn

A whole medicine chest in itself

Zonite does one thing and does it thoroughly. It actually kills germs. That is why Zonite is valuable for so many different purposes. As a daily mouthwash to guard against pyorrhea and other gum infections. For cuts, wounds, burns, scratches. For poison ivy. After shaving. For dandruff. As a deodorant.



I should like to have a free
copy of the illustrated booklet
you have prepared. (S-41)

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

VOL. 77
NO. 1

SMART SET

SEPTEMBER
1925*True Stories from Real Life*

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Although manuscripts and drawings are submitted at the owners' risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable



ALL her life she had dreamed of an elm-shaded street in her home town. All her life she had lived in the squalid little shanties by the track.

Sometimes she walked past the cool green lawns and touched the hedges with longing fingers.

Now—after years of bitter struggle, of jazz-filled small-time vaudeville—she was living on McKinley Avenue and the minister loved her.

Did she—could she dare to take the happiness which lay within her reach—?

Read this great human story in the October SMART SET.

Published monthly by the Magus Magazine Corporation, at 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

GEORGE d'UTASSY, President; JOHN BRENNAN, Vice-President; R. E. BERLIN, Treasurer; B. T. MONAGHAN, Secretary.
Vol. 77, No. 1
Copyright 1924, by Magus Magazine Corporation. 25 cents a copy; subscription price, United States and possessions, \$3.00 a year; Canada, \$3.50; Foreign, \$4.00. All subscriptions are payable in advance. We cannot begin subscriptions with back numbers. Unless otherwise directed we begin all subscriptions with the current issue. When sending in your renewal please give us four weeks' notice. When changing an address, give the old address as well as the new and allow five weeks for the first copy to reach you. Entered as second-class matter, March 27, 1900, at the Post Office, New York, New York, under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at the Post Office, Chicago, Illinois.

A SALESMAN when he faced the buyer; a sales manager when he returned to the home office with the biggest order his firm had ever received, this man gives LaSalle credit for both order and promotion, yet he had been enrolled for LaSalle training only a month.



"The Most Profitable Investment I Ever Made"

(—so writes O. M. Abel, the employee.)

"The practical ideas which I got from the very first assignment of your course in Modern Salesmanship enabled me to land the biggest order our company has ever received. Naturally I am enthusiastic—not merely because of this initial advancement, but because of the future which your training has opened up to me. It's by far the most profitable investment I ever made or ever expect to make."

(Signed) O. M. ABEL, Cleveland, Ohio.

"Your Training is 100% Practical"

(—so writes D. W. Reinohl, the employer.)

"What you have accomplished for Mr. Abel, in a very few weeks, has been a revelation, and my only explanation is that, unlike other courses which I have examined, your training is 100 per cent practical. I can only wish that I had had this same opportunity for training earlier in my career—it would have added many thousands of dollars to my income. In bringing its value so forcefully to my attention you have performed for this company a very real service. I appreciate it."

(Signed) D. W. REINOHLE, Cleveland, Ohio.

Could You Have Made This Sale?

It won O. M. Abel big advancement, and he credits it to LaSalle training

O. M. Abel was a salesman for the Lindsay Disc Sharpener Company, Cleveland, Ohio. He was selling an excellent product—a unique device for sharpening the discs of harrows while in operation.

Mr. Abel possessed both ability and ambition; his immediate problem, therefore, as he saw it, was to *plus* his ability with scientific salesmanship.

He did not dream, however, that the first reward of LaSalle training would come to him so soon!

One month after he had enrolled with LaSalle, he was sent to Chicago. A big order was at stake. The prospect was one of the largest mail order houses in the world.

He made the sale. *And how?*

Simply because the training he had got from his very first assignment enabled him to recognize the type of sales presentation he should make.

Eight others he might have chosen.

O. M. Abel picked the winner!

"Because of the gratifying increase in business Mr. Abel has brought about," writes D. W. Reinohl, president of the Lindsay Disc Sharpener Company, "we have made him sales manager of our company. And—after 25 years in the selling field, I may add

that I, too, have enrolled for LaSalle training in Modern Salesmanship. Already I have found it an amazing source of sales-building ideas and methods. No president, general manager, sales manager, or salesman in the field should be without it."

Send for Salary-Doubling Plan

Not alone in selling is LaSalle training a tremendous help, but in management, accounting, law—indeed, in every important field of business. The *salary-doubling plan* evolved and perfected by LaSalle has added millions and millions of dollars to the earning power of its members; has strengthened the organizations in which those men were factors beyond all estimation. Within only six months' time, for example, as many as 1,248 LaSalle members reported definite salary-increases totalling \$1,399,507—an average increase per man of 89 per cent.

The details of the LaSalle *salary-doubling plan* will be sent you for the asking. Whether you adopt the plan or not, the basic information it will place in your hands is of very real and definite value. And it's *free*.

Balance the two minutes it takes to fill out the coupon against the rewards of a successful career—then clip and mail the coupon NOW.

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

The World's Largest Business Training Institution

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

Dept. 950-R

Chicago

I shall be glad to have details of your salary-doubling plan, together with complete information regarding the opportunities in the business field I have checked below. Also a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

- ☐ Business Management: Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Departmental Executive positions.
- ☐ Modern Salesmanship: Training for position as Sales Executive, Salesman, Sales Coach or Trainer, Sales Promotion Manager, Manufacturer's Agent, Solicitor, and all positions in retail, wholesale, or specialty selling.
- ☐ Higher Accountancy: Training for position as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.
- ☐ Expert Bookkeeping: Training for position as Head Bookkeeper.
- ☐ C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants.

- ☐ Law: Training for Bar; LL.B. Degree.
- ☐ Commercial Law: Reading, Reference and Consultation Service for Business Men.
- ☐ Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic: Training for position as Railroad or Industrial Traffic Manager, Rate Expert, Freight Solicitor, etc.
- ☐ Railway Station Management: Training for position of Station Accountant, Cashier and Agent, Division Agent, etc.
- ☐ Banking and Finance: Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions.

- ☐ Industrial Management: Training for positions in Works Management, Production Control, Industrial Engineering, etc.
- ☐ Modern Foremanship and Production Methods: Training for positions in Shop Management, such as that of Superintendent, General Foreman, Foreman, Sub-Foreman, etc.
- ☐ Personnel and Employment Management: Training in the position of Personnel Manager, Industrial Relations Manager, Employment Manager, and positions relating to Employee Service.

- ☐ Modern Business Correspondence and Practice: Training for position as Sales or Collection Correspondent, Sales Promotion Manager, Mail Sales Manager, Secretary, etc.
- ☐ Business English: Training for Business Correspondents and Copy Writers.
- ☐ Commercial Spanish: Training for position as Foreign Correspondent with Spanish-speaking countries.
- ☐ Effective Speaking: Training in the art of forceful, effective speech, for Ministers, Salesmen, Fraternal Leaders, Politicians, Clubmen, etc.



Name _____ Present Position _____ Address _____

Rouse Your Bigger and Better Self to Action!

I'll help you prove to the world that you CAN succeed!

ELECTRICITY

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Important Note:—

COYNE does not teach by correspondence, but by practical, personal training in the wonderfully-equipped COYNE Shops, located in Chicago, electrical center of the world.

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HAVING HARD LUCK? Think the world's against you? Are you trying to FIND yourself, so that you may take your rightful place among happy, successful, independent folks? WHY LEAD AN INFERIOR EXISTENCE? No need to drag through life with little or nothing of this world's goods in return for your hard, earnest labor! The chances are 100 to 1 you've got the right stuff in you! You've simply got to apply it in the right direction, like successful folks do.

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No other book like my great big Electrical Book which costs you nothing—now or later. 151 actual photos. Dynamos, radios, autos, airplanes, farm lighting and power, etc. Send for your copy this minute.



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COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL
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Dept. 6156, Chicago, Illinois

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My Employment Department helps you get a job to earn part or all of your expenses and assists you to a good job on graduation. Hundreds of COYNE graduates earn \$60 to \$200 a week. Many own highly-successful businesses.

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Tune in tonight or any night on our own Radio Broadcasting Station, WGES (World's Greatest Electrical School). Wave length 250 meters. The famous Coyne Student Broadcasting Synopses are on the air every Friday night. Students may join the orchestra, also take part in the athletic and entertainment activities at COYNE, FREE.

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Established
1899

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ELECTRICITY is a field of big opportunities! It offers clean work, steady employment, BIG PAY to men who are properly trained. It's the ideal field for regular fellows—HE-MEN—who want to get ahead in life. This is truly the ELECTRICAL AGE and your day of opportunity.

I have perfected an unusual course of instruction in Electricity, a course that is absolutely thorough, that is easy to master, that covers every phase and factor of the subject, that fits men for the BIG electrical jobs—the HIGH-SALARIED thrilling jobs.





See How Easy it is to Quickly Become a Powerful Speaker

Powerful Speech has shown thousands an amazingly easy way to win advancement in salary and position, a remarkably quick way to gain popularity, standing and success. You, too, can quickly conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity and bashfulness, and become a powerful and convincing speaker who can bend others to your will and dominate one man or an audience of thousands.

THERE is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing public speaker. Those who believe that the ability to speak forcefully belongs only to a few lecturers are making a serious mistake. I will prove that you, too, can quickly become a powerful speaker and can use that gift to win promotion, salary increases, popularity, power. By an amazing five minute test I will show how to discover whether you are one of the 7 men out of every 9 who have this "hidden knack" and do not know it. Men in almost every profession and line of business have made this test and then taken their first step toward success in a large way.

Why Powerful Speakers Are Always Leaders

It is the man who can put his ideas into convincing speech—the man who can sway others at his will and dominate one man or a thousand—who is sought out and asked to fill big, important, high-salaried positions. He is a leader; he stands head and shoulders above the mass. I am going to prove that you can be such a man by simply bringing out your "hidden personality" which is fighting for recognition but

which you keep hemmed in by self-consciousness, lack of confidence in yourself, timidity and bashfulness.

It Is Amazingly Easy to Quickly Become a Powerful Speaker

What 15 Minutes A Day Will Show You

How to talk before your club or lodge.
How to address board meetings.
How to propose and respond to toasts.
How to make a political speech.
How to tell entertaining stories.
How to make after-dinner speeches.
How to converse interestingly.
How to write better letters.
How to sell more goods.
How to train your memory.
How to enlarge your vocabulary.
How to develop self-confidence.
How to acquire a winning personality.
How to strengthen your will-power and ambition.
How to become a clear thinker.
How to develop your power of concentration.
How to be the master of any situation.

You do not need a college education nor any previous voice training to become a powerful speaker. I will show you the secret that causes one man to rise from an obscure position to the head of a great corporation; another from the rank and file of political worker to national prominence; an ordinary trades union member to the national leadership of great labor unions; a timid and retiring man to change suddenly into a popular and much applauded after-dinner and banquet speaker. Thousands have accomplished

just such amazing things due to this simple, easy, yet effective training.

You Become a Good Speaker—Or I Don't Want a Penny

I do not care what line of business you are in; how bashful, timid and self-conscious you now are; I will guarantee to make you a powerful, convincing and easy speaker within a few weeks if you will give me 15 minutes a day in the privacy of your own home. I know what I have done for thousands of others and what remarkable results have been secured often in a month's time. Therefore, if I cannot make you

a powerful speaker I guarantee to return every penny you have paid me and you owe nothing.

An Amazing Book FREE Mail Coupon

If you will fill in and mail the coupon at once, you will receive a remarkable new book called "How to Work Wonders with Words." This book gives you an amazing test by which you can determine for yourself in five minutes whether you are one of the seven men out of every nine who possess the "hidden knack" of powerful speech, but do not know it. Decide for yourself if you are going to allow 15 minutes a day to stand between you and success. Thousands have found this to be the biggest step forward in their lives. If it has played such an important part in the lives of many big men, may it not be in yours? Then mail the coupon at once.

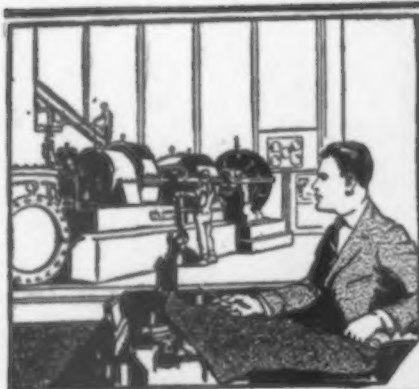


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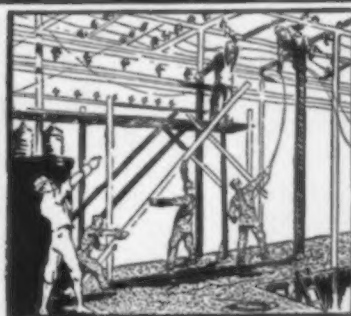
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My training so simple a school-boy can grasp it instantly. Common Schooling all you need. No previous experience required. But my students make rapid progress because I train them on actual Electrical jobs, with standard-size tools and materials which I supply without extra cost. The first half of my training is APPLIED ELECTRICITY—a complete course in itself. In the second half I give you Electrical Engineering subjects. I give you Electrical Drafting, Radio, Automotive Electricity, and many other valuable subjects, all for one small price, and on easy terms.

Go into Electricity! — the business of a million opportunities

Be an Electrical Expert. Go into the one great Industry where it's easy to get to the top, to make money, to make a real success. You don't need money in the bank or "pull" to get ahead in Electricity—all you need is Training, honest complete training such as I guarantee you.

Training Built by 23 Noted Engineers

This is no one-man, one-idea school. 22 famous Engineers from Westinghouse, Western Electric, General Electric, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and many other great corporations and universities helped Chief Engineer Dunlap make this training the most complete and up-to-date.

**50% to 500% Pay raises
reported by many
graduates**

I have hundreds of letters which prove my training has doubled and trebled the pay of my students and graduates. When you put your time and money into home-training you want to know in advance which training is best—and whether it will equip you to fill a better job at bigger pay. The American School answers these questions in plain English. Mail coupon for my answer.

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Yes, I can help you make a success in the great Electrical business. Right now I am making an amazing offer. Don't enroll for any course until you get it. Coupon brings complete information. Mail it to me, personally, today!

**Chief Engineer Dunlap,
Electrical Division**

AMERICAN SCHOOL

Drexel Ave. & 58th St., Dept. E-6251
Chicago



Chief
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Dunlap

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Early in your training I give you special instruction in house-wiring, Radio, and other practical work. I show you how to get spare-time work, and valuable experience. Many students make my training pay for itself in this way.

If you are now earning less than \$40 a week—if you want to be an ELECTRICAL EXPERT—if you want to step quickly into the class of men earning from \$60 to \$250 a week—write me at once!

This million-dollar school offers ambitious fellows their big opportunity to learn every branch of Electricity at home in spare time by a wonderful, new, practical JOB-METHOD.

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FREE JOB SERVICE

for Students and Graduates

We have supplied thousands of jobs FREE, not only to graduates, but to STUDENTS also. This JOB-SERVICE keeps in touch with great Electrical employers all over America. The day you enroll, this Job-Service Department registers you, finds out what kind of job you want, where you want to work, etc.

**Chief Engineer DUNLAP and
22 Noted Engineers**

This is no one-man, one-idea school. 22 noted engineers, educators, and executives of the following great corporations and universities have helped Chief Engineer Dunlap make this training complete and up-to-the-minute.

Chief Engineer Dunlap
AMERICAN SCHOOL, Dept. E-6251
Drexel Ave. & 58th St., Chicago

☐ I want to be an Electrical Expert. Please rush guarantee, job-service facts, complete information, money-saving offers.

Name.....

St. No.....

City.....State.....

MAIL COUPON TO-DAY

Making More Money Than The Boss

If you think it can't be done then there is a surprise in store for you.

THERE is one profession, and only one, in which the Boss often makes less money than some of the men under him. And you can—but read the remarkable letter below, received a short while ago by the National Salesmen's Training Association from a Sales Manager who was investigating this System of Training, with a view to increasing his own efficiency.

The record of this student is in the Association files, but it is no different than hundreds of other really amazing records of inexperienced men who have studied this wonderful System of Salesmanship Training.

Why Salesmen Are Well Paid

How would you like the opportunity to make more money than the man who employs you? Sounds almost foolish, doesn't it? Yet, the seemingly impossible feat of making more money than the Boss is being done regularly in the selling field. Many salesmen earn more money than the man or men above them. In some cases, they earn far more than the president of the Company.

There is a good reason why the same ability will command a larger income in the selling end of business than in other departments. The men in the shops making the goods, and the men in the office handling routine accounts and credits, can never be as vital to a business as the men out selling—their efforts actually determine how much goods shall be made.

Irving T. Bush, Founder and President of the Bush Terminal Company in

an article in the American Magazine, said:

"Go through any industry and you will find the same grade of intelligence is better paid in the selling force than it is in any other department. To those men who must make money to take care of responsibility and support of family, I again say, GO SELL. And opportunities for selling jobs are open to one in other fields."



Secrets That Make Master Salesmen

From greenhorn to Star Salesman in next to no time sounds almost too good to be true. Yet, the National Salesmen's Training Association performs this wonderful transformation for thousands year after year because it teaches the real secrets of salesmanship.

A. H. Ward returned from France broke, untrained. Last month he earned \$1,350 as a salesman. H. D. Miller, another Chicago boy, was making \$100 a month as stenographer in July, 1922. In September, 3 months later, he was making \$100 a week as a salesman. W. P. Clenny, of Kansas City, Mo., stepped from a \$150 a month clerkship into a selling job at \$500 a month. He is making \$850 a month now. M. V. Stephens, of Albany, Ky., was making \$25 a week. He took up this training and now makes five times that much. J. H. Cash, of Atlanta, Ga., exchanged his \$75 a month job for one which pays him \$500 a month. O. H. Malfroot, of Boston, Mass., stepped into a \$10,000 position as a SALESMANAGER—so thorough is this training. All these successes are due to this easy, fascinating and rapid way to master certain invincible secrets of selling.

Why did these men—farm hands, mechanics, bookkeepers, clerks, railroad men and routine workers in every walk of life—attain such quick success. The answer is as simple as A B C. There are certain ways of doing and saying things in selling—certain ways to approach different types of prospects to get their undivided attention, to stimulate interest—certain ways to overcome objections, batter down prejudices, outwit competition, and make the prospect act. Once you know these vital things—once you have acquired these fundamental principles—big success awaits you in this fascinating field.

Previous Experience Unnecessary

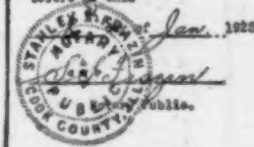
It doesn't matter what you are now doing for a living. If you can read and write and have average intelligence, there is a wonderful future awaiting you in the selling field. If you must make more money, if you want to attain a measure of financial independence, if you want to accomplish worth-while things, then let us send you all the facts about this remarkable System of Salesmanship Training and Employment Service, including a big, FREE, illustrated book, "Modern Salesmanship."

In this book you will find full details about the National Demonstration Method which gives you actual experience while studying, complete information about the N. S. T. A. System of Electives which enable you to go out and sell a line, fortified with proven plans and suc-

State of Illinois) ss
County of Cook) ss

I, J. E. Greenblade, President of the National Salesmen's Training Association, of Chicago, Illinois, state under oath, that between January 1st., and December 31st., 1924, this Association received calls for 43,646 Salesmen.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this



NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION.

J. E. Greenblade
President

cessful methods of Master Salesmen in the line or lines you choose to sell. Also tells how N. S. T. A. Free Employment Department helps you to select and secure a position as local or traveling salesman as soon as you are qualified and ready.

Send Now for Proof and Free Book

To fill out and mail the coupon below may prove to be the turning point in your career as it has for thousands. It will not obligate you, though it may inspire you to make a move in the direction of bigger pay, more opportunities, and congenial work. Don't hesitate. A good idea to get it into the mail right NOW.



National Salesmen's Training Association

Dept. M 26, N. S. T. A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

National Salesmen's Training Association
Dept. M-26, N. S. T. A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Please mail me Free Proof that I can become a Master Salesman and qualify for a good sales position. Also send your illustrated book, "Modern Salesmanship," and particulars of membership in your Association. This is all free of cost or obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Age..... Occupation.....



A. M.
SIMONS, B. L.
Chairman

Leading authority in Vocational Analysis. Author of "Personal Relations in Industry," "Social Forces in American History," "Production Management," and other notable books. Mr. Simons personally supervises the Personal Analysis Service described in this announcement.

From the Manager of Personnel and Training of the Standard Oil Co. of N. Y.

I have been much interested in reading your literature and forms relative to VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE, and I am impressed with their thoroughness and workableness.

C. R. DOOLEY

From Authority in Industrial Education

I have read "Success Through Vocational Guidance" with a great deal of interest. The book and the PERSONAL ANALYSIS SERVICE which goes with it, should afford a splendid background both in CHOOSING AN OCCUPATION as well as in choice of DESIRABLE TRAINING for the kind of work selected.

PROF. EMERY FILBEY,
Department of Industrial Education, University of Chicago.

From Head Vocational Guidance Department Harvard University

I am very much interested in this attention you are giving to Vocational Guidance. The American Technical Society is certainly a pioneer in making such a definite and useful investment. I am calling the attention of my students to your service.

PROF. JOHN M. BREWER,
Graduate School of Education, Harvard University.

From one who used this Service
Your Vocational Analysis Service seemed to be just what I needed most. Now after my actual experience with it, I can vouch for its being a REAL SERVICE, honest and conscientious. Although my problems were unusually difficult and peculiar, I believe you have gone far toward solving them.

A. REINHOLT,
4445 Grand Blvd., Chicago

I GUARANTEE

1. I guarantee to make a scientific analysis of you—to find out and chart your abilities and limitations, education, experience, tastes, habits, thoughts, ambitions, strength, and weaknesses. This committee will put your abilities on a scale, weigh them, measure them, put the result in *usable* form.
2. I guarantee that the Vocational Analysis Committee of the American Technical Society will read and interpret your analysis, and will then *Recommend the Vocation* in which you can find the greatest success.
3. I guarantee that we will prepare a *working plan* by which you can carry out our recommendations—a practical individual plan built to your measure, taking all your circumstances into consideration.
4. I guarantee this Vocational Analysis Service will take you out of the wrong place and put you in the line of work where you can make the most money and the fastest progress.
5. Finally, I pledge you the backing of the *American Technical Society*, a million dollar institution (rated by Bradstreet and Dun AAI)—in your efforts to carry out your *working plan* and make a bigger success.

All these five things I guarantee,

or Your Money Refunded!

Get Analyzed

They say Edison tried steel-making and lost a million. He went back to inventing and regained the loss and millions more. Carnegie made "a hundred millionaires" in the steel business, but what would he have accomplished as an inventor? What are you *best* adapted for? In what line can you make the most money, and the biggest success? You can't analyse yourself, you can't answer these questions yourself. Our Vocational Experts, Educators, Engineers, Executives working together for years have finally developed a *scientific* way whereby you may be analyzed for business or professional purposes. The method is simple, but thorough. And it has been endorsed by hundreds of great employers, noted educators and executives.

What is "personal vocational analysis"?

The first step is a searching analysis of YOU. This is accomplished by a scientific reading of a scientific questionnaire—the most elaborate and complete ever produced by vocational authorities. But you will find it easy to answer all questions. Only trained Vocational Experts can read your answers and chart them. Only authorities in Vocational Counsel can INTERPRET them and make sound, practical recommendations. And the combined brains of this Committee will prepare a *WORKING PLAN* which takes your analysis, circum-

stances, environment, and everything else into consideration, so that you can *use* the plan and benefit by it.

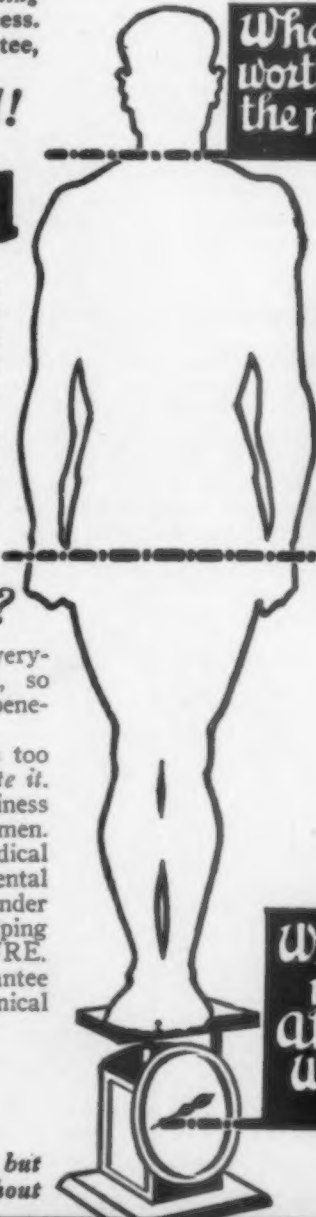
All this, you may say, sounds too good to be true. *But investigate it.* Vocational Analysis is a business service, for men, by business men. (Not "psycho-analysis", or medical analysis, or hypnotism, or "mental science.") Guaranteed to render you a priceless service in helping you *PLAN YOUR FUTURE*. This service and my guarantee backed by a million dollar technical institution.

Special Offer!

I will send you, not a catalog telling ABOUT this wonderful service, but the questionnaire itself and complete information absolutely without cost. Every red-blooded man wants to know *WHERE AND HOW* he can achieve the greatest success. Now there is a scientific way to find out. This is not a course of instruction, that will take months of your time. You merely supply information, it will only take a few hours. We do all the work. Mail the coupon, get the facts without cost or obligation.

A. M. Simons, Chairman
Vocational Analysis Committee of

American Technical Society
Dept. PA-6251 Chicago



What are you
worth from
the neck up?

What
work
can
you
do
best?

What do
your
abilities
weigh?

SEND NO MONEY COUPON!

A. M. Simons, Chairman, Vocational Analysis Com. of American Technical Society, Dept. PA-6251, Chicago

Please send me without cost or obligation, your questionnaire and complete information about your Vocational Analysis Service.

Name _____

St. No. _____

City _____ State _____



HERE is your Complete New Living Room Suite all ready to be sent on 30 Days' Free Trial. Here is the suite that will make your living room more inviting, more comfortable; a pleasanter, a more home-like place for family and friends. You will take great pride in the dignified design of these 8 big pieces. The high-quality construction will serve you for many years. Just \$1.00 with order brings the entire suite, and the Free Scarf right to your door. The monthly payment is so small that you will never feel the outlay. My Bargain Price is lower than cash-down prices in your home

stores. You will make a big mistake if you don't take advantage of this offer NOW! You cannot lose, you cannot be disappointed. My Money-Back Bond protects you to the limit.

8 Solid Oak Pieces on 30 Days' Free Trial

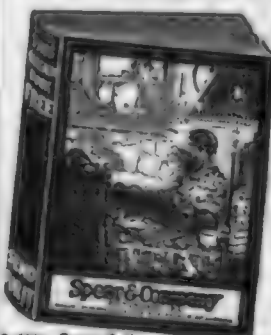
Use this suite for 30 days at my risk. See how stunning it will look with the background of your draperies and rugs. If you are not perfectly satisfied after a month's trial you may return it. I will refund your first payment and all transportation costs. The trial will not cost you a penny.

FREE! Velour Scarf With Tapestry Ends
Send your order for the library suite QUICKLY. I will send you absolutely Free a Handsome, rich blue Table Scarf. It is made of a good velvety quality velour enhanced by an edge of gold braid and floral tapestry ends, with silky tassels. It is 12" wide and 55" long, just the right size for the table. Scarf is absolutely free if you send promptly Your Free Trial Order for Library Suite.

Outstanding Points of Excellence

(1) Kiln-dried and air-seasoned Solid Oak throughout; (2) Strong Construction, Upholstered Full Length Backs and Seats covered with Rich, Brown Spanish Artificial Leather, and very well padded with rest-giving, upholstering materials; (3) Wide, roll arms on Arm Chair and Rocker; Sturdy Posts on all pieces; (4) Every piece of large, full size: The Library Table is 24 x 36 inches with Writing Desk Drawer and big lower shelf, a table of striking beauty, Rocker and Arm Chair are both 37 ins. high and 25 ins. wide, with seats measuring 19 x 19 inches. Sewing Rocker is 34 inches high and 17 inches wide; Side Chair is the same size. The Taborette is 16 inches high. The Waste Basket is 14 inches high. The 2 Book Ends give a desirable and artistic touch. Writing Desk Drawer, An Exclusive Spear Feature. The Library Table is equipped with a desk drawer which when pulled out can be used as a writing desk. It has a pen and pencil groove, ink well receptacle and ink well. The lid is removable; writing supplies can be kept in the drawer. This special feature makes the table serve a double purpose—a library table and a desk.

Home Furnishing Guide



FREE!
My New Catalogue is a treasure house of Home Furnishing Ideas, a delightful guide to happy home making. It shows Thousands of Bargains in Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Stoves, etc. Write for it Today. My Prices are the lowest. I Give the Longest Time to Pay. Everything sent on 30 Days' Trial.

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Dept. S-801, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Home Furnishers for the People of America

Former Price \$55
Sale Price \$39.95

Easy Monthly Payments

You have your choice of two finishes: Nut Brown Fumed Oak or highly Glossed Golden Oak. Be very careful to State Your Choice of Finish in Ordering. Complete 8-piece Suite, order No. SA625, Price \$39.95. Terms: \$1 with order, balance \$3 monthly.

SPEAR & CO., Dept. S-801, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send me at once 8 piece Library Suite and Free Velour Scarf as described above. Enclosed is \$1 first payment. It is understood that if at the end of the 30 days' trial I decide to keep it, I will send you \$3.00 monthly. Order No. SA625, Price \$39.95. Title remains with me until paid in full. Send me your Free Catalog also. Print or write name and address plainly.

If you want Nut Brown Fumed Oak put an X in this ☐
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CURWOOD'S New Novel

The
**BLACK
HUNTER**

A romance of French
Quebec in the days
of flashing rapiers and
stealthy tomahawks.

One of **29** brilliant
features

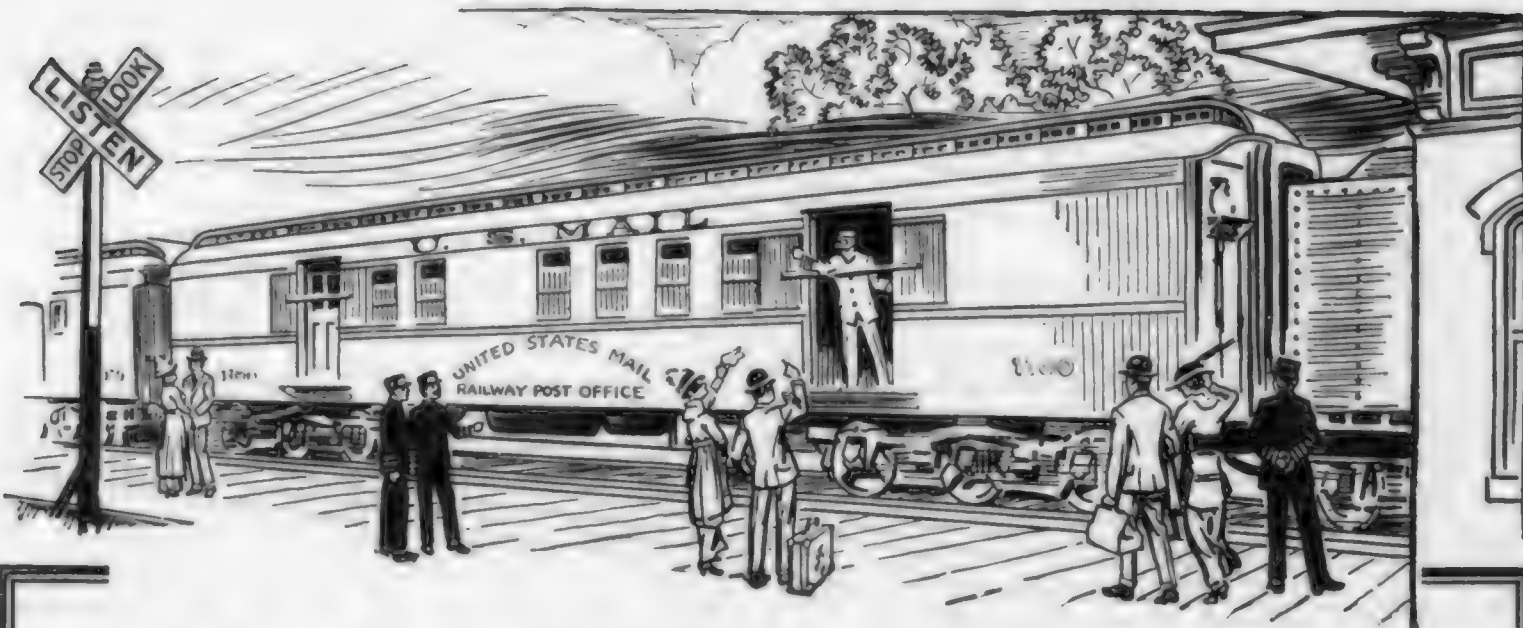
IN SEPTEMBER



Hearst's *International*
combined with
Cosmopolitan

At All News-stands

*A smoking hunt leads on
the momentary thrill of
this moment, which would
always remain unforget-
table to Anne and David.*



WANT A U. S. GOVERNMENT JOB?

BECOME A

RAILWAY POSTAL CLERK

\$1900 FIRST YEAR—RAISE TO \$2700

Over 2100 Vacancies Last Year

WANT THESE JOBS?

CITY POSTOFFICE CLERKS
CITY MAIL CARRIERS

INCOME TAX AUDITORS
CLERKS AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

STEADY POSITIONS

These are steady positions. Strikes, poor business conditions, lockouts or politics will not affect them. U. S. Government employees get their pay for full twelve months every year. There is no such thing as "HARD TIMES" in the U. S. Government Service.

RAILWAY POSTAL CLERKS

Railway Postal Clerks get \$1900 the first year, being paid on the first and fifteenth of each month. \$79.00 each pay day. Their pay is increased to a maximum of \$2700 a year. \$112.50 each pay day.

PAID VACATIONS

Railway Postal Clerks, like all Government employees, are given a yearly vacation of 15 working days (about 18 days). They usually work 3 days and have 3 days off duty or in the same proportion. During this off duty and vacation, their pay continues just as though they were working. When they grow old, they are retired with a pension. As Railway Postal Clerks are continually travelling, they have an excellent chance to see the country. They are furnished with a railroad pass. Their hotel expenses are paid when away from home.

CITY MAIL CARRIERS—POST OFFICE CLERKS

Clerks and carriers commence at \$1700 a year and automatically increase \$200 a year to \$2100. They also have 15 days' vacation. Examinations are frequently held in the larger cities. City residence is unnecessary.

CLERKS AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

(Open to men or women 18 or over)

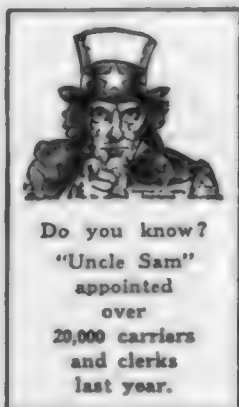
Salary \$1140 to \$1860 a year. Required for pleasant clerical work in the various government departments and offices at Washington, D. C.

WHAT WILL YOU EARN 5 YEARS FROM NOW?

Compare these conditions with your present or your prospective condition, perhaps changing positions frequently, kicking around from post to pillar, no chance in sight for PERMANENT employment; frequently out of a position and the year's average salary very low. DO YOU EARN \$1900 to \$2700 EVERY YEAR? HAVE YOU ANY ASSURANCE THAT A FEW YEARS FROM NOW YOU WILL GET \$2700 A YEAR, EVERY YEAR?

GET FREE LIST OF POSITIONS

Fill out the coupon. Tear it off and mail it today—now, at once. DO IT NOW—This investment of two cents for a postage stamp may result in your getting a U. S. Government Job.



FRANKLIN
INSTITUTE
Dept. F 325
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Kindly send me, entirely free of charge:
(1) A full description of the position checked below; (2) Specimen examination questions and free sample coaching; (3) Free copy of illustrated book, "How to Get a U. S. Government Job;" (4) A list of the U. S. Government Jobs now obtainable.

Railway Postal Clerk..... (\$1900-\$2700)
Post Office Clerk..... (\$1700-\$2100)
City Mail Carrier..... (\$1700-\$2100)
Rural Mail Carrier..... (\$2100-\$3300)
Clerk at Washington, D. C. (\$1140-\$1860)
Income Tax Auditor..... (\$2040-\$3000)

Name

Address.....
Use This Coupon Before You Mislay It—Write or Print Plainly

Nothing Much

HAVE you ever wandered through an old, deserted farmhouse? Did you notice the little hollows worn in the stairs? And in the kitchen floor? And in the doorsills? Didn't it seem to bring back a picture of life as it used to be?

There is something pathetic about a thing which has seen its day of usefulness and is just waiting. And yet, the very personality which echoes through its empty halls may catch the fancy of some passing traveler and make him stop and think for a moment. If it does that its usefulness is not yet past. He may even buy it and repair its broken walls and floors, and its leaking roof.

There is a kind of glorious personality in an old house which has been remodeled and given a new lease on life which cannot possibly be associated with a new building.

I passed through a gigantic real estate development the other day. For at least a mile in both directions I saw new houses built close together, all exactly alike. They probably had all the modern conveniences: I doubt if the roofs leaked! But you couldn't hire me to live in one of them.

PERHAPS in fifty years each may have developed a personality of its own—but it won't until somebody buys it, and lives in it, and suffers in it, and builds a shed on the back for the dog! And incidentally that shed must be a little bit different from the shed on any other house in that whole square mile of—houses. And the porch must be screened; and the awnings must be home-made so that they won't be like the ones next door; and there must be a rose bush in the yard, or some other flowers.

Did you ever see two rose bushes that were just exactly alike? No, and neither did I. God didn't plan things that way. What a magnificent thought it is to realize that in all the history of the world there have never been two maple trees exactly the same—and that, try as we will to make these houses all the same, underneath the paint each is as different from the others as daylight is from dark. The grain in the wood is different; the individuality that God planned is there. That is why the houses hold together. But the greed of the builders is such that they try to build the cheapest

possible way—a quantity of a certain kind of paint—all the lumber cut the same—and there we are.

But what I am getting at is this. Every one of us starts to build a personality the day we land in this old world. Our parents have a tremendous influence on it; our schools either build still farther or tear down what has already been built. And when we finally reach the period when we face the problems of life, the personality which has been built during childhood is the strongest fortress and the most aggressive warrior we have.

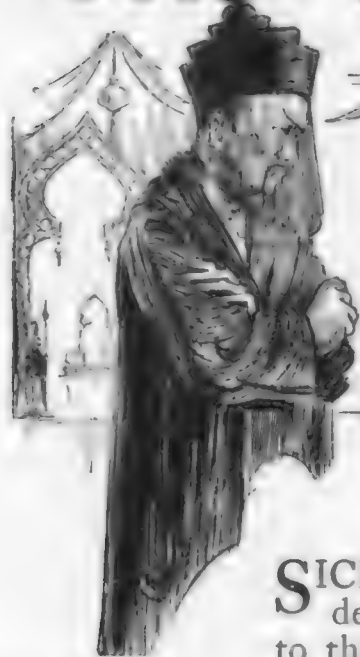
AND so it is with a magazine. SMART SET began less than a year ago to build a new personality. We made our covers a little bit different from those of any other magazine. We chose our stories in such a way that we built up an atmosphere a little different from that of any other magazine. We didn't try to jump sensationally in circulation by printing sensational material.

And so our growth, our progress has been the steady, sound progress which comes from making friends. The result is that we have broken several records, not because we tried to break them, but because we built a new personality.

I am proud of the progress we have made. I am proud of the improvement in this issue over the first one last fall. And most of all, I am proud of the fact that our readers have learned that we really meant to let them build our policy. You have done it. Thousands of you have written to me, and I have read your letters. Therein we differ from most magazines. Your suggestions have been embodied one after another. Some of them have not proved practical, but a great many have, and the result is plain.

TRAVELING a new trail in literature, breaking through into the real home life of half a million people, echoing the big moments of their lives, always in good taste, we have been setting a pace which a more selfish policy on our part could not possibly have attained. And it is with this personality becoming more and more plain that we review the year, and look forward to even greater progress during the next twelve months.

"She is Yours Master"



SICK at heart the trembling girl shuddered at the words that delivered her to this terrible fate of the East. How could she escape from this Oriental monster into whose hands she had been given—this mysterious man of mighty power whose face none had yet seen?



Here is an extraordinary situation. What was to be the fate of this beautiful girl? Who was this strange emissary whom no one really knew? To know the answer to this and the most exciting tales of Oriental adventure and mystery ever told, read on through the most thrilling, absorbing, entertaining and fascinating pages ever written

MASTERPIECES OF ORIENTAL MYSTERY

11 SUPERB VOLUMES

By **SAX ROHMER**

Written with his uncanny knowledge of things Oriental

THESE are no ordinary detective stories. The hidden secrets, mysteries and intrigues of the Orient fairly leap from the pages. Before your very eyes spreads a swiftly moving panorama that takes you breathless from the high places of society—from homes of refinement and luxury, to sinister underworlds of London and the Far East—from Piccadilly and Broadway to incredible scenes behind idol temples in far off China—from hidden cities in the jungles of Malay along strange paths to the very seat of Hindu sorcery.

11 Mystery Volumes Packed with Thrills

Be the first in your community to own these, the most wonderful Oriental mystery stories ever published—books that have sold by the hundred thousand at much higher prices—books you will enjoy reading over and over again. Handsomely bound in substantial cloth covers, a proud adornment for your table or shelf.

2 BEAUTIFUL BOOK-ENDS FREE IF YOU ACT AT ONCE



A LIMITED quantity on hand of beautiful sphinx polychrome book-ends, will be sent absolutely FREE as a premium for promptness with the first orders from this Ad. After you have received your set for free examination, just mail your first installment within ten days and these two handsome book-ends (5 inches high) will be delivered to you free—but send the coupon today!



Forget Your Troubles—Relax—Enjoy Yourself!

These are the sort of stories that President Wilson, Roosevelt and other great men read to help them relax—to forget their burdens. To read these absorbing tales of the mysterious East is to cast your worries into oblivion—to increase your efficiency many times over.

Extraordinary Offer—Don't Wait a Minute!

Printing these volumes by the hundred thousand when paper was cheap makes this low price possible. Only a limited number left. Don't lose a minute!

SEND NO MONEY—Just mail the Free Examination Coupon Today Sure! Read them TEN DAYS FREE, without a penny down.

15
McKINLAY,
STONE &
MACKENZIE
30 Irving Place
New York

Please send me on approval, all charges prepaid, set of your special Masterpieces of Oriental Mystery, in 11 handsomely bound cloth volumes. If after 10 days' free examination I am convinced they are the most extraordinary, most fascinating Oriental mystery stories I have ever read and are easily worth twice the price, I will keep the books and send you \$1.00 promptly and \$1.00 a month for only 12 months; when you receive my first payment you are to send me promptly, absolutely free, two beautiful polychrome sphinx book-ends. Otherwise, I will return the set within 10 days of receipt at your expense, the examination to cost me nothing.

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

McKINLAY, STONE & MACKENZIE, Dept. 15, 30 IRVING PLACE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

The Bunk about Hollywood

I HAVEN'T been doing much talking lately about future issues of

SMART SET, but sometimes a story just gets under your skin and you have to talk about it. That's the way I am now.

For ten years I've been reading magazine articles which tell how rotten Hollywood is—and other articles proving that it is a little paradise populated by angels, and that movie folks don't know how to spell the word *vice*.

I've read more bunk about that beautiful town than about any other place in the country, and in the October issue I'm going to publish an article entitled "*Exploding the Bunk*." It's about the most startling thing in a long time.

ORDINARILY, I duck stories of the movies and the stage because people in general are sick and tired of reading about what the screen stars do in their spare time.

But here is a movie story in which no star figures at all in which HOLLYWOOD might as well be called SHERWOOD FOREST, for all the fame which comes to the characters of the story. To be sure, some of them get into a studio far enough to get some

protection from the California sun—but that's about all!

And the "*sweet young things*" didn't fail because they were virtuous! And the director wasn't a beast seeking prey!

IT'S A most surprising revelation, and

I want you—all of you—if you know anyone whose daughter, or sister, or sweetheart has the movie "*bug*," to see that they get a chance to read this article. It will make a lot of girls hesitate—not because of any fear of the wicked city, but because—well, you'll see why when you read the story.

If I were a girl I'd hate

to have people think that I went out there as these girls have, and then came back and pulled the stuff as an excuse that has been accepted as true, *so far*.

I imagine we're going to make a lot of former aspirants blush, and call us a few names as well.

But most important of all, we're going to tell a lot of things about Hollywood that no one has had the nerve to tell before.

IT'S impossible to say too much about this article or even to tell you how good it is—because I'm afraid if I do I'll be telling the story!—THE EDITOR.

Something for the "Sweet Young Things" to Think About.



Do you do this, too?

THEY'RE very strict in the police department at inspection time. And this officer's problem used to be watching his coat collar—dandruff.

Not any more, though, because now he's learned a way to correct it. If you're troubled the same way you'll be glad for this suggestion.

* * *

The unsightly "white coat collar"—showered with dandruff—is rapidly going out of style.

And the way to correct it is a very simple one. Just mark down the following statement as a fact:

Listerine and dandruff do not get along together. Try the Listerine treatment if you doubt it.

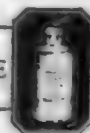
Just apply Listerine, the safe antiseptic, to the scalp. Generously; full strength. Massage it in vigorously for several minutes and enjoy that clean, tingling, exhilarating feeling it brings.

After such a treatment you *know* your scalp is antiseptically clean. And a clean scalp usually means a healthy head of hair, free from that nuisance—and danger signal of baldness—dandruff.

You'll thank us for passing this tip along to you. It's a new use for an old friend—*Listerine*.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

We have a special circular concerning the use of Listerine for Dandruff. Would you like a copy? Drop us a postal.

LISTERINE



—the safe
antiseptic

Own a Typewriter!

A Bargain You Can't Ignore!
Every Member of the Family
Will Use and Enjoy it! Try it
Free, and See!

\$300 and it's yours!

A generous free trial offer and the most liberal terms if you buy

GET YOUR typewriter now. A genuine Shipman-Ward rebuilt Underwood is the one you want—"the machine you will eventually buy!" Everyone needs it; now anyone can afford it. Don't send a cent—but do get our big special offer—our valuable book on typewriters and typewriting—*free*.

You can learn to write on this standard-keyboard machine in one day. A week after the expressman has brought it, you'd feel *lost* without it. A trial will *prove* it—and doesn't cost you a penny!

Our rebuilt plan gives you the *best* machine, and saves you a *lot* of money.

Save on the price, and get a FIVE year guarantee.
—
All tools, cover, etc., included



This is a genuine No. 5 Underwood—the ace of standard writing machines.

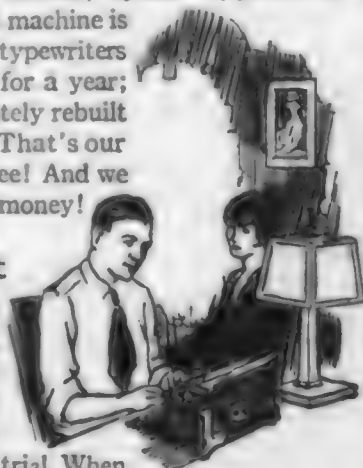
Act NOW If Ever!

The Underwood is so famous a make, and No. 5 so popular a model, you'll have to speak up if you want one of the lot we are just completing now!

We rebuild from top to bottom; *replace every single worn part*; each machine is in *sparkling* condition. New typewriters are commonly guaranteed for a year; we guarantee these completely rebuilt Underwoods *five years*. That's our Better-Than-New Guarantee! And we guarantee a big saving in money!

Pay Like Rent

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at home last year with her Underwood.)

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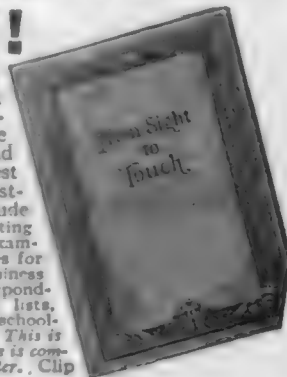
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SMART SET

SEPTEMBER
1925

Stories from Real Life

Looking Back

By ROBERT BANKS

*There's a little red schoolhouse just over the hill
Close beside the burnt wreck of the old flour mill
With a flagpole in front, and a tiny square yard,
And a belfry on top like a sentry on guard;*

*Like a shrine by the roadside awaiting the day
When the children return from their long summer
play,*

*Just as once you and I found our way down the lane,
With our books in our arms, to its shelter again.*

*And I'm wondering now how the bell sounds this
year;*

*If it's still just as sweet and still echoes as clear;
If the grass is as green, and the flagpole as tall;
If the voices still sound just the same in the hall!*

*And I think of Cecelia, with short fluffy hair,
Like a spray of late goldenrod, slender and fair;
How she lisped just a bit, and she blushed at us all.
And I carried her books home for her all the fall.*

*In the winter her folks moved away, and in spring
There was something so empty—the birds couldn't
sing.*

*And they all seemed to mourn her as deeply as I,
And my eyes couldn't see any blue in the sky.*

*Then the summer again with its swimming and play,
And the ripening fields and the breath of the hay;
But I'm wondering now how the bell sounds this
year.*

*As it echoes the thoughts that the past has made
dear!*

Are You a

DR. FRANK

animal is that the thoroughbred hangs on.

AS WAS said in a recent play in New York, "You go on till human nature can't stand it any longer—you can't go on another minute—then you continue another minute."

That is the difference between the thoroughbred and the quitter.

Many people give up too soon.

There is a story of a man in Chicago who committed suicide because he was a failure, while just at that moment there was a letter in his letter-box announcing his successful competition in a contest of some sort.

While there is life there is hope, and no man is justified in quitting as long as the lamp burns within him.

The trouble with suicides and with most failures is that they give up too easily. They have not the power of endurance and the disposition to endure.

KEEPING on is one element of success, and the man who will bravely go forward in spite of discouraging circumstances is the man that wins out at last.

So, hang on.

If you can't do anything else, you can do that.

DO NOT give up. Success may be just around the corner.

The principal difference between a thoroughbred and any other kind of an



Thoroughbred?

CRANE

A few days ago in one of the big league baseball games, the score was thirteen to one, with the game more than half over. The boys with the single run didn't give up. They rallied, and played ball as they never had. The final score was seventeen to fourteen in their favor.

If you cannot accomplish any great things and distinction of any sort outside of your powers, you can at least persist.

THE GREAT prizes of this world, after all, do not go to the people of extraordinary ability and extreme power, but they go to the people who are everlastingly at it. You can keep on with your work no matter what happens. You can be faithful and loyal and true, if you cannot be brilliant.

So the thing to do is to hang on, and trust that success awaits you just around the corner.



"All Right," He Said,

"I'll Try My Sails Alone"

*"I Had to Tell Her the Truth.
I Was Afraid; Afraid
of the Dark; Afraid to Be Alone."*



TO THE sun-tanned folk of Rice Island, that nears the curving coast of the Carolinas, belongs the heritage of the open sea. For four generations the blood of seafaring ancestors has flowed in their veins.

In their daily lives and loves there is always a creed that man learns from vast spaces to guide them. It is a creed not to be found anywhere in printed books; one whose influence begins at the very cradle.

With the sea in their blood, Rice Island boys are born to seek adventure beyond the restless horizons of the Atlantic. To some day pace the quarterdeck of their own windjammer; to bask in the smiles of a wife and children! These are the ambitions that dominate the hearts and souls of these men from boyhood.

Rice Island girls dream of lovers with weather eyes and wind-grained hands; of the breeze that will some day blow them away from the Carolina coast aboard ship; and, of the wind that will later blow them back to the cottage where new little voices may mingle with their own.

At fourteen I was brought by my parents to Rice Island from the far inland of Kentucky. My father went to Rice to keep the island school. He died a year after arriving. My mother took over the job, and we stayed on,—two humans who knew naught of the sea, and who often trembled when the storm-winds broke upon us.

And how great was the gulf that yawned between Rice

Island folk and us! They looked upon Mother and me with kindly eyes which plainly said, "We like you, but you are not one of us." The sea was not in our blood. We did not understand the voices of the stars; the tides; the winds.

And so, from early boyhood I went around tagged as someone apart from his companions . . . as someone branded by my instinctive fear of the very thing Rice Island children loved the most,—the open sea. There is nothing more tragic in childhood, or later years, than the consciousness of being "different" and always occupying a lonely corner to yourself for it breeds self-pity, that most acid of all heart hurts . . . I have appended this foreword to my story so that you may more easily understand the drama which came into my life on Rice Island because of the fact that I was not "one of them."

* * * * *

FIVE of us were playing on the lee side of Rice Island where the river washes the sand as white as snow. There were two boys and three girls. Any stranger coming upon us as we skipped oyster shells across the water could have easily picked me for what I was, in that little group of playmates;—an outsider.

Olaf Sundberg at fourteen was already a Viking in the making, a future commander of men and ships. Tall, and unusually broad, he stood there in the sand, his



Caroline would never have given herself into his arms unless she cared!

blonde hair ruffled by the freshening wind, his weather-wise blue eyes ranging the northeast where black clouds were gathering. There was everything in his sun-browned appearance to suggest that the sea was in his blood.

"We're going to have a storm," spoke up Virginia MacMurran.

"I don't care so long as we have the school picnic at the fort. Saturday," replied Laura Johnson, smallest of us all.

"Well, I do. My dad's going out in the smack tomorrow and he'll get the weather," declared Caroline Southart.

Carrie had just turned eleven. She was the prettiest child on Rice Island. A wealth of golden hair fell down her slim back in golden curls. Her eyes were the blue of a late afternoon sea with the mystery of deep water dwelling in their fathoms. Even then, in her skimpy little gingham plaid, Carrie had about her the promise of early and beautiful womanhood.

"Yep—it's going to blow and blow hard. Too bad your dad's got to start off in a storm, Carrie. But, he's often said good sailing men like rough better'n calm.

Gives them a chance to show their hands at skippering. I'd rather have it rough myself if I was going to sea!" announced Olaf, his words sending a sort of thrill through all of us. It was both thrill and envy for me. I only wished then, deep in my heart, that I could have said such a thing and meant it.

A strange silence came after his words . . . silence broken only by the rumble of thunder to the northeast. It was my time to speak. Everyone else had said something. But there was nothing for me to say. The sea was a thing of mystery to me. It was not in my blood. I was only the son of parents who kept schools and knew naught of the creed that inspires sailing folk.

SO I stood there on the shore, apart from my Rice Island companions. The consciousness of my difference; of the intangible, yet tangible, barrier that separated us, was like a stinging sensation of self-pity in my veins. My cheeks flamed at the knowledge that they must look down on me in their childish hearts for not being one of them; for being afraid of their sea. I looked at them yearningly, miserable at the comparison I made with Olaf Sundberg.

*Faith was about to
be broken with my
own self.*



He was brown and strong. I was slim with white hands and legs. Even the girls, for all of their slenderness, seemed of a stronger mould than I. They were kind to me, as a rule. But such kindness as they showed only made me feel farther from them. There was only one child on Rice Island who never made me feel that I was different. Caroline Southart was always careful never to show such a sign, and in my boy's heart I loved her for it.

AND so, on that late summer day of long ago, I suffered in a way that I cannot quite explain unless I say it was the gripping pain of a hopeless wish to be like the others . . . to be accepted by them as a full-fledged partner in their words and deeds. Suffering which was quickly to turn into the anguish of mortification!

The sky suddenly became decidedly overcast. From out of the northeast, the army of black clouds had arrived over Rice Island. A chilly breeze swept up the river.

I noticed that I was the only one to shiver as the wind struck our bare legs. Perhaps it was more of a fearful trembling than a shiver from coldness on my part, for already the voice of storm was in the air.

"It's a good chance to try my new sails," shouted Olaf into the rising wind. "Come on, Luke," he coaxed, looking my way; "you ought to try and get used to boats in a-blow . . . Come on," was his invitation as he turned and ran toward a pier where several skiffs and sloops were made fast.

My tongue seemed suddenly struck dumb. The flames left my cheeks. A sensation of ice came in their stead. Chains appeared to be shackling me to the sand. I turned my eyes away from the girls who recognized in Olaf's invitation a challenge to my bravery, but not in time to miss the fact that Carrie was going to say something. I waited for her words, head averted, wondering if they would be something to ease my anguish and cover my cowardice.

"Don't go on the river now, Olaf," she begged. "It'll be risky; please don't," entreaty and alarm mixing in her tones.

I TURNED swiftly and searched her face to fathom the reason for her concern over Olaf. Of course she liked him. All of us did. He was our boyish hero; all I wished I was. But, did Carrie's anxiety mean more than childhood friendship? I had never thought of such a thing before.

"Aw, it'll be nothing for a seaworthy craft. My boat can stand a little blow," sang back Olaf. "Come on, Luke, if you're going with me."

"Thanks, Olaf. I—I—guess not," was the only stumbling answer I could make, my face crimsoning again in the growing dark. Somehow, the rising river seemed like a ruthless monster, hungry to suck me

down and down. But, then, it was always like that when the winds and water raged.

"All right, I'll try my sails alone," replied Olaf, going aboard.

"You're a sissy—a 'fraid cat!" accused little Laura Johnson in her saucy way.

I winced at her words. They were like shots in my heart. My hands began to shake. I thought my legs would give way. A sensation of pain and hurt welled up inside of me. But there was no anger in my heart; I knew Laura was right.

"Yes, Laura, I guess I am," I said, my voice breaking. It seemed a terrible thing to admit my cowardice of the water and wind when some kind of an inexplicable force within kept prompting me to be brave.

"No, he's not a 'fraid cat, or a sissy, Laura Johnson," cried Carrie, stamping her bare feet in the sand. "You know better. He licked that Jones boy for pulling your curls. Luke just don't know much about boats. That's

all! And you know it, Laura."

The pain left at Carrie's words. Time can never make me forget that feeling of exaltation that came to me in the knowledge of Caroline Southart's defense: of the anger that flashed in her blue eyes as she spoke to Laura; and, of the tenderness brimming in them a second later when she looked my way.

NEVER mind what she says, Luke," she smiled.

By this time Olaf had yanked brand new sails up a toy-like mast. A gust of wind swung the tiny boom to starboard, nearly capsizing the little sloop. However, Olaf was a born sailor. He righted his ship and headed into the tumbling waters, running before the wind under full canvas. His maneuvers thrilled us. When he came back admiration shone in our eyes and echoed through our words,—admiration such as children give to one of their number who dares dangerous things.

"You're a wonderful sailor, Olaf! Dad says you'll be a fine captain some day," praised Carrie.

"You're a sissy—a 'fraid cat!" accused little Laura Johnson.

"No, he's not a 'fraid cat, or a sissy," cried Carrie. "Luke just don't know much about boats. That's all!"

"Yes, Olaf, you certainly can handle a boat," I told him, and I meant what I said, for I felt a sort of pride in his ability on the water.

"Aw! Nothing at all. I was brought up to boats," was his answer.

The rain came pattering down without further warning. We scurried up the bluff, and scattered to find shelter in our respective homes. Remembering an errand at the village store, I hurried there. Later, when the rain

let up for a few minutes, I started homeward again. Then another downpour caught me right opposite Carrie's cottage. I ducked past the gate and went up on the porch, thinking to remain there until another dry moment.

Voices reached me from within. I had no intention of eaves-dropping when I went [Turn to page 83]



Carrie had swept a picture up from my desk and pressed it to her lips

Flapjacks Back Stage

*And a Little Bit about
Mary Jane Kelly, and
Whipcord, Arizona!*



ACCORDING to certain gentlemen with high foreheads, it is heredity that really counts. But there are other wise ones who insist that environment is the really important thing.

Here of late, I've come to the conclusion that you can discount the former and sidestep the latter.

Take the case of Francine La Rouque—Mary Jane Kelly that was.

Fate tried to stack the cards against her; not once, but many times. But she was one hundred per cent plucky, and—

Wait a minute, though. That's no way to begin a story. I was entirely forgetting the "once upon a time" getaway.

Mary Jane made her "day-boo" in a four-room flat, third floor, rear, of a ramshackle, weather-beaten tenement in the Kansas City "bottoms."

From the outset of her career she was strong of lung and limb, a worthy daughter of the Kelly family.

Pat Kelly, the head of the household, was a foreman in the stockyards, not far from his home. He was slow with everything but his temper and his fists. And it was his maulers, backed by an awesome bulk of muscle and bone, which had raised him to preeminence among the rough and ready rustlers of the yards.

Being the first born, Mary Jane met with the approval of her somewhat stoical male parent. But, had Pat learned, in the days of her youthful rearing, that one day she would put aside her simple cognomen of Mary Jane Kelly for the more ornamental one of Francine La Rouque, that in silken fleshings she would caper behind

the footlights of old Broadway—I hate to think what might have happened.

Many years previous, the parents of Pat and myself had lived in adjoining cottages in the old South End. We had been pals through our school days, and our intimacy had continued, even though our paths had diverged widely after we set out to earn our living.

My first job was that of handy boy about one of the city's antiquated theatres. And, from the beginning, show life fascinated me, despite its persistent ups and downs; its uncertainty of employment. At the time of Mary Jane's advent I had achieved the dignity of assistant manager of one of the newer amusement places.

Because of my long acquaintanceship with both Pat and Mrs. Pat, I was summoned to make the acquaintance of the infant the first day of her residence in Kansas City. And, following my introduction to the Kelly baby, Daddy Kelly informed me I was to stand as godfather at the christening.

IT WAS proud and delighted I was to accept the honor. For it meant that, despite my bachelor existence, I was to be blessed with a daughter, even though one once removed. And I at once determined I would teach her to call me "Daddy Billy," the nickname which my frosted thatch, rather than my years, had won for me from my fellow theatrical workers.

Also, I contributed my entire cash surplus—which was rather limited—toward the purchase of suitable clothing for my protégé, and began planning what I would do, later on, to remove her from the shabby surroundings of



Her good nature and Irish wit won the friendship of all.

the "bottoms." This wasn't an easy matter, either.

Mary Jane's earlier days were much like those of other girls of her neighborhood. From the time she was able to toddle alone, the streets were her playground. She romped through "London Bridge" and "Ring around Rosie," made faces at the Chinaman who operated the corner laundry, fought back when the boys pulled her hair, and learned to dance to the music of the hurdy-gurdies. Perhaps the latter was her greatest accomplishment, for she would follow one of them for hours, doing both the steps she was taught and those she improvised. And I was not the only admiring grown-up who gave her pennies to pirouette upon her nimble toes.

BUT she grew up straight, strong and sturdy as a young Indian. And, in spite of her freckles, there were hints of the good looks which were to grace her later, particularly a mop of hair which, in the caress of the sunlight, flashed like burnished copper; a pair of sea-blue eyes, big and honest; a bit of mouth, which dipped determination at the corners.

Where the child derived her pretty features was too much for me. Perhaps, as her father insisted, they were a gift from the fairies who, in the land of his birth,

occasionally had scattered four-leaf clovers in the pathway of the clan of Kelly.

But, regardless of the fact that there was a decided lack of parental supervision, Mary Jane, at all times, gave evidence of an innate yearning for better things. She always was cleaner than her playmates, was a con-

scientious student, and early learned to sew, that she might keep her frocks presentable. Also, she was no shirker at home, and helped her mother with the cooking and housework.

Although I made pretty fair money through those years, I was permitted to give her but few things. For Pat, though always broke and usually in debt, was proud, and would not allow me to do more than make presents to Mary Jane on her birthday and at Christmas time. Often I argued against this ruling, but to no purpose. But I encouraged her efforts to obtain an education,

and held to my determination to help her materially to find a real place for herself once she was sufficiently old to defy her father.

Then came a change which, for a considerable time thereafter, kept Mary Jane and me far apart; it upset my schemes. Receiving an offer to manage a vaudeville house in Chicago, I accepted it gladly. It was a change

"Your name, miss?"

"Mary Jane Kelly."

For a moment Len was stunned. He swallowed hard, looked again, then shook his head and wrote 'Francine La Rouque.'

of scene, and opportunity for which I had been longing. I held the post for a year. And, being too busy to return to Kansas City, even for a visit, kept in touch with Mary Jane through a frequent exchange of letters.

Then I launched into a new venture. Len Simpson, owner of "The Masqueraders," and known to everybody west of the Atlantic Ocean as the legitimate successor to Paris when it came to assaying beauty, sent for me to join his New York forces. After six months in the big town, during which incessant work kept me from writing to my little girl with anything like godfatherly regularity, I was put in charge of a special company which was under contract to play a year in England and France.

AFTER reaching the other side I received two letters from her, but was kept rushing about, so I neglected my reply to them. However, as soon as I had the show running smoothly, I attempted to re-open correspondence. But from Mary Jane there came no answer. Ashamed, fearing that something out of the ordinary had happened, I wrote to a mutual friend in Kansas City to learn what had taken place in the Kelly household; if she were well and what she was doing.

The reply was a long time in coming, and its contents caused many regrets for my neglect. In brief it stated this: Things were progressing in accordance with the customary haphazard schedule which obtained in the Kelly home—with Mary Jane in her first year in high school—when Pat and his wife were killed in a railroad accident while on their way to visit a relative in another part of the state. Soon after the funeral their daughter had sold the meagre household furnishings and left Kansas City. My correspondent could not tell where she had gone. That was all.

Later, both from Europe and after I returned to New York City, I made attempts to ascertain what had become of her, but with no success. It was not until long after, when I had become Simpson's right-hand man, that I learned the missing chapters in Mary Jane's life. But I must insert them here, that the thread of my story may not be lost.

The death of her parents meant just one thing to her: the scrapping of her plans to obtain an education that would fit her for some high-class position. At first she hoped to obtain day work which would pay her sufficient to support her, and go to school at night. But that dream quickly vanished. Without experience and good clothing, she soon discovered she was barred from store and office work, except at starvation wages. That narrowed her field to menial labor. And, realizing that she must begin at the very bottom, she decided to start among strangers.

Of course, if she only had notified me, I would have sent her all the money she needed until I returned to America. But Mary Jane wasn't that kind. She had the nerve to play a lone hand and was determined to get on her feet first and tell me of her troubles afterward. And it was because she feared that a letter telling of what had occurred might appear like a bid for assis-

tance, that she did not write me at all; she just disappeared.

St. Louis was the place for which she headed. And she reached there with just sufficient capital to pay the rent for a shabby room for a week, and eat for a like period. Immediate work was imperative.

But she had learned a lesson. She wasted no time in searching for a position. A job was what she wanted. And she obtained it through a want advertisement: a place in a quick-order restaurant opposite the railway station.

For two days she was a waitress. Then the proprietor, appraising her good looks and neat appearance at something approaching their true value, installed her as window cook and raised her wages. There, during the rush hours, she made flapjacks on a wide-spreading griddle to attract the attention of the passers-by. It was a hard break for an ambitious girl who had hoped—one day—to at least land a stenographer's post. But she was game, and stuck. That was Mary Jane, then and thereafter. When she started anything she tried to make good. But always with a determination that she would

make the current job a stepping stone toward a better one.

And it was not long before the sun began to shine brightly for her. The owner of a hotel restaurant, chancing to see her as he passed her window, noted in the trim and pretty cook one whose good points could be capitalized in better surroundings—such as the cashier's window at his place of business.

In her new job, which paid five dollars more weekly, Mary Jane was happier than for years. For she wore the first dress she ever had owned which cost more than ten dollars, and was able to open a little bank account. Besides, with her hair carefully arranged so as to set off the striking face from which the freckles

long since had disappeared, she became pretty well satisfied with her personal appearance.

Did Mary Jane cause favorable and admiring comments from the male patrons of the restaurant? She did. And did she lose her good sense in consequence? She did not. She just jollied them all, accepted nothing from them but conversation, and spent her evenings at night-school.

BELIEVING in herself and with faith in the future she knew time was too precious to waste on false alarms. She was determined to acquire some of the learning and polish which had been denied her, that she might be equipped to step out and do something worth while when Old Lady Opportunity sounded the knocker on her front door.

After a year of money changing and light conversation at the hotel, in which her weekly wage was increased several times, Mary Jane decided she required a change. She realized that she possessed good looks, a trim figure and personality, and that these assets would enable her to hold down jobs as a cashier indefinitely, and at a good figure. But the future of such a business career would

The "Shall I Pet" Verdict

Hundreds of letters have answered the question "Shall I Pet?" Next month we will publish the figures and the winning letters.

You will be surprised to know how single girls and married women have disagreed. You will be interested in the variance of opinion. Keep the story in mind so you can understand the answers. They will be a revelation.



He feared some remark might betray a portion of Francine's past.

terminate—nowhere. And she still was firm in her determination to keep moving.

Finally she decided that her next step upward would be a post in one of the smart shops, where she would have opportunity to study some of her more fortunate sisters—those who had been accustomed to wealth and its advantages since birth—and note their manners and dress. It meant a financial sacrifice for a time, but she was a good gambler and took the plunge. And the venture returned greater dividends than she had anticipated.

IT WAS at that particular period of Mary Jane's already rather eventful life that our long divergent trails again crossed.

From the newspapers she learned that "The Masqueraders," with me as manager, was about to fill a week's billing in St. Louis.

The news that she soon would be able to see me again gave her a genuine thrill. (She told me all about this afterward.) She had succeeded in reaching a point where she was a bit proud of herself. I would be certain to note the improvement and rejoice with her. And—this also was important—she intended to ask me to permit her to try for one of the first chorus openings. For, by her reasoning, to become a performer would be an advancement over her job as modiste's model.

Honestly, even now my heart gives an extra beat or two when I think back to that first meeting with Mary

Jane after our long separation. I'll never forget it!

She came to the hotel to see me on the morning of the show's arrival. It was a full minute—or maybe it was five—before I really recognized her. My freckle faced little red head and grown into a dazzling butterfly.

When I got my feet back upon the ground again and learned that she wanted one of the vacant places with "The Masqueraders" I became all action. I knew that Simpson was on the stage at the theatre right then looking over applicants. I wasn't going to be too late in getting Mary Jane before him. The show shop was less than three blocks distant, but we covered the space in a taxicab.

Dragging Len from his chair, where he was surrounded by a score or more of hopefuls, I told him I had a little friend who wanted a stage job—one whom I had known since babyhood—then introduced him to Mary Jane.

SHE had the place cinched before she had said a word. I knew it by the way Len motioned the others aside and placed a chair for her at his table. She was nervous, but replied quickly to his queries and in a voice in which there really was music. She was her own mistress. I was her godfather. She was ambitious. She knew nothing of the stage, but believed if given a chance she would make good.

The brief interrogation completed, he drew a contract toward him, filled in the date, made the weekly stipend five dollars better than was customary for a

beginner, then paused, his fountain pen suspended.

"Your name, miss?"

"Mary Jane Kelly."

For a moment Len was stunned. He swallowed hard, again looked at the girl, then shook his head.

"Never again in this world," he said firmly; wrote "Francine La Rouque" at the top of the paper, pushed it before her and extended the pen.

"That's your contract," he continued. "You join 'The Masqueraders' at once. That name you gave me just doesn't fit you. And it wouldn't do for the stage. Hereafter you are Francine La Rouque. Please sign there."

She signed as directed. If she were surprised she did not show it, even by the flutter of an eyelash. She had gained what she came after. That

Simpson to glimpse her. Still it was a satisfaction to have her live up to my forecast one hundred per cent.

The customary life of the average chorus girl contained no thrill for her. She had a job—a good one she believed. She wanted to hold it down and, if possible, win a better one later on. Consequently she didn't stand around and just look pretty in return for what she received in her envelope on Saturday night. No, she worked like a day-laborer to make good, and advanced rapidly. And in either flowing robes or silk fleshings was a picture which made many a magazine cover look like a circus poster by comparison.

To summarize, she wore a groove for herself in the centre of the famous straight and narrow highway, always managed to do more than her bit, and won the friendship of even the hard-shelled gold-diggers of "The Masqueraders" by her consistent good nature and Irish wit. After the show it was back to the hotel for Francine and Lettie, unless they went with me for a snack of late supper.

The following season, when Len opened on Broadway with a new show, Francine was given a small part with a little talking song and a dance or two.

The song was one of those bits, always so popular in a musical show; the kind in which you catch the tear behind the humor of the lines. Len coached her on the quiet, and when I heard her put it

over, I knew she would score a bullseye. Besides, her dances, a combination of new steps and those which she had invented years before when she followed the hurdy-gurdies, were a distinct novelty. For the first time I realized my little girl was a natural performer.

Opening night was a winner for all of us, but particularly Francine. It was the first time the metropolitan critics had been given a flash at the petite beauty from the Middle West, and in praising her they surely scattered adjectives with prodigal typewriters. But she deserved the acclaim, for she was one of the hits of the show. And it wasn't long before her pictures appeared in the newspapers with almost the same regularity as the weather forecast and the sports page.

HOWEVER, as I had anticipated—even feared—the sensation she created as the newest beauty princess of the white lights district sent in her direction the customary flock of males; the kind who are short on gray matter and long on yellow-backs. All were anxious to take her to dinner, for drives, and to buy for her anything she might desire, from diamonds to limousines. Before curtain time some nights her dressing-room resembled a florist's window at Easter time.

Through me, most of the admirers of Francine were turned down—flat. The flowers she accepted as part of the game, but with her fingers crossed. The only occasions when she consented to be [Turn to page 114]



Jealousies were forgotten. Everybody wished everybody else the best of luck.

was the big point. A little thing like an instantaneous rechristening was of small consequence at that particular moment.

It was while on the way to her room, where I helped her to pack her belongings, that she told me of her struggles after leaving Kansas City. Later I introduced her to Lettie Hastings, one of our dancers whom I knew could be trusted to pilot Mary Jane along the right course, and informed them they would share the same quarters during the remainder of the tour.


* * * * *

Despite the fact that she was playing a game in which, at the outset, she didn't understand even the value of the cards, she proved a thoroughbred. I had believed she would be all that, or I never would have permitted Len



Hitting the High Spots

*LEE PATRICK is bewitching
in the comedy "Bachelor Brides"
as the American girl engaged to
an Englishman.*



*HELEN HAYES has
attracted favorable atten-
tion as Cleopatra, in the
Theatre Guild's produc-
tion of Shakespeare's "Caesar
and Cleopatra."*

ADELE ASTAIRE has
a triple hit as dancer, singer and
comediennne in "Lady Be Good"





ELEANOR WILLIAMS
has a prominent place in the
most prominent of the
and Morris...
more...
production...



My C. Sister

*You Know How
Kids Are. All
Alone and After
Dark Everything
Seems as Bad as
Possible. Things
Frighten You; or
They Don't. I
Was Frightened
That Night and
I Remember It.*

... the way that if anyone else had done it, I wouldn't have liked it at all.

I'M NINETEEN now, and a man. I couldn't have been any more than nine when it all happened. That makes it ten years ago—ten years that I haven't known where my sister is! And before that she was always there, every night and every morning, singing in her room like nobody else ever sang in our house; singing funny jazz songs like I would sometimes hear at vaudeville shows on Saturday afternoons; making you think that you might like to get up after all—that it mightn't be so bad to get up and go off to school even though the problems hadn't come out right, if you know what I mean. Sister's singing was like that; like as if she wasn't afraid of anything in the world—happy singing. I liked to hear her.

At night-times Sister sang, too. I'd be doing my lessons and Mother the dishes, and Sister would be singing up in her room, and it would be coming down the stairway where the paper was cracked and falling off, and down the registers where the heat was supposed to go up and didn't. I think Mother always slammed

things more when Sister sang. And I think the happier Sister sang, the harder Mother slammed things. Maybe I'm wrong but that's the way it seemed to me. Mother didn't slam things because Sister wasn't helping with the dishes; it was just because Sister was happy and Mother wasn't, I guess. Sister would have helped with the dishes. She wanted to. Every night, after we'd had supper and after Sister had asked me all about football and laughed at everything I told her, then she would get up with a rush and say she had a "date," but she'd hurry up and clear away the dishes first. Mother would just look at her, hating her, it seemed, and say she would do them herself. Then Sister would toss her head and rumple my hair and go off upstairs saying, "Just as you please, Mother," in the stage-like way she talked sometimes.

One would think Sister didn't mind, from that. But I knew she did, when she talked stiff and stage-like, and tossed her head. And I'd get out my geography and some transfer papers, maybe, and sit there wishing my

mother wouldn't be angry, or wondering why she was

And while Sister dressed upstairs, and sang, Mother would come in and talk to me a little bit. She didn't talk to me when Sister was there, or to anyone. I don't know why. It made it harder for her to talk when Sister wasn't there, I noticed. If she had talked all the time, like Sister and I did, then it would have been easier for her when she did talk, I think.

But, at any rate, while we were talking the car would come, and I would run to the front windows to look at it. Usually it was big and shiny and would remind me of the cars you see in the movies. Usually the man who got out would remind me of the movies, too. And Sister would run down the stairs to meet him, laughing from the top all the way down to the bottom, until I wanted

That's the way things went on at our house for a long time. Sister singing, Mother not talking to her, and Father away most of the time. It wasn't so bad when Mother and Sister didn't fight. But sometimes they did. Times when Mother and Sister fought were the awfullest times I remember when I was a kid. There'd be Mother saying things to Sister, and saying them so loudly. Nasty things, I guess, from the way Sister took them. Sometimes she'd laugh, Sister would, at first, and then tell Mother to—for heaven's sake keep her voice down, and then maybe say nasty things back, but differently from the way Mother said them, laughing all the time, and not like the way my sister usually laughed—not happy laughing. But my mother wouldn't laugh. I used to go into the parlor where they wouldn't see me—and cry.

BUT all that was when I was real little. Sometimes Sister would see me through the doorway when she was running upstairs. She'd come back then, and laugh some more, but squeeze my head tight and rumple up my hair.

I've never told anybody before, and I guess it was wrong, but I liked Sister better than my mother. My mother never went out in shiny cars, or laughed all the way down the stairs, or sang in the mornings, or talked like a—like a Niagara Falls.

She never gave me quarters or bought me a football and a bicycle—my mother never did. But it wasn't that. That wasn't the reason I liked Sister best. Sister could love me. She often did. And she could make me laugh. My mother couldn't.

That's the way things were at home for—I don't know how long. It seemed centuries between one Christmas and another. And it seemed centuries to me that things were that way at our house. But it may not have been long at all. Even a vacation time used to be so long to me that I couldn't remember along about the middle of it when it had begun. I was pretty little then, only nine years old when it happened. Lots of things about it I suppose I forget. There aren't as many things I can remember about my sister as I'd like there to be.

The singing part I remember, and the laughing part, and the way she could squeeze me and rumple my hair—which I don't think my mother ever liked. The time she bought me a football I remember, too. The way I laughed when she joked with the man about my wanting the one that cost the most money! The way she laughed when she paid him and said, "There goes

my lunches for a week!" That was just like her, though.

How Sister came to have those quarters and dimes and money to buy footballs and to make Old McQuail trust her until after Christmas for a bicycle, I haven't told. She worked, you see. She worked in an office. I'd been in it, but not very often. It was where Mr. Ventriss worked, too—the one with the shiny car. It was his office.

There aren't as many things I can remember about Mr. Ventriss as I'd like, either. I guess boys of nine

And my mother interrupted and said, "Why are you telling the boy to lie? Don't you think everyone knows it?"



to go out into the hall and see what all the run was about. But if I did, Mother was sure to call me back in an awfully cross voice—and I went right back to my geography again, maybe to try to draw a car like that.

After about five minutes Mother would say, "Who came for Sister?" and I would tell her Sam, or Mr. Ventriss, or one I didn't know, but after awhile it was nearly always Mr. Ventriss, and then always Mr. Ventriss. Mother would rock fast, and shut her lips tight, and not say anything more until time to go to bed.



I turned around right away, but I heard Sister say, "Oliver, I can't stand it!"

don't notice much. If I could see him now I could tell you more about him, you see. But then—his having a car like that and an office like that made him a hero to me.

Mostly he seemed just a muffled up figure, sort of dark, with a short moustache, who would get out of his car and run up the steps to the porch. But once, when I'd started upstairs, before Mother called me back, I saw him take my sister in his arms. He must have been strong, to do that. When Sister saw me she ruffled my hair—the way that if anyone else had done it, I wouldn't have liked it at all. And she told him things about me, things that made me laugh. And Mr. Ventriss wasn't looking at me but at her, all the time—I remember that. And how white his teeth were, I remember! And how happy he looked!

They went off together then. And the house was awfully quiet, like it was every evening, after Sister had gone out. Mother rocked on, and I did problems and thought about that car a little bit, and where they would be going, and if they might someday take me.

My ideas of it all are pretty hazy. I can't seem to

figure out what should come first, what second, and what third. In kids' minds things get mixed up like that, I guess. I know they did in mine. Some things seem to matter so much that it seems they happened just yesterday, or a month ago. Yet you know all the time that that was before other things, and therefore a long time ago.

"I've read some of her letters," Mother said. Even I knew that was wrong.

"You had no right to read her letters," Father snapped back, so quick it made me jump. "She's our girl and we'll trust her."

IT WAS that way about hearing Mother and Father talking that night in the kitchen. It seems it must have happened last night—and it was ten years ago. It's because I was frightened that I remember so well, I think. I was frightened that night, and I didn't know what I was frightened about. That is the kind of things that frighten kids most, I suppose—the ones they can't get to the bottom of.

I didn't see why Mother should be so much more unhappy than usual that night. I was in bed. My bedroom was over the kitchen. There was a hole for the heat to come up. I could hear most everything they said. Some things Father said, and some Mother said, I could write down now without making a single mistake. That's what it is to be frightened by hearing [Turn to page 99]

I Was That Son

*"Go, and Come Back a
Kerrigan, Sir!" He Had
Said, His Eyes Flashing
Fire, Then Filling With
Tears As He Turned Grop-
ingly Toward the Door.*



Foreword

DENVER stood seawingly in front of the heavy mahogany bar in the Bank Saloon. He had been drinking steadily for two days now, and when Denver had progressed that far on one of his periodical rambles down the alcoholic path, he began to grow ugly.

When Denver did grow ugly, things happened with amazing rapidity and in rapid succession.

At the far end of the room were some small tables where, at night, disciples of the combing of chairs were permitted, at house rules, to satisfy their passion for play.

At one of the tables Denver allowed his gaze to wander. There he caught sight of a fellow called "Hello, Harmony". Didn't Denver ever get to know "Hello a drink?"

The one addressed, a fellow in his early thirties, swept across the deck of cards with which he had been playing. "Hello," and walked over to the bar.

Signalling to the bartender for another glass Denver pushed the bottle toward his guest.

Both were gamblers—that particular species known as "sure-things"—and there was much that they could find in common to talk about; the principle topic now was the flushness of Denver's bankroll—and the source from which it came.

Three days before, Denver and another of his kind had sat in a poker game in a private room in this same Bank Saloon. There had been three playing, the odd one being an old man who had just disposed of his holdings and who intended leaving that evening for his home and family in Beaumont.

He had been very fortunate in Bakersfield, and with the money he had cleared had planned many things for the happiness of that little family, who had been waiting for this for a good many years. A great room feeling of happiness surged through his heart as he thought of his

In uncertain pride swelled my heart when I was told that I was to name my horse. I took my father quite ashtic to convince me that "Sweethear" wouldn't do.



home-coming. He had a few hours to wait for his train and was not averse to doing it in the company of Denver and "Yukon Whitey" which is the way with men in gold and oil camps.

The shrewdness which had brought the realization of his dreams in the oil game did not prevail against the "sure-thing" which he had now allowed to entangle him four hours later. Just as the engineer of the south-bound train, which was to have taken him on the first leg of his journey home, pulled the whistle cord, he sat, with a dull look of agony upon his face, staring across the table at the straight flush which "Yukon Whitey" had abominably spread before him—stripped of every dollar he had owned. Even his watch and a large diamond ring had gone to swell the "pot" which Yukon had graciously agreed to accept in lieu of cash and to cover the five hundred dollar raise which had ended the game.

Denver, too, could afford to be philanthropic. Had

he not arranged the four queens which the oil man now dripped in his quivering hand? And had he not known that those four queens were to be the second-best hand—the other, the five cards which Yukon had held?

At last he had forced a smile—the same game smile which he had brought forth so many times before, when, after using every dollar he could raise to bore another foot into Mother Earth, he had found that the oil which he sought was somewhere else. With an apparent effort he smiled again, saying, "You win, you are very lucky as he arose and walked out of the place.

Denver had not seen him since, but "Here is the man he lost, 'Harmony.' Isn't that a 'dab'?" I took it when Yukon and I cut the winnings. I let it go for the five hundred which it went for in the game. If I can gather in one more sucker like that one, I can retire.

It seemed to be a great joke to the two men at the bar both finding something to laugh at something so

young that it inspired one more drink on the spot. It did not so affect another who had just entered the place and who stood directly to Denver's left, listening dumbly to what was being said. He did not laugh, his face was almost pale. At last, and just as Denver raised his glass to his lips, the stranger's hand shot out and grasped him by the shoulder.

"Where did you say that you got that ring?" he demanded.

Denver turned with a jerk and, focusing his small, twinkling eyes upon the face of the newcomer, snarled: "I didn't say where I got it, to you, but I'll tell you: I trimmed a sucker for it!"

The pale stranger's hand moved. With the words, "Count 'em, you will never trim another," he touched the spring on the automatic which he held in his unsteady hand and sent a steel-jacketed bullet through the lungs of the gambler who had robbed him.

For a second Denver stood absolutely straight at the bar, then, with a smothered groan, his hand went up to his breast. He took it away again, a dripping, red thing, and looked at it in a dazed sort of way, as though he did not understand. Then he stepped back a pace and, leaning, walked through the open door—to fall dead as he reached the sidewalk.

The man who had fired the shot followed him and, standing directly over Denver's body, fired a shot into his own brain. The police picked up the lifeless form of the dead oil man from across that of the gambler.

He was right: Denver had trimmed his last sucker.

The one who had stood at the bar laughing at the way the one dead man had robbed the other; the one who stood and looked on as the morgue wagon took away its gruesome load—looked on with a sick feeling of disgust and horror at the abrupt and terrible fate which had overtaken Denver; who then staggered to a seat at the card table to think dazedly for hours that some day just such a thing was inevitably to come to him;—was "The Harmony Kid," who tells the story.

* * * * *

MY FAMILY have been Kentuckians since the first Colonel Kerrigan. Finding things to his disliking in the land of his birth, he had taken his family and sword, and, following closely in the path made by the mocassined feet of Daniel Boone, had selected the particular spot which had appealed to him and settled.

He had found plenty of territory in which to exercise his hot, impetuous blood and courage—also his high ideals of honor.

The Kerrigans grew with the great State which was soon formed, and when the old colonel passed on, that courage and those same ideals of honor were transmuted to the next in line. He in turn passed it on to his son and that son died of a broken heart because HIS son was the first in the line to prove unworthy. I was that son.

Briar Dale Lodge, the seat of the Kerrigans, in the very heart of the bluegrass, has for generations [Turn to page 100]



"Oh, Daddy, you cheated!" he said. "I felt my soul wither



THE HUSKING BEE

By HARRY LEE

*The dark sky glittered with stars that night;
Glimmered the brook in madcap flight;
Trees in dimness, glint of frost;
Silver road in shadowe lost.
Youth our leader, how blithe we strode!—
Stars and frost and silver road—
What wit we squandered! What songs we sung!
Light of fancy and foot were we.
Bound with our loves for a Husking Bee—
Oh, it is good to be young!*

*Fodder deep over the barn-floor spread,
Flicker of lanterns overhead;
Each lad, swift-husking, had set his mind
On the crimson ear he meant to find,
For thus alone might his heart rejoice.
In a kiss or two from the girl of his choice.
Far upon yellow ear outflung—
Silence, a tussle, a smack of bliss—
"Where's the red ear? Has he stolen a kiss?"
It's a merry thing to be young!*

*"By lantern light," so the culprit pled,
"It's hard to distinguish yellow from red;
That being the case, it's not so queer,
I should kiss the tip of a little pink ear—
But maybe I'm not so blind," he said;
"Look at it now!" And the ear was red!
Oh, then we laughed till the rafters rung!
Till a hen peered down from the musky clover.
Cocking her crest to look us over!
It is very good to be young!*

A Captain of France

"Welcome, Robert; a Thousand Times Welcome!" She Was Saying Into the Night. "It Is Not the American, Madame; It Is I, Henri. I Bring You a Captain of France, Whom I Found Lying On the Roadside."

THE distance from the little railroad station pocketed in the greening hills of the Marne to my grey-walled *Chateau la Petite* was fifteen kilometres, over a twisting white road. "Far too much of a walk for your war-ravaged strength," insisted the young lieutenant in charge of troop transportation. "You must wait until tomorrow night, when a truck will be going down."

"When a man comes back from the dead he cannot wait to begin living again, Monsieur," I answered, the desire to be home after five years of silent imprisonment in Baltic salt mines gnawing at my heart. In all my suffering, there was always that bit of relief in knowing that my imprisonment in the salt mines was not known back home; they thought I was an early victim of the war.

"I must risk the walk," I added; "I have promised myself that tomorrow morning shall pay for all these years of frozen—"

"Ah! Monsieur le Capitaine goes back to one who waits," he exclaimed, his youthful eyes lighting with understanding. "It will be your golden hour, Monsieur!"

"Yes. It will be the moment I have lived for, somehow. She does not even know I am coming. I have been in the grave for five long years. Tomorrow!" My thoughts were dancing down the road that would take me back into Joan's arms—Joan, dark-eyed and fragrant, like her own Picardie where I had met and wooed her just before the bugle call that aroused France in 1914.

"It will be wonderful, your tomorrow! Mon Dieu! Monsieur, but you have earned it. You have suffered from war——"

"Suffered!" I repeated, interrupting him; "I gave only an arm and an eye for France. Other men gave their lives! I shall forget all that has come to pass—tomorrow."

The slim young officer offered me his canteen.

"Drink, Monsieur le Capitaine, to your golden





*The picture my eye caught
as I reached the threshold
was dimmed by tears.*

tomorrow, and I will drink with you," he smiled, his voice vibrant with sincerity.

"And to those who sleep beneath the poppies, too! Our brothers, once strong and fine in life! Beautiful and immortal now in death!" I added, for I could not forget that, after all, God was sending me back from the tomb to a woman's arms—a woman whose glorious memory had never dimmed in my heart.

The wine was as sweet as my hopes and dreams. And, too, like these things, it sent false strength surging through my veins. There could be no stopping me. I would start down the road. Tomorrow morning I would pass through my own gates again! I would hear the sound of swift-running feet; of a girl-woman's voice breaking with happiness!

Down the road I went, afoot in my own native valley with my long dreamed of "tomorrow" only a few kilometres away.

"I am dreaming," I told myself, rubbing my one and

only hand across my eye, after passing the first kilo-stone. Suddenly I stopped in my tracks to confirm once more the reality of it all.

Down in the bottom of the Valley of the Marne the setting sun inflamed a crystal mirror that shimmered southwards towards Chateau Thierry, purged anew of war's refuse, rushed on with a happy voice past the villages it knew so well. Even the villages, broken as they were from the poundings of armies, seemed to be on the mend, and the air of tragedy was not quite as painful as I had expected it to be.

MY OWN country!" I whispered over and over, as I drank in the scenes. Already I was fatigued from the short walk. But I could not loiter: I must press on!

Later, when the pains grew sharper in my limbs, I sought to forget them in the memories of the long-ago. Once more I saw myself leading a proud young bride into *Chateau la Petite*, the family seat of five generations of DeChartres before me. Once again I tasted the sweetness of her kisses: once more the fine fire of love flared in my veins. And then, how the craving for her arms and kisses had gnawed and gnawed at my heart during the past five years!

"Tomorrow . . . Tomorrow!" I exclaimed aloud, as the sun went down and the shadows began to lengthen. This word had become a song in my soul; wine in my blood! Because of it I forged along, trying to smile away the growing numbness of my legs.

It was now past sundown in the Valley, but the sunbeams, untired from a day of capering, seemed loathe to leave the convalescing garden spot, and now many loitered over hill and dale, pausing here and there to bathe some historic spot in the yellow splendor. A lone white cross sometimes felt their warm sympathy, and for a moment blazed like a marker of gold.

At last the grey hosts of twilight were in full possession of the Valley. With the sun now far below the western rim of hills, the skies alone retained a flush of its fading glory. The amber light that had flooded the valley and gilded the wheatfields was gone, and night, but a few paces away, waited to encompass us with its darkling shadows that had already gathered about the foot of the hills, impatient to be abroad. The true sunbeams no longer burnished lonely crosses in their flight to the West. They, too, had fled their garden!

AS I hobbled along, my pace slowed down; the coming of night seemed significant of something that had been bursting inside of me for many years.

Another spell of darkness, and Joan shall be in my embrace!

"I wonder," ran my thoughts, "if she will be alone. Could there be another for me to love, since I left her crying good-by there at the great gate? There was love between us as few men and women know in life. *Mon Dieu!* It would be too much to ask for another bond in our love . . . for another life! But if there is none now there can never be, for War has made me an old man at thirty-four. Surely, though, Joan will be kind. How sweet she will be! She will nurse me back to whatever strength Life is to give me again. This I know!"

Twilight was passing swiftly as I came abreast of a crossroad. I stopped to peer up at the signpost, curious to see if it had been changed during my absence. It had not been changed. Somehow this seemed a good omen. Other things would not be changed, I told myself confidently.

I took a step forward. Suddenly pain seemed to be splitting my sides. At last my senses admitted the

numbness in my limbs. I opened my mouth to cry for help, but before I could make a sound I fell by the roadside.

When consciousness returned I realized I was in a cart that jugged painfully along, each jolt torturing my aching joints. It was dark. Lifting myself up as high as I could on one arm, I saw the driver of the cart silhouetted across the front seat. He was an old peasant. I realized this at once.

"My good man," I cried, to attract his attention.

THE cart bucked to a sudden stop. There were some words between the driver and his horse. Excitement pounded through my heart at the sound of the old peasant's voice. He was Henri, who had done chores at *la Petite* for many years.

"Monsieur is recovered? That is good. I found him, face down, at the crossroads. He had fainted. He is better."

"Yes," I answered, for the moment conquering the desire to reveal my identity. It would be interesting to see if Henri remembered my voice, or could recognize me after War had branded me in such fashion. "Where do you go in your cart?" I asked.

"Down the road to my farm near *Chateau la Petite*," came the reply, evidently not recognizing my voice. Then the years in salt slavery had changed that too!

"I wonder if I might find lodgings there for the night," I went on.

"You are a Captain of France, Monsieur. I have only a humble place of one room with my Marie. We would have built on more, but—" Henri's voice seemed suddenly to disappear in the night spaces. I sensed the trouble.

His only boys, Pierre and Robert! They had not come marching home. They were among those who had given their lives for France. But still, I held my tongue, preferring to let old Henri find his again. He did, at last.

"But, alas, Monsieur, there is no need for another room. My— my poor brave boys! They did not come home. Infantry, Monsieur, they were. You know how the guns mowed them down. Like my machine mowed down the young wheat!" he said.

Silence fell between us for a moment. It was Henri, the old peasant, who broke it. Now his voice was steady again. He had forced his sorrow aside.

THERE is much room at the *Chateau*, however. Madame Joan is kind and hospitable! She is an angel, Monsieur, in woman's skirts. You will find lodging there tonight," he finished, urging his tired horse into motion again.

His words were like a strong breeze fanning the fire of my love and hopes into flames! My Joan, an angel! Of course! Of course! Had I not called her by such a name under the white moon of Picardie when the roses were in bloom? Tomorrow had come already. I felt, sitting up in Henri's bumping cart. For only a little while now, and I would be passing through the great gates.

There wouldn't be any need of passing the night at a wayside farmhouse to gather strength for the last few steps of a long journey. Henri was unknowingly driving the master of *la Petite* to his golden moment through a night that seemed full of such prophecy with the spring ice-flies gilding the darkness.

The silver moonlight loafed lazily along the road. I kept peering ahead, seeking the lights of my dreams, waiting impatiently for sight of them.

Then! How I had wanted her in the years past; years of cold and hunger when my body and soul had faced

freezing and starving. All of the little intimate gestures and words of our courting days in flowery Picardie; all of the tender passion that had flamed through our few weeks of wedded life, came back to me as we rattled onward.

The very moon-whitened hills seemed to be whispering her name through the soft spring night. The trees, shadowing the roadway, murmured among themselves about her. And then lights gleamed down the road.

It was all I could do to check the cry that struggled in my throat at the vision of my chateau's lights. For seconds I held my breath and searched the towers and turrets like a man who unexpectedly gazes upon Paradise. The big round tower to the north,—the tower of De Chartres' traditions for centuries—soared aloft as of old. The turrets all seemed the same to my eyes groping through the night.

"Voila, Monsieur! *Chateau la Petite*!" exclaimed Henri from his uncertain seat. "You see that war came



Then, at the sound of my own name on Joan's lips:

into this quiet spot, too. Look at the great gap in the walls. Boche artillery, Monsieur!" he snarled.

There was a wide break in my grey walls! The enemy had struck at my home as well as at me. Alarm spread through my being. It was time to tear away the mask I was wearing before my old servant. I must tell him my identity and make inquiries. Had Joan been hurt, or touched by the war that had battered down the wall of *Chateau la Petite*? I turned to Henri. But before a word passed my lips he was saying something that froze speech in my mouth.

"For all of its ugliness, Monsieur, that gapping hole tells a tale of romance such as one finds only in the story books. It was through that hole that the gallant young American soldier stumbled, wounded to the death, only

to be brought back to life by the love and care of Madame."

"Madame?" I asked, hoarsely, wondering if he must not surely know the truth from my voice.

But Henri was either too old to detect the difference or else he had been suddenly carried away by the story his own words recalled to him. He merely answered:

MADAME JOAN DECHARTRES, to be certain, Monsieur. I am sure it was love that cheated death in the American's case. I read it in his eyes when he was up and around the chateau. I read it when he went away to fight again. Ah! Monsieur, I will read it when he returns to Madame," he ended.

"The American will come back?" I asked, a strange sort of numbness creeping into my heart where dreams of a "tomorrow" had been gathering for five years.

"He is expected at the *Chateau* to night," was the answer that killed these dreams, even though all of my being rose up in revolt, and cried out that they would not die. They would remain alive—writhing fragments inside of my broken heart—to make the vain promise of a "tomorrow" turn to torture such as I cannot describe. This I knew as the cart bumped on toward the shadowy mass of buildings sketched against the horizon.

It must be true that humans, oppressed, like to heap upon themselves even more hurt than ever, for I was eager to hear all about what had come to pass in my Joan's life. I wanted old Henri to stick more daggers into my heart. I wanted to feel all of the pain and misery man can stand, and then die under the strain.

Death! Death! I cried inside of me. It would have been a kinder, sweeter fate by far. Death in the red poppy fields of Flanders where I had been struck down only half-dead! I thought of the toast the young lieutenant had drunk to my "golden hour" and I envied the men of France who slept forever.

But I did not dare ask him to say more. Now, I could never reveal my true identity. Joan's happiness was at stake, and the happiness of a man whose coming to *Chateau la Petite* had been destined to send me shuffling back to the dead. No, though it meant despair and darkness for me, I could not go back if this thing Henri told me were true—if love had come again to the bride of my life.

"How could she have forgotten? How could she have given her heart to another after—" and I remembered a summer night when she, all in white, had come to me to be mine, as we had pledged,

forever.

"She was young when you left her. She was beautiful. A woman made for love. Romance came again. Such is the way of life," whispered a voice deep inside of me.

"You say he is expected at the *Chateau* this night? Then I shall not seek." [Turn to page 103]



at the sudden flare of recognition in her eyes—

Here Is Another Thrilling **Midnight Story**

*There Was Something So Irritating, So
Patronizing in His Comment, That—*

I WAS superstitious, but——. I lost my mother at midnight: was held up and robbed—at midnight; was tilted by the only girl I ever proposed to—at midnight; and last but not least, discovered that I was a coward—at midnight.

I am small physically, and rather delicate. My mother always said I should have been a girl. At twenty-one I was an ordinary young fellow—neither dumb nor brilliant, neither a bore nor a wit; neither a howling success nor a rank failure—with the girls. Only three things I did well—dressed, held down a job, and saved the money I had to spare.

Because I was a failure in athletics I admired the fellows who could do the things I couldn't; so when, at thirty, I met Jim Allison, who stood six feet three, weighed two hundred pounds and had the strength of an ox, he won my instant admiration.

Jim was well fixed and we became friends. When he married I lost sight of him for several years, but when I was thirty-five I met him again, this time with his wife.

Sylvia Allison was ten years younger than Jim and the sweetest little woman imaginable, with big brown eyes, a dainty figure, and fine blonde hair. All told, I missed Jim in spite of our friendship.

The Allisons were happy—at least I thought they were, until one night when I accidentally overheard a little scrap they had! I was approaching the veranda of their summer home, on a bluff overlooking the river.

Sylvia was standing in front of Jim, dressed in fluffy white. She was looking up into his face, while big tears rolled down her cheeks.

Instead of leaving as I should have done, I stepped behind a convenient boulder. I had never seen Sylvia look sweeter than she did that night; but I forgot everything else when I heard what she said.

"Jim," she said, "you are so different from what you used to be. There was a time when you never left without kissing me goodnight, and now you are away seven days two and three nights each week, at clubs and conferences. Don't you love me any more, Jim?"

I was an appeal that, coming from a woman like Sylvia, would have touched almost any man except Jim Allison. It wasn't that he did not seem to love his wife deeply and devotedly. No, he was just a little bit of a man, that is to

say, when he had some business problem on his mind it absorbed his mind to the exclusion of all else, and Jim *did* have some big deals on his mind then. So, he just kissed Sylvia and in an absentminded sort of way, assured her that he meant no offense, but had a lot of things other than billing and cooing to think about—and went off smiling.

I realized then and there that what he had told Sylvia in explanation of his changed conduct was about the worst thing he could have said. Her sensitive nature resented it too deeply to forget.

Until then I had never thought of Sylvia in the light of anything more than the wife of my best friend—but when I finally sat beside Sylvia on the veranda that afforded a magnificent panorama of the river in the light of the setting sun, something within me went dead wrong, and a mad desire to take her in my arms and comfort her seized me.

I returned to my bachelor-quarters that night in a state of sentimental insanity.

HOW I managed to wrap myself around Sylvia's heart, how I gained her complete confidence during the next few months, I cannot tell. But in her heart-hunger she seemed to turn to me almost as a child will turn toward those who care for it.

I began to shun Jim's company, while he added to my misery by inviting me more often than ever to his home, and even suggested that I keep Sylvia company while he was absent.

When I promised to do so, I couldn't look into his face. For just one brief moment I wanted to grab his hand and beg him to stay at home, and the next I was delirious with joy, when I thought what it would mean to me to have the run of his home while he was away.

Several weeks passed. Sylvia allowed me to kiss her and sit with my arms about her, while we were alone. She confided her troubles to me more than ever during the long summer nights I spent in her company while Jim was in Chicago.

She even showed me Jim's letters. They were perfectly natural letters that breathed deep interest, but again were full of business to the exclusion of everything else. Moreover, they asked her if I was true to my promise and kept her company.

"Want to take another walk?" he suddenly asked.

"All right, Jim, I'll go!" My voice must have quivered with my effort to make it sound natural.



*Please be careful
he might return
unexpectedly*

Yet, in spite of her trust in me and her seemingly growing affection, Sylvia held her own.

Came a beautiful mid-summer night. Jim was back and we had spent the day together at his house. His attitude toward Sylvia had not changed, for his business deals were now approaching the climax that meant failure or fortune for him. Another evening away from home and he would know which. In his eagerness to finish with it, he almost begged me to stay a while longer with his wife, then bade us good-night and left.

We were out on the veranda as usual. Jim had just vanished in the darkness. I moved closer to Sylvia. The warmth of her affection was unusual; in fact, it intoxicated me. She seemed to realize it, for she bent over and whispered to me: "Please be careful; he might return unexpectedly:—"

I scarcely heard her words, but sensed their meaning and tried to make her understand that Jim could not possibly return before two or three in the morning.

Suddenly, she disengaged herself from my arms. I tried to speak but couldn't, and for several moments we stood in silence.

All at once there came the sound of footsteps close by. Sylvia turned in the direction whence they came and barely suppressed a cry of terror as she recognized Jim.

His shoulders were bent forward, his hands in his pockets, his large head inclined like that of a bull about to charge. In the darkness his frame seemed larger than usual.

As I looked at Sylvia, whose eyes were riveted upon him, I saw in them a strange, inexplicable expression I had never seen there before.

Suddenly Jim turned, grunted something to himself and, passing very close to us, walked to the other end

of the veranda and turned. I couldn't understand him.

His powerful step resounded heavily through the darkness. My guilty mind pictured the rage that boiled within him.

"Want to take another walk?" he suddenly asked, without apparently paying any attention to Sylvia.

His question came so unexpectedly that for a moment I could not reply; but Sylvia managed to whisper to me, "Go with him, by all means."

ALL RIGHT, Jim, I'll go!" My voice must have quivered with my effort to make it sound natural.

We walked in painful silence. My thoughts were in a chaos. Had he seen us? Had he stopped before he came up to the veranda to watch his best friend's behavior toward his wife in his absence? Had he seen me kiss her?

What dreadful anxiety, what mental anguish she must suffer asking herself the same questions, while she waited alone with her thoughts.

Jim suddenly stopped and lighted his pipe without a word. He was dreadfully calm. Just to show him how calm I thought I was, I lighted a cigarette, but found it bitter and threw it away.

Jim did not reply, and his silence seemed so cruel to me that I finally blurted out: "You are not saying much!"

Again he didn't reply and I was about to make some excuse for leaving him, when he turned to me abruptly and in a voice that sounded harsh to me said: "There's nothing much to say, and it seems to me we've been friends too long to be talking all the time!"

In my nervous excitement I imagined I could hear a mockery in the emphasis he gave to— [Turn to page 86]

My Hour at Twilight

*It Is Twilight in the City.
I Am Standing by the Open
Window, Facing a Little
Park. That Tiny Bit of Green
Makes Me Think of Faded
Tents, Dusty Vans, and of Love
Among the Gipsies.*



THIS, my story, has a Gipsy background. It may not ring true in a jazz-mad age. For this reason let it be remembered that Gipsy customs are not our customs, and that their moral code has remained practically unchanged through a thousand years.

The fact that I write of intimate association with the shyest, most nomadic, most exclusive of races is unusual. The explanation is simple. As a child, I played with the children of Joshua Cooper, an Anglo-American Gipsy, who camped each summer in a veritable Gipsy dell at the base of a wooded hill on my father's farm. What I saw, what I heard, and what I absorbed from those happy, impish children never completely left me.

One day an old Gipsy woman, a grandmother, seized my hand. "Dordi!", she exclaimed, "this here boy should be a 'black un'. Little business he's got with *Gorgios*."

A handful of leaves at the forks of a road was a peculiar thing to cause a quickening of my pulse—to bring me to an abrupt and breathless stop.

Years had passed since I lazed away the summer days in Joshua Cooper's camp. The fascination of the *Romani* had remained, but the contact had been broken in boyhood. There had been no opportunity to renew acquaintance with these mysterious wanderers of the open roads. Other interests had been absorbing.

As I gazed at the scattered leaves, a *romani patteran*

beyond all doubt, an impulse sent me down the indicated road. Why should I not find Gipsies and while away an hour? Was I not a little weary of my work, a little hungry for something out of the ordinary? Some such thought had prompted me that day to forsake the city and walk alone on a country road.

It was late afternoon when I overtook the travelers. A glance indicated a one-night stop. Women and children were preparing a delayed meal, and the men were busy with horses and harness. The women looked at me with that peculiar, unfathomable stare that is characteristic of the true *Romani*. The men ceased talking, but continued their activities.

"*Sarishan, prala*," I said to a middle-aged man, adding in the Gipsy tongue, "I saw your *patteran* and followed."

"*ROMANICHE!*," he exclaimed, wondering, amazed no doubt that an apparent *Gorgio* should address him in his own secret language.

The group gathered around me, shaking my hand, introducing themselves, apologizing for their cool reception and the poor appearance of the outfit. They were Lees, Harrisons, and Stanleys. Chaney Lee, a tall, dark, weather-beaten fellow, the one I had addressed, was the oldest and the accepted leader. He called to one of his children, "Sinfe, lel a skamin for the rw."

"I am no Gipsy, gentlemen," I said; "just a plain

*I am no Gipsy,"
I said: "just a
plain Gorgio
Don't tell her to
bring me a chair*



Gorgio. Don't tell her to bring me a chair."

We sat on the ground, Gipsy fashion. And, as usual when Gypsies meet, we talked of "our people," or those who have the so-called black blood of the *Romani* race. At myself, I explained that my father was a *pushyat*—a half-blood—and my mother a *gorgio*. I wove a plausible genealogy that included the names of some of the best known Gipsy families, and this, coupled with my ability to speak *Romanes*, satisfied them that I was "born a Gipsy."

After supper we sat in a circle and talked. My blood was singing. The air was full of half-forgotten sounds and odors. Indeed, it was good to be again with gentle, friendly *Romanies*. The spell grew on me.

Gipsy Words in the Story

<i>Acen</i> —Here	<i>Pen</i> —Say
<i>Acen</i> —Talker— <i>Rumani</i> an gipsies	<i>Penar</i> —Break
<i>Acen</i> —Dead	<i>Pushyat</i> —Half-blood
<i>Cher</i> —Girl	<i>Pushat</i> —Brother
<i>Cherido</i> —Bird	<i>Rom</i> —Husband
<i>Chered</i> —Stole	<i>Romani</i> —Gipsy
<i>Dordi</i> —Look	<i>Romani</i> —Gipsy man
<i>Lev</i> —For	<i>Romanes</i> —Gipsy language
<i>Gorgio</i> —Non-Gipsy woman	<i>Romanchel</i> —Gipsy
<i>Gorgios</i> —Non-Gypsies	<i>Ser</i> —Gentleman
<i>Karmio</i> —Doing	<i>Sarishan</i> —How are you
<i>Latcha</i> —Lying	<i>Shan</i> —Are
<i>Lel</i> —Take	<i>Shamin</i> —Chair
<i>Lubeny</i> —Prostitute	<i>Ses</i> —What
<i>Mande</i> —I, Me	<i>Stardel</i> —Imprisoned
<i>Men</i> —Neck	<i>Tan</i> —Camp
<i>Muski</i> —Woman	<i>Te</i> —To
<i>Pav</i> —in Road sun	<i>Te</i> —You

"I have tried to live with my *Gorgio* people," I told them. "Look at my face—pale as a sickly gentile girl's. I nearly go crazy walking pavements. I'm done with it. I hold to the old religion and the old law of our people."

"Son," answered Chaney, "you can stay with me like one of my flesh and blood. As long as I have a bite to eat you are welcome to share it."

He patted my shoulder as he talked. There was no deceit in his eyes. He accepted me and, true to the *Romani* code, took me into his family like

an own son. I was soon well established with them.

Happy were the days that followed. The sun and wind tanned my skin. The open air was good for me. In dress, habits, and manner I was as Gipsy as any

And I prospered, after the fashion of the wanderers. "Son," said Chaney, "you cheat the damn *Gorgios* so sick they think they're trimming you." He laughed. "And to think how you fooled us—you, a deep *Romano* coming into our *tan* dressed up like the Prince of Wales at a royal breakfast."

"I thought when you spoke *Romanes* that you'd been in jail somewhere," said young Israel Stanley. "You looked white as if you'd been starved."

SINFIE LEE smiled at the remark. The smile was true *Romani*—spontaneous and unaffected—as truly Gypsy as the indescribable Gypsy stare. And Sinfie was as Gypsy as her grandmother Boswell, who came from England. Her teeth were perfect, her skin a rose leaf with an olive undercoloring, her hair blue-black. Her eyes were Gypsy eyes, with all the sun and shadow that the term implies, and with a slight birdlike curve in the corner of the lids, which is supposed to mark the true sorceress. Sinfie was beautiful. Standing there on her toes, her body slender and pantherish, a scarlet scarf on her head, her dress barbaric as an Oriental's, her red lips parted, her eyes upturned, she looked like a wild bird poised for flight. What a rare model she would have been for a painter of Gypsy types, like Zuloaga.

Sinfie was of marriageable age, and half the Roman boys in the South were in love with her. *Gorgios*, too, came to her for their fortunes, and remained to follow her like moths follow a flame. She fascinated them, and charged ridiculous amounts for their fortunes, all the time promising much with her eyes and keeping always just a little out of their reach. She charmed without being charmed. One lovesick country boy haunted the camp for days. She accepted the gifts he brought her, smiling into his eyes and saying to whatever Gypsy was near, "O *beng te poggar* his *mu*."

"Sinfie," I remonstrated with her, "you go too far in bewitching these *Gorgios*."

She laughed softly, delightedly, and began to sing

"The *Gorgios* *pen* I am a witch.
And a witch indeed am I;
I get the jewels that they have,
While the fools look in my eye."

"Sinfie! Sinfie! You are a witch, but sometimes witches get burned. *Gorgios* are not used to the bold talk of Gypsy girls."

A serious expression came over her face.

"Brother, do you think Sinfie has no proper regard for her *latcha*—her chastity? The *Gorgio* is a fool if he thinks he can touch me. Look!"

She held out a dagger. I took it and examined the peculiar ivory handle and the long, slender blade. It had been handed down from generation to the bold talk of Gypsy girls."

THAT, brother," she said, "is for the crazy *Gorgio* who thinks I am a bad girl, or for the *rom* who proves unfaithful to Sinfie."

"What would you do," I asked, "if your *rom* the Gypsy you marry—should he false to you?"

"What would any woman do?" she questioned. "What would you do if your *mushi* were untrue? There is only one thing to do sometimes. You know our law as well as I do."

"But that old law no longer holds, Sinfie."

"Don't you. What happened in Adam Boswell's camp in Wisconsin last year? What happened to the *rom*

who went off with a *Gorgie* *lubeny* in Chicago? And the law is not forced except for them as forces."

Arguing with Sinfie on Gypsy matters was useless. She was of the old "deep" sort like England knew a hundred years ago. She would be a good wife. For her husband she would slave and steal and lie. She would give all and ask only faithfulness in return. That she would demand.

Coming from a nearby town one trade-day I discovered Sinfie near the camp, peeping through a fence at a pig. I wondered if she would have gloried in the practice of poisoning hogs—an old Gypsy practice that is seldom resorted to at present. I slipped up behind her.

"Sinfie!" I cried, "what are you doing here?"

She leaped back, startled out of her reverie, and then did a step or two of a dance before replying.

"*Prala*, to tell the truth, I was thinking how I could



"No," she whispered; "you know that Sinfie's lips are only get that fat fellow to the camp if I *chored* it."

We walked down the road together, back toward the tents in the clearing. Blackbirds were playing about at the edge of the woods. A corn field was nearby.

"*Dordi*," cried Sinfie, pointing at them, "did you ever see a *Romani chericho* in a cage? They are like us."

They are not made for cages and we are not made for houses. We are like the—as the *Gorgios* say—like the fishes out of the water. I have seen too many who have left our camps and come back. It is in our blood we can't help it."

She was swinging down the road by my side, her small feet seeming scarcely to touch the ground, graceful as a deer in a woodland, her eyes shining. She was indeed a wild thing, though in her gaily colored dress she was more like a scarlet tanager than a Gipsy black bird. I could not picture her in a house.

"WHAT are you thinking?" she asked, her face very near my own. "Are you thinking how I would look in a cage, or are you afraid I will *chove* you?"

"You have already stolen something from me—my heart. Listen," I added, "here's a song for you. It's about a *Gorgio* who meets a *Romani chi* on the road.



for her rom. If she couldn't be married like her mother...

and the *Gorgio* says

*'Girl, wilt thou live in my dwelling,
For pearls and diamonds true?
I will give thee a bed of scarlet
And a royal palace, too'*

"The girls say

*'My white teeth are my pearls
My diamonds my own black eyes
My bed is the soft green meadow
My palace the world as it lies'*

"It's a song of the *beur-folki* put into English. I read it in a book one time," I added.

"You know too much in books, mister. You make me ashamed; I can only read the pictures."

It was perhaps a week later that she came dancing into camp, producing a book from the folds of her cloak. I stared at it. She had stolen a family Bible for me.

I read her parts of it in the golden days that followed. We were much together, but always under the eyes of the others. Though I wanted to be alone with her, I knew that custom and training made secret love-making unthinkable. Only after marriage could we hope to be alone. And so, trying my best to adapt myself to the ways of the world I was in, I would find Sinie at twilight, sitting by her mother, and would sit with them and talk.

We were "put up" on the outskirts of a prosperous little town, the camp pitched almost on the roadside to attract the passerby. A painted sign advertised in flaming colors:

THE GIPSY QUEEN

The most marvelous palmist

The townspeople flocked to our camp. Many came who should have known better, including very old women for whom the future could hold little. Business men slipped out at night, ashamed to be seen by their associates, yet eager to anticipate the future. Boys and girls came in groups, making lark of their visit. Married women came, convinced of the fortune teller's power when she would lean over and say, "My dear, your husband does not understand you. He does not appreciate you."

I mixed with the people who came, listening to their conversation, finding out all I could about them in order to tip-off the fortune teller with a few words in *Romanes*.

It was this contact, perhaps, that brought me to a realization that I had gone too far with my Gipsy friends—so far, in fact, that I had accepted trickery, fraud, and thievery as legitimate means of livelihood. I was becoming Gipsy. Growing love for Sinie had led me farther than my boyhood dreams of Gipsydom. I realized I must give it up. But how happy I had been, and how sad at thoughts of renunciation!

WHEN, one evening, I sat moodily apart, making up my mind when and how to leave, Sinie hovered near me like a mother near a sick child.

"What is it, *prala*?" she asked, her hand closing over mine, warm and magnetic.

"I am sad, little sister. Tonight is my last with you. I must go back to my mother and the *Gorgio* life. But I will not stay long."

She spoke again in a low voice, seeming to choke a little. "I have feared this. I have felt it for days, here in my heart. May the devil take

all dogs and *Gorgios*. Oh, I felt I was a fool to love you so."

"I love you, Sinie dear. Would you be willing to go with me and live with *Gorgios*?"

"You do not want me to, mister, and anyway I would not do such a thing. I can't read. I steal and lie. And I'd die all penned in a house and [Turn to page 128]

I Am the Girl Who Lives in

Dragon Tooth Light

*"I Had to Leave Him Sitting
There. Life in a Lighthouse Must
Go On. For Eighty-Nine
Years the Light Had Blinked Its
Warning Every Night. Even
the Night Mother Died, Father
Had to Climb the Tower!"*



"Captain Thorpe," he was saying.

I AM the girl who lives in Dragon Tooth Lighthouse, a spot of color, which, through your binoculars, you will sometimes see splashed against the sombre gray tower. I have always loved bright colors, even before I was woman enough to realize how gloriously they emphasized my russet hair and creamy skin. I wore them whenever I could get them, but I did not know that my figure clad in blue or green, stood out so clearly, until Dan Hunt told me how often he had swept the horizon for a glimpse of me.

Now I make a point of wearing gay clothes, in the hope that some other home-making wayfarer may take heart from my distant presence.

I was born in the lighthouse. My mother died when I was two. The surging waters around Dragon Tooth cradled her slender body. She wanted it so; wanted to be near us, she said, and in all my childish dreams, the shadowy vision of this young mother whom I don't remember, represented the guiding spirit of the lighthouse.

That is why I love my home on the stony island which protrudes above the restless sea, like the tooth of some fabulous monster. And, the way I feel now, I shall continue to live on it.

In the books and magazines which a seaman's welfare society occasionally sends to Father, I have read many stories about girls with comfortable homes, who crave greater comforts, and even scheme to get them. My isolated lighthouse is grim and bare. The furnishings are scant. The life is hard, and the routine exacting. But I want no better home.

There was a period when I longed to get away from the ceaseless moaning of the deep. Something within me seemed to moan and toss with the waves. That was after Dan Hunt's little boat, with its odd painted sail, ceased to make its daily trip to Dragon Tooth.

I FELT like the wild sea birds that dash themselves against the light. I, too, was beating my wings against the inevitable, against that dominant strain in the Thorpe blood.

Nineteen years ago, on the night that I was born, a kind doctor made the dangerous trip over from the mainland. Except for him, Dan Hunt was the only stranger to visit Dragon Tooth during the time that Father and I have occupied it. Of course the government inspector comes once a year, and the crew of the tender bringing oil every three months, but these are



"I don't want to interfere in a family matter, but

people connected with the administration, and they come because they have to.

I was never conscious of being lonesome. Ours was a busy life. From the time I was old enough to hold my own knife and fork, I assumed some share of the burden, which share naturally increased with the passing years. Besides, Father was such a wonderful companion, versed in the lore of the sea, familiar with strange lands, and, above all, never too tired to talk of the most absorbing topic in the world—Mother.

Perhaps, after all, my story begins with her, and with the day that she chose Father from among all her suitors, instead of his brother Ben, whom everyone had expected was the favorite. Because, although twenty years elapsed between that day and the one on which Dan Hunt steered for our island, the two are as inevitably connected as if they had followed close upon each other.

"As many men after her as porpoises after a ship," was Father's way of describing the peculiar attraction she held for men. "And out o' the lot, she chose me—Lord—Lord! Who knows why?"

I was eight years old, and had just finished reading a dog-eared but glamorous fairy book, when I first ventured an answer to this poignant question I had so

often heard him ask, in musing: "Why, because she loved you, Father!" I replied.

By his startled look, I thought I had angered him, but as he smoothed my hair with quick, clumsy strokes, I seemed to feel the stifled tenderness that was struggling for expression.

"That's the Thorpe blood in you, Martha," he mumbled. "Aye—she loved me. The Thorpes set great store by love. Great store—mebbe too much."

IT WAS some years before I was to realize this by my own experience. The Thorpes set great store by love! For a sea-going family, such as Father's has been for over a century, it is indeed strange—that men and women alike are faithful through life to a first love. Neither misunderstanding nor separation, neither time nor death, changes their devotion.

Call it a curse, if you want to. Or perhaps it was our salvation.

Father, though, left with an infant to care for, did not marry again, but remained on Dragon Tooth, devoting his life to me. Uncle Ben, thwarted by Mother, never married at all. And I, called upon by duty to forget Dan, beat my wings against the same prison bars.

I have known the mere thought of Uncle Ben to send Father into a towering rage. He was of the firm belief that his brother would some day seek to strike back in revenge. He talked of it. He warned me of it constantly. Yet, when Father eyed young Captain Hunt in cool appraisal, nothing was farther from his thoughts than

such a retaliation. At least, that's what I thought.

I grew into womanhood feeling keen resentment toward this uncle for the last words he had spoken to my father. He scarcely waited for Father's trembling hands to lower Mother's still form, shrouded by an old sail, into that soundless, dim, restful Heaven where she now dwells. Then he turned savagely on Father.

YOU killed her, Amos," he accused. "If you'd ha' loved her the way I did, you'd never ha' taken her on that pork barrel of a boat. You brought her here too late. I'd ha' left her behind me. She'd be alive now. You killed her, and some day you'll answer afore God for her murder!"

Bitter words for one brother to hurl at another. And bitter, bitter hatred rose in the hearts of both men. They dropped out of each other's lives as completely as if they were strangers.

Yet the sting of that charge struck deep, just because Father had really adored his young bride, and sometimes, when he thought he was alone, he mumbled over and over again, "Mebbe she would ha' been alive now—with Ben."

Oh, how I hated that uncle of mine, and how I loved

my poor, sad father, who had isolated himself in atonement.

So you will understand, I think, why Dan Hunt rode straight into a gale when he informed Father he had come with a message from his brother Ben.

"I have no brother!" Father roared out, the blood spreading darkly under his leathery, weather-beaten skin.

Heat pounded in my heart from the first time I lifted my eyes to our visitor, and instead of the cold, unsympathetic look I had expected from one who claimed friendship with Uncle Ben, I found kindness, and—almost apology.

Think the discovery bewildered me. At least for the moment it raised a fleeting suspicion in my mind that I might be wrong to attribute my uncle's character to his messenger.

"CAPTAIN THORPE," he was saying, "I don't want to interfere in a family matter. Your brother did up enough of a good turn. This is the first favor he's ever asked of me, and no young fellow who appreciates the help of an older man, could refuse him. I'm just repeating the message as he gave it to me. He says he's willing to forgive you."

"I forgive him?" I gasped.

Father swung me around by the shoulders. The smoldering silence of these many years was reflected in his glastly laughter.

"You hear that, Martha?" he demanded. "He says he's willing to forgive me."

"You may tell your kind friend he has nothing to forgive!" I ordered Captain Hunt.

"But he thinks he has," he reminded me. "Look here, Miss Thorpe; you're a woman. Won't you listen, at least? Your uncle is old, much older than your father. I imagine he thinks you must be like your mother, and for what she meant to him, he'd like to have you come to keep house for him."

Father's fists clenched. It was going to come to physical encounter, I thought in panic, and the very heart of me softened.

"He's lived a lonely life," Dan went on. "In return for this little bit of your youth, he'll give you—" I remember how he hesitated, "well—there's a tidy little estate waiting for you, Miss Thorpe. That is, if you come."

Had the waves really begun to rear their heads higher, or did it merely seem as if the whole world reeled with my amazed senses? In a daze, I saw Father step closer to Captain Hunt. I saw him lift his fist menacingly over the ceaseless noise of the ocean, his voice thundered.

"Trying to buy off my daughter, is he? Begrudges me all that I have in life—eh? Offers her money to get her away?"

I DON'T know what happened, then. His body trembled. As if drawn by some unseen hand, his arms dropped, and he turned slowly away.

"Or the girl decide for herself," he finished brokenly. "Make—she wants to go."

"Father!" I cried.

When he was gone, back into the lighthouse, and I was alone with Dan Hunt. An inner voice had warned me against being alone with him. I wanted to hate him. He was a friend of my uncle. I ought to hate him.

"I wouldn't leave my father for all the treasure at the bottom of the sea!" I told him hotly.

"It wouldn't be for long," he said. "It's his heart

"Father—I said in alarm, 'Is it really dark?' 'Is it night?'"

"A smothered exclamation escaped him: 'Martha! My God!'"

"The light!" I gasped. 'The dark!'"

Might carry him off tomorrow. Or he might live another year. I'd gladly look after him if he'd let me. He's peculiar. He won't have anybody if he can't have you. And then, I'm away a good deal, too."

"He can't have me ever," I repeated. "I love my father. I don't want to leave him. And I have no kind feelings for Uncle Ben. I suppose you know why."

He nodded. He was master of a ship on the line both Father and Uncle Ben had been connected with, and he had heard many different versions of the whole affair, including Uncle Ben's.

"He is not as hard as you think he is," he insisted.

"There isn't any use in arguing. He hasn't earned my love, or even my respect."

"You're not angry with me, are you?"

The abruptness of his question brought me to myself, making me actually aware of his presence, virile and intensely masculine in the spotless white shore uniform. For a moment I longed to retreat, like mermaids are supposed to do at sight of a mortal.

"Are you angry?" he insisted.

I told myself that I was furious. But my lips turned traitor to my thoughts. "I don't know," I faltered.

Some people just smile and that's all there is to it. When Dan Hunt smiled, a long, long train of laughing thoughts seemed to follow in its wake, like rainbow bubbles after a little boat.

I never meant to respond, but I did.

"I think you must be like your mother," he said: "kind and forgiving."

"She was an angel," I protested.

"Well?" he demanded, half-teasing, half-serious.

I grew hot all over. "But I am not. Because I cannot forgive Uncle Ben."

"You look like her. You have her hair, and her eyes, ever-changing like the sea."

"If only I did!" I wished fervently.

Any girl would want to be like Mother, beautiful and charming with her soft ways that fascinated men. Later I discovered why Dan Hunt regarded my spontaneous little prayer with surprise. He could hardly believe that Father had not told me I was the very image of my mother!

"I think you'd better go, now," I stammered, my natural embarrassment returning. "We have to fix the lamps. And be sure to tell my uncle that he must not



hope for my companionship. He should know why." I admit that I watched the back of his receding figure with regret. Perhaps it was wrong. I kept reminding myself that he was Uncle Ben's accomplice, and accordingly not much better. A deeper voice told me this was not so.

For a long time that white, upright figure swaying to preserve the balance of the little vessel, kept in full view, can hardly tell you what wistful dreams floated out with it.

With a pang, I remembered Father, and I went indoors to find him. What a sight I met! He sat stiffly in his chair, looking straight ahead of him. He did not move at the sound of my voice. Not like a person dazed, but like one stunned, he seemed.

In alarm, I called to him. Finally, by shaking him vigorously, I got some response. Oh, I knew what bothered him. For an hour I kept reassuring him of my love. Over and over again I insisted that I could not be lured away to Uncle Ben. I am sure he heard and believed me, but he could not seem to talk. Once or

the top of the tower. What a climb! I didn't mind it.

Father and I had been there when first we caught sight of Dan Hunt. How far off that seemed now! Father had been oiling the machinery that causes the lights to revolve and give that impression of a great winking eye. I was cleaning the copper screens which prevent the sea birds from breaking the expensive reflectors.

I COMPLETED these tasks alone. Then there were the wicks to be cleaned and trimmed, the reservoirs to be filled with oil, and the lamps swung back into place ready for lighting. Then the service-room had to be scrubbed. Everything was ship-shape on Dragon Tooth. And the house-keeping and cooking.

There are no doors to our rooms, naturally; yet my own circular cubby with its two port-holes seemed to give me as much privacy as any shut away apartment. As I sat at the edge of my narrow iron bed, too exhausted to undress, memories of the day's events thronged back.

Yet, somehow, I could not call forth a vision of Dan

Days of glory, sunshine, and laughter followed.



vice he moistened his lips, only no sound came.

I had to leave him sitting there. Life in a lighthouse must go on. For eighty-nine years the Dragon Tooth light had blinked its warning every night in the year. I could not endanger so many lives by neglecting it now. Even on the night when Mother died, Father had had to drag himself up to the tower.

I started up those never ending stairs. You see, a lighthouse is not built like a city apartment, all on one floor. The rooms in my home stand up on end, with the spiral staircase twining upwards in the centre. The kitchen and living-room combined is the lowest room. I toted up, tired even before the day's work was begun—up through Father's room, then my own, through the two store rooms, into the service-room just below the cage at

Hunt. I could not remember then just what he looked like, or what he had said. All this came back to me later. I only knew that he was different from the supercilious inspector, the rough crew of the tender, and the eyeing clerks in the water-front stores, where Father took me twice a year.

I let down my dull russet hair, which I usually wore in a crown of braids twisted about my head, having copied the style from a faded picture of Mother. It fell way below my waist, a soft cascade glittering even in the poor candlelight. What a relief it was to take out the pins!

Later I fell asleep, with a vision of a russet haired girl sitting in the stern of a tiny sail-boat, while a tall white clad young captain stood swaying to balance the vessel.

After all, it was not a vision. [Turn to, page 106]

It Must Have Been

The Mad Moon



*She Was Sobbing
Now---and I Didn't
Want Her to Sob
Like That. It Hurt.
I Found My Arms
Slipping About Her;
Found Myself
Straining Her to Me,
and Then --*

You won't fail me, Dickie? I must see you, and visit with you again.'

THE moon is a wonderful builder of illusions—the gods. Under her magic beams the wooden marionettes of life become beings clothed in silken draperies, living their lives amid scenes of gorgeous splendor. In her land of dreams a kiss becomes a slashing sword of memory to pierce your heart for years.

But once the magic spell is broken and you view the idols of the night before, you see them to be but grotesquely chiseled objects with painted faces and gawky bodies—their silken draperies only so much tinsel cloth, the scenes of their splendor only so many smeary daubs of canvas. The midday sun has no place for the illusions.

It was on a moonlight night that I first met Louise—a night that was made for love and kisses and sweet nothings. One touch of her hand made me a captive; one smile, and I was her slave; one kiss, and I would have died for her. Then the year that I could never forget. A year of heartaches, longings, desires and hurts that seemed to sear. Her kisses, so gloriously alive, thrilled me to my toes, yet they hurt with a poignancy that I could not understand. Awake, asleep, or at work, I was thinking of Louise. Sometimes I think, she was with me when I prayed.

The night of our parting we were on the moonlit

lake. She was to marry Linter Martin she told me Linter Martin, warped in body and mind as he was in soul, but wealthy; he could supply her every desire for luxury and comfort.

"No!" I said as I held her in my arms. "You can't! It would be a sacrilege. That rotter married to you, pressing his thick lips to yours, holding you in his arms! You must not do it. You can't! I shall not let you!"

"Don't," she said, pushing me away. "I must marry him. He can give me everything that makes life worth the living—cars, servants, social position, Europe—everything. I want those things, Dickie. Love?" she grew very scornful. "A moment's infatuation, for which we are sorry as soon as it is past. Life is a game where people must pay the price for what they want. I want riches and all else that go with them, and I'm willing to pay the price."

"Even to Linter Martin?" I asked

IN THE shadow of the trees she shuddered. I could feel it as she nestled in my arms for the fraction of a moment. Her red lips, curved in their cupid's bow, sought mine for a parting kiss that combined in it all the joys of heaven and the pains of hell.

"Yes," she whispered. "Even to Linter Martin."



It's the Mad Moon," I told Rex . . . "The mating moon. . . I wonder," said a voice from the doorway

did not stay for her marriage to Linter Martin. I threw up my position and struck out for the unknown, hoping against hope that somewhere, somehow, I might forget. A chance meeting with another man, a conversation, and I was soon engulfed in the swirl of another Oklahoma oil boom.

Being a fair sort of mechanic, I soon found work in one of the garages in the town. The Widow Murphy furnished board and room. Helen, her daughter, waited on the tables and helped with the housework. Helen was a magnificent young animal, with chestnut hair and a skin like satin.

IT MUST have been pity for my wretchedness that made her incline towards me. I know that my eyes still reflected the hurt that was in my heart, and the corners of my mouth turned downward in spite of all I could do. But she catered to my needs more than she did the others, did innumerable little things that hinted at favoritism, hovered about me at table in a motherly sort of fashion, and scolded me and scolded me at times in a sisterly completely sort of way.

I hate to hear anyone laugh when a couple breaks up and one or the other suddenly marries another; to see me curl up his lips and sneer, "Women, or men, are all alike. They love you today; tomorrow they love someone else."

I think most of us marry to forget, whether we can or

not. It is like fighting fire with fire—to keep from being consumed by the fires inside us. Or else like rubbing snow on frost bites to restore the lost circulation.

Anyway, we were married. Oh, it was a crime! If I had not been so eternally selfish and self-centered I would never have permitted myself to go through with it. But I did. We settled down to live in one of the cottages belonging to my mother-in-law. It sat on a high hill

overlooking the town. On three sides of us were the hills and the forest. Helen was as happy as a child with a new toy, and I tried to play up to her; tried to make believe, too.

But it was hard! When she was in my arms, I tried to pretend she was Louise, Louise's lips on mine, Louise giving me her soul in keeping. Sometimes, I almost convinced myself it was Louise—especially at night. But in the mornings, I awoke with all the old longing increased tenfold.

Helen understood partly. She knew that I was only partly hers—that someone else was enshrined in my heart. I tried not to let her see it, but I couldn't hide it completely. Anyway, I did do my best to be a good husband to her, and stayed away from Halltown most of the time. Only when the moon was full and the longing for Louise became unbearable did I slip away to Halltown, to come back in the early morning hours beastly drunk.

Helen never scolded—angel that she was. This fact alone made my infrequent falls rebound back on my

"Life is a game where people must pay the price for what they want. I want riches and all that goes with them, and I'm willing to pay the price," she whispered.

"Even to Linter Martin?"

In the shadow of the trees she shuddered as she nestled in my arms for a moment.

"Even to Linter Martin," she said.

conscience tenfold, her brooding over me like a mother over a sick child, suffering in silence at my neglect. Lambert, too, my boss at the garage, said nothing on those mornings when I reported for work, weak and shaky and totally unfit to do a good day's labor for his hire.

"I understand, lad," he said one morning to me, after one of my debauches. "But don't give up; keep fighting. You'll win out some day. We've all been through the same mill at one time or other in our lives. It's only a question of time."

I WONDERED, as summer passed on wings and October came with its tangy nights and its days of Indian summer. In the woods about us the leaves were beginning to turn brown and fall, and on the distant hills the Great Artist had painted a picture that no earthly mortal could ever hope to reproduce.

"Like humans," Helen said one morning as she pointed to the distant hills in their finery of gold and brown. "There is the spring when we are born, the summer when we live, the autumn when we change, and then the winter when we sleep waiting for another spring."

I kissed her dutifully, wishing in my heart of hearts that I could give her the love she so deserved. She closed to me, her lips on mine, her soft arms about me

"I love you, Dickie," she whispered, her brown eyes alight with something that I could not understand. "I would give my life if you could be happy."

She started to say more, then blushed and hung her head. I wondered what ailed her. Helen was not usually so.

That was the day that I met Louise again. I was busy on a car when a big limousine skidded through the sand to the doors of the garage and a lady honked for service at the filling tank. Lambert was busy at his desk, so I went out.

A woman, whose back was to me as I went out, ordered ten gallons for her tank. I smiled as I obeyed. Some traveling tourist, I supposed, and wondered why she was alone. I went about the filling of the tank without another thought of her. I was just about through when I heard a low voice at my elbow.

DICKIE!" it said. "Of all things! To see you here is a surprise."

Louise! She had changed but little that I could see as my hungry eyes took in every detail of her, from the well shod feet to the ripe red lips and dimpled cheeks and chin. A trifle more matured perhaps, more richly clad but still—Louise. Her hand was outstretched to meet mine.

"Aren't you going to shake hands, Dickie?" she asked softly. "Don't you love me any more?"

As if I could ever stop loving her! Despite my desire to run I stayed. Once more the old desires swept over me. I wanted to take her to my arms, to crush her to me, to smother those provocative red lips with hot burning kisses that were crying aloud inside me for release. She knew what that touch had done for me—Louise gloried in her power over me. She laughed teasingly, and I dropped her hand as though a hot coal had touched my fingers.

"You live here?" she smiled.

"Yes."

"How nice," she went on. "I'm glad, Dickie. You see, Linter and I are staying five miles from here at Blaymore Springs. Lint is taking the baths there for his rheumatism."

I nodded, and finished my work. As I turned to go, she leaned close to me and whispered.

"I must see you again, Dickie. I've often thought of you and wondered what had become of my old lover boy. You don't know how I've missed your kisses, your arms about me, your cheek on mine. We're coming back here tonight on a stumming party—my friend and her new crush. [Turn to page 95]

And I wanted to tell her—tell this child wife of mine—but I couldn't.

Why I Left Home

*Which Has To Do
With a Girl,
and Housework and
the Movies—
And a Very Interest-
ing Problem*

She said he looked like the moving picture people. I shook my head. "I am through with pictures," I said to Mother. But I went, anyway.



BE IT ever so humble, there's no place like home," as the old song has it. "Be it ever so humble!" It seems to me that things were not so bad when we lived in the little old house where most of us were born. Father owned it, and it didn't cost much in the beginning anyway, when building materials and labor were cheap. And it didn't cost much to keep it up, or keep it warm, with the one big coal-stove in the large room which was both living-room and dining-room, and the cook-stove in the kitchen. Father had a comfortable business with his moving vans

in one of the suburbs near New York City, and it seems to me never used to have so much to worry about. Of course we began to be crowded as we grew older, and larger. And then the folks figured that we ought to have a larger house, and in a better neighborhood, so as to give us older children a better chance, socially and otherwise.

So Father bought a new house, and then our troubles began. It wasn't humble enough. It cost a lot of money, and that pinched my father. There was a big mortgage to pay interest on. The taxes were higher. We had a

steam heating plant, with a large furnace that ate up the coal without hardly warming the house, unless we had on two or three pounds of steam, and then it was too hot. Then we had to spend money on curtains and screens and rugs and furniture and all kinds of things to fix up the place.

And about this time Father found that his moving vans, on which he had used horses, were hopelessly out of date as well as worn out. Horses now were expensive, too, he said, costly to buy and expensive to feed. So he had to buy some motor vans, both for economy in upkeep and to meet the competition. And then he had trouble paying for them. Oh, well, you can see how it was necessary for me to drop high school in my third year and go to work.

I SPENT four months at a business school, and then I got a small job for experience. I improved rapidly and soon got a better job. The trouble at home came up over the question of how much board I was to pay my mother. Of course, there was always some friction for you know how it is with brothers and sisters. However, Mother said that I ought to be glad enough to contribute my share in order to have the advantages of such a nice home, where I could be proud to bring my friends. And naturally I said that my lazy brother ought to go to work and give his share, too, and why should I give more than my share.

When I was getting ten dollars a week, I gave Mother half, using the other five for lunch, car-fare and a little stuff to wear, and it was pretty skimpy. When I got twenty dollars, I gave Mother ten, putting five into my clothing allowance, and taking five for car-fare, lunches and so on, which left me a little for movies and such things. Well, the trouble came when I told Mother that I had a raise to twenty-five a week. I was going to be generous, and offer to give her half, again. But right away she was eager for me to pay in the fifteen, saying that the ten for myself was enough, and Father was skimping her more than ever now, so she didn't know what to do. This raise of mine came just in time, she said.

THAT started the fight. I thought that a girl of eighteen who was earning her own living didn't need to be walked on, even by members of her own family. I argued. I wanted to save something. Some day I might want to get married. And wasn't it my money, since I earned it? And why didn't Harry chip in on the family expense? Well, of course the boys were always Mother's favorites, anyway, and any reflections on Harry quickly got her dander up. If she had been a little nicer about it I might have been willing to give in and pay her the fifteen, even if it was too much, but the way she demanded it made me feel that I simply would not pay it. We both got wild and noisy, and then Father came in and howled me out for talking like that to my own mother, and told me that I would have to do as she said or I could find another place to live. Then he went out and slammed the door. So then I said that if they didn't want me home I could take care of myself. I stood up, and then to my surprise Mother snatched up my cape and hat, which were close by, handed them to me, opened the door and pushed me out. I heard the door slam shut and heard her lock it. And there I stood, ready to cry, angry, desperate, shut out of my own home.

I stamped my foot, and said to myself that I was a fool to tell them about the raise at all, and that the next time I wouldn't. I sat down on the railing at the end of the porch to think. And I thought that

it was a terrible way for them to act. But I could not go out at night and hunt for a room. And I did not even have my bag with me—no money. Just then I thought of my friend, Harriet. But I ought to telephone her first. I could use the phone down at the drug store, if I could get my bag. So I went around to the back door, went in proudly to the living-room and picked up my bag. Mother thought I had come in to stay, and that I had cooled off.

"Don't you think, Kate——" she began slowly. But I did not answer. I marched straight to the front door, unlocked it and went on out. To make a long story short, I spent a couple of days with Harriet. My father telephoned them and found I was there. Harriet's mother talked to me about my duty to my parents. After all, it was my home; they were my folks. And all that.

The third day I still swore I would not go home, and yet that evening I just naturally went the same old way and walked into the house as if nothing had happened. Mother looked up and only said the Smith girls were coming over that evening. No one said anything about my being away, but I could see they were pleased.



to have me home again. After supper I laid the fifteen dollars on the table by Mother's plate. I didn't want it now. And later I saw her pick it up.

But that didn't settle it. And there was more to the trouble than just that. It was largely the unfairness in other ways, including the work. This new, big house had a lot more work in it, to keep it up, outside of the cooking, dish-washing and laundry for a family of seven.

And they expected me, on top of my work down-town in New York, to come home and do more than my share of the housework besides. I was pretty tired when I got home, and yet here was this big brother of mine expecting me and Mother to wait on him. He had no job, and he was supposed to help Father in the business, but the only thing he would do there was to drive one of the motor vans, and he liked to do that. And sometimes he would be off loafing in the billiard parlors down on the square, when Father wanted him. He could have helped at home, as Harriet Hazen's brothers both do, but Harry would not so much as pour himself a cup of tea.

Then my next sister, Lila, sixteen years old then,

might have helped. But always she had her high school studies to do, with her girl friends, and "she didn't have time." She had more time than I did, but she just shirked. My other sister, Betty, thirteen, could have helped a little if she wanted to, but she had to play, and "Teacher said I should have lots of fresh air," and she never did start lending a hand. Of course I didn't expect anything of little Tommy, who was six. And since Mother was overworked, there was nothing for me to do but pitch in to help her. It just made a slave out of me.

THEN the folks had trouble with Harry, who said he was "sick of working for the old man for nothing." So Father began paying him twenty dollars a week, and I felt that the money I gave the family was what enabled him to do this. For about this time I got a raise to thirty, and had another fight with Mother. I wanted to save the extra five. Mother said she would save it for me. So I gave in. But I found out that she did not save it at all; she used it up and told me that they would keep account and owe it to me. Well, when would I ever get it? They just got it from me, that's all, and what it amounted to, as it looked to me, was that I gave them twenty a week, and they gave it to Harry. And did he help them with it? Not he, for he saved part of it and pretty soon bought himself a second-hand car, and then he had to have the money to go on making payments on it.

It was just one thing on top of another. It all rankled. And then Harry taught my sister Lila, who did no work and earned nothing, how to drive his car, but would not teach me. He said Lila could drive Mother around when he was out on a van, but a couple of drivers in the family was enough. And then, because she had been driving all afternoon, she would have her studies to do in the evening, leaving the work to me.

One evening Father wanted to go to a movie, taking Mother and the younger children. Harry would drive them down. There were the dishes to do and some left over ironing that absolutely had to be done. It had been sprinkled three days before. I had planned to go out with Harriet Hazen. It was Friday night, no school the next day, and so no excuse for Lila for shirking. I said to Lila that it was her turn tonight.

ME? NIX, I've got a party on tonight," she said, as if that settled it. "Oh, is that so?" I said. "Well, I've got a party on tonight, too."

"You? What party have you got on?" she asked almost sarcastic, and in a tone as if I had no business to have a party. It riled me.

"None of your business, smarty," I snapped. "What's this wonderful party of yours?"

She didn't answer, but just appealed to Mother. And then I was furious because they all took sides against me. Mother just took it for granted that I would be the one to stay and do the work, as usual.

"Those clothes will be all mildewed, Kate, if they stand any longer," said Mother.

"They can get mildewed for all of me," I said.

Why, Kate—" said Mother.

I'm sick and tired of being the goat,"

"What's the matter here?" boomed my father. "You do as your mother says, Kate."



I said: "Here I'm earning money for this family, and working downtown and working all the time at home, and couldn't someone else here just get to take a hand along all?" All the guarantee of the whole lunch was looking over to me.

"Here, Ma," said Lila, "I've just got to go to that party tonight. They're depending on me."

"Never mind, Kate, you can go out tomorrow night," said Mother, even yet taking it for granted that I would go in and stay home.

"What's the matter here?" boomed my father, still deeply becoming annoyed. "No more of that, now, Kate. You do as your mother says."

"Come on, come on," Harry shouted from outside. The car is waiting. I think I'm going to stand here all night."

"Wait a minute," said Lila, grabbing her coat and hat. "You can take me as far as the Smiths."

"True Spanish type! We'll use you."

Never even asked me about my experience.



And out she went. She didn't even look back at me. "That's all right, Kate," said Mother. "You can go out tomorrow night." And then she followed the others. In a moment I heard them drive away.

And there I was. As usual, they had unloaded everything on me, made me the goat while they went out to parties and movies. I would not submit to it. I didn't have to. I was self-supporting, capable. I still had my thirty dollars for the week's work, unbroken. By myself,

I could live handsomely on that. If they didn't treat me right, they didn't need my help. I was nineteen, now. And so instead of washing the dishes or starting the morning, I went upstairs and packed my clothes and my things. And this time, there would be no more coming home. I did not even write a note to say I was going. They would understand well enough, and blame themselves. And Lila could step into the place I had been taking. I admit, now, that it was selfish, but who could blame me?

The first few weeks away from home I was horribly homesick, though I had a fairly comfortable room. To kill the long, tiresome evenings I went to the moving picture houses a great deal. The amusement was cheap, for I bought balcony tickets. Before I knew it I was a pronounced movie fan. But also I began to be more critical. The best pictures were wonderful. The poor ones no longer satisfied me.

I heard a fat man going out of a theatre one night say to his friend, "If I couldn't make a better heroine than that with one hand tied behind my back, I'll eat my hat."

"That's what I say," I said to myself. The star in the picture had a pretty face, straight nose and all that, but she was dumb. I began to wonder how I would look in pictures. I am dark and—not bad looking. I began to wonder how the name, "Katherine Hogan" would look on the screen.

One day Mabel Cook, whose office desk was just next to mine, and with whom I was very friendly, introduced me to a girl who called on her, a smart looking blonde, saying proudly that Miss Conklin was "working in pictures." I was interested at once, for this was the closest I had ever been to personal contact with the studios. Miss Conklin said that she was just doing "extra" work, and that she was going to work in a picture that night, over in a west Forty-fifth Street studio. Somehow she took a fancy to me, I was such a contrast to herself, and said that I would be a "knockout" in pictures. Then she offered to take me along with her that evening, if I could come, saying she might be able to introduce me to the director, and possibly work me in. I went eagerly.

MR. DAVENPORT, the director, looked up at me with interest and promptly pronounced me a perfect Spanish type.

"But my name's Hogan, and Irish, as Cook," I said.

"Quite right," he said. "A lot of Spaniards and other Latins stopped over in Ireland and Wales some hundreds of years ago. That's where a lot of these beautiful Irish lassies and handsome Irish men get their beauty. True Spanish type. We'll use you."

Never even asked about my experience. Pearl Conklin said he took that for granted, from my appearance. I got in very nicely, after Pearl helped me with the make-up, for I just worked in with a group. [Turn to page 109]




Reel Life Faces


*SALLY O'NEIL in this
portrait registers the spirit of
her newest Metro-Goldwyn
picture, entitled: "Don't."*



*"Sun Up" is the name of
PAULINE STARKE'S
latest, and her face seems to
reflect the wistful longing
implied in the title.*

A black and white portrait of actress Peggy Shaw. She is smiling and looking towards the camera. Her dark, curly hair is styled with a large bow or clip at the top. She is wearing a light-colored, possibly white, dress with a ruffled collar and a long, thin necklace. Her hands are clasped in front of her chest. The background is dark and out of focus.

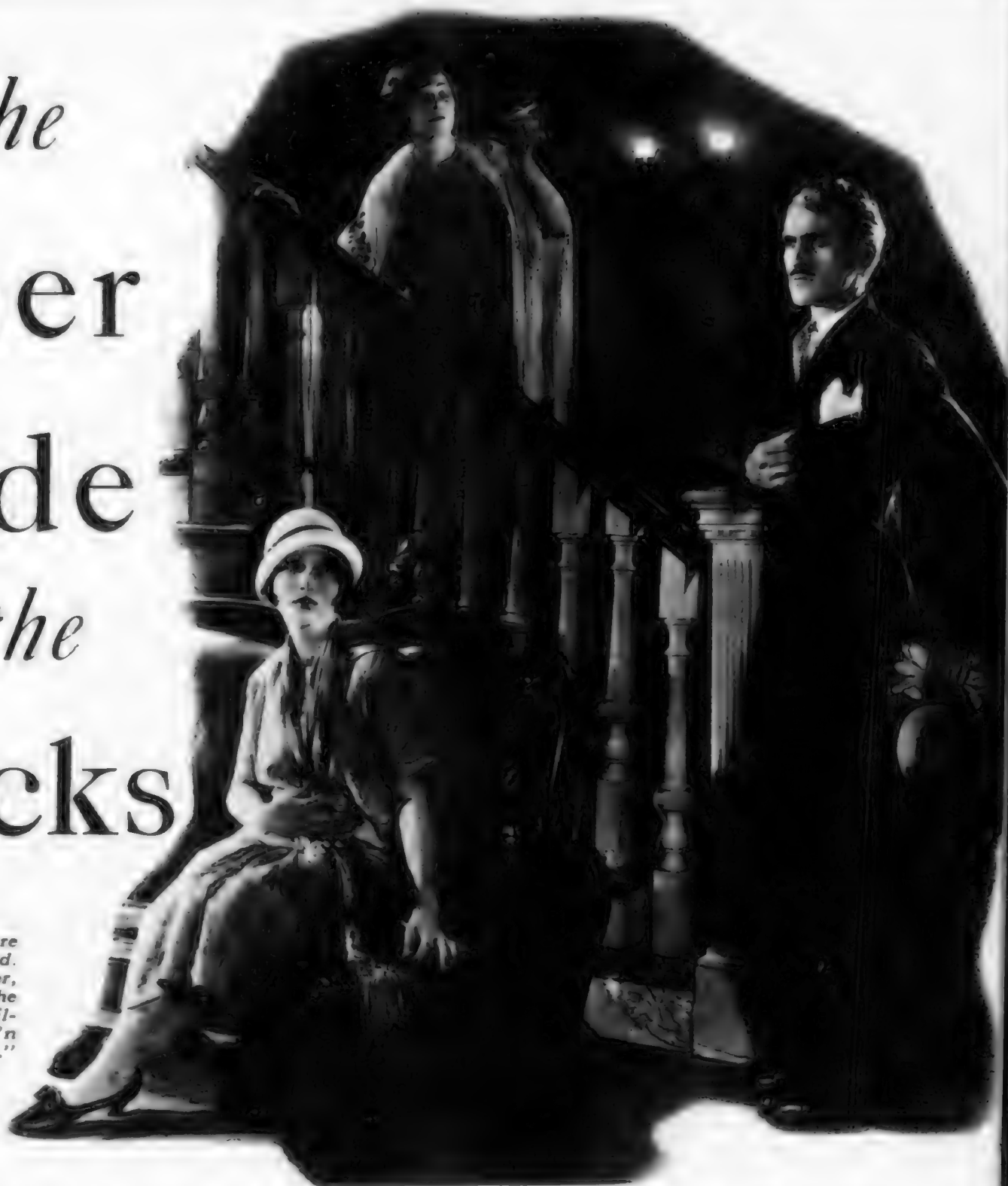
*PEGGY SHAW
has made friends be-
cause of her person-
ality, which seems to
speak from the screen.*



*KATHLYN
MARTIN has
broken into reel
life in "Haunted
Hands."*

On the Other Side of the Tracks

"'Lo, kid! Where are you from?" she asked. Before I could answer, Bill said, "She's the new housekeeper, Millie. Now run along 'n get your work done."



HOW many people who go whizzing by the houses behind the tracks in every town, eating their meals in the shiny, clean dining-cars, know the grim tragedy that lurks beneath the cinder-beaten roofs?

Little squat houses with the paint peeling from the clap-boards; front yards littered with battered old cans, a mass of yellow mud throughout the winter; hot baking dirt in the summer sun.

From these little groups of weather-beaten houses come the lists of "The Port of Missing People" to be found in every issue of the Salvation Army "War Cry."

And does any town care? Only long enough to say: "It's that Jones girl from over behind the track. I knew she would end in some kind of a mess!"

My father was a brakeman on the Northern Central branch of the old P. B. & E. That is, he was a brakeman until he slipped one day, swinging upon a fast moving train. After that he was the one armed watchman down where the railroad crosses the road in my town.

Then it was that Mother began to take boarders and put up the train crews that ended their run in Branton.

And even at that we had a pretty hard time making both ends meet. I had to wear one pair of shoes for a year, big heavy boys shoes with little metal discs on the heels so they wouldn't wear down so soon. And dresses made over from the ones Mother had worn so long that they hardly hung together when she discarded them.

Then after three or four years our house began to be known as a railroad boarding-house. The men began coming there more regularly, which meant that we ate three meals a day, and I had crisp little gingham dresses for the summer time and nice warm coats for the winter.

I always tried to be a very nice girl, like the ones who came from the other end of town. My, how I studied and watched them, trying to be like them!

Then when I was sixteen—when I think back now I don't blame her much—Mother ran away with a man who had lived at the house for about a year. I guess I must have sensed that something was wrong long before it happened, because I never could stand that man. Sometimes he would try to kiss me, while Mother would laugh and try to apologize for me when I kicked and hit at him with my fists to get away.

When Mother did that it was only a few days before every one in our little town knew all about it. And the boys and girls I had gone to school with wouldn't even speak to me on the street again. I tried to go along as though nothing had happened, but they wouldn't let me.

I COULD hear them whisper as I went by, and when the boys saw me on the street at night they would sometimes follow along behind me in their cars until I had gone out of the brightly lighted section of town. Then they would drive up and ask me to go for a ride. I went two or three times with boys I had gone to parties with or had played with when I was going to school. And when Father began to be a town character because he drank so much it didn't make things any easier, either.

I tried to take over Mother's work and run the house for the three boarders we had, but father took all the money and used it to buy liquor. So I had a desperate time trying to keep things together. I drudged and cooked and scrubbed from early morning until late at night, until life seemed to hold nothing but work and dirt and greasy pans.

One night Eddie Garner, a young railroader who had been at the house for several months, asked me to go to a dance-hall with him. I hesitated for a bit because there was so much work to do to get ready for the next day's meals. And he said, "What's it going to get you to spend every minute over a stove? You'll crack if you don't get away from this dump once in awhile, May."

I DIDN'T need very much of that sort of urging, so after supper I hurried things up and then changed into the only dress I had that could be worn outside the house. We took the trolley over to the park.

Gee, it was fun! It was the first breath of real fresh air I had had in two months, and the music and soft paper lanterns almost made me think I was in heaven. Eddie bought me some ice cream, and we had a chance to talk.

"You wanna get out and have a little fun once in awhile, May, before you forget how," he said.

I started to speak, but he interrupted.

"Oh, I know you gotta lot of stuff to do. But why don't you make your old man give

How long I sat there, looking at the moon and stars. I don't know. But when I got back down to town all the lights were out of the houses.

"Now, where the devil you been, runnin' roun' till this time of night?" my father asked.

"Just—just for a walk up on the hill," I stammered.

"Yes, you have," he sneered, as he struck me.

you a little help? He hangs around in the back of a café all night, spending the money you earn. Make him come across so that you can get someone to help you, anyway."

That night when we got back my father was sitting on the front porch, half drunk, waiting. When Eddie and I came through the gate he lurched to his feet and began to call me names and abuse Eddie. When he gave me a shove toward the door Eddie grabbed him by the arm and said, "Listen, Harry. If you ever touch that kid again, whether you're her old man or not, I'll horsewhip you!"

If Father had ordered him out of the house right there and then I would have respected him more, because I was afraid that he thought more of his board money than he did of any insult Eddie might offer him.

Instead, he looked startled, mumbled something under his breath, and went staggering into the house.

And Eddie took me into his arms. For a moment I stayed there, quiet, content, like a



"I've been after you for some time, you dirty hound, and now you

ship that has come out of a storm into the quiet water of the harbor. He whispered, "Poor kid! You've got a pretty life here, haven't you?"

I didn't answer, but I pushed him away when he tried to kiss me, and ran into the house. That was the beginning.

Eddie's run on the road took him two days out and two days back, so my week was made up of four days of torture and then three days of joy. While Eddie was out, Father would make life as miserable as he could for me; when Eddie came back, he would stay away from the house and drink.

But those three days each week made up for everything else. We went for walks and trolley rides; we paddled up the river in a canoe and danced at night out at the park. And I told Eddie that I would marry him just as soon as he wanted me to. He said we had better wait until he got another raise in a couple of months, then things would be easier. So we loved and waited.

Then one night after Eddie had been out on his run for two days, I went for a walk way up on the hill on the other side of town; I sat there looking at the moon and the stars, feeling Eddie's strong arms

around me, and wondering if Eddie was thinking of me.

How long I sat there I don't know, but when I got back down to town all the lights were out in the houses. I hurried home as fast as I could, hoping to get in ahead of my father.

Stepping sheepishly on the porch I saw something rise up from a chair in the corner and shuffle toward me. Without a word, Father grasped my arm and began abusing me:

"Now, where the devil you been, runnin' roun' till this time of night? And your Eddie out on the road!"

I was frightened half to death; I couldn't answer him for a moment. He shook me and said, "You ain't gonna tell me, eh?"

JUST—just for a walk up on the hill, alone," I stammered.

"Yes, you have," he sneered. Then he struck me on the head with his open hand and sent me reeling across the porch. I took hold of the porch railing to steady myself, and he came up to me and began beating me with his one hand. For a moment I cried out in pain and then I went at him, kicking, scratching, hitting. He was so dazed for a moment that he couldn't strike back, and when I kicked him so hard that the bone cracked, he howled and went running into the house, covering his head with his hands.

Sobbing as though my heart would break, I went up to my room and pulled out a battered old suitcase. In fifteen minutes I had put everything I owned in it and was stealing back down the stairs. I went into the kitchen and got the money that I kept there under the clock, then started out the gate and down the tracks toward the station.

I had no idea where I was going; I had to get away from my own home, because I couldn't stand it any longer. Before I got to the station, though, I had made up my mind to take the train down to Radley and wait there for two days until Eddie's train came back through on the way to Branton. Then I would tell him everything. Perhaps we could get married and I wouldn't ever have to go back.

But Eddie didn't come back. The engineer on his train ran past a signal and they were struck by an express train, head-on. They took Eddie home to his mother, and I didn't even have enough money to go to his funeral.

All during that week I could hear Eddie calling to me, and I almost went to join him. Sometimes I wish, well—

I RESOLVED that I would never go back to Branton, so I began looking around to see if I couldn't get a position as a housekeeper. For a week I read the daily papers, until all my money was gone, and then I took a job as a cook in a small restaurant in Bradley. The hours weren't as long as they had been at Father's boarding house, but the work was twice as hard, and when I got through I was too tired to do anything but drag my feet back to my little room and go to bed, exhausted. And I couldn't eat anything, because I saw so much food during the day that just the thought of it made me sick.

Everything in life seemed too hopeless to me then. It just seemed like a dream about Eddie. I couldn't really believe that he wouldn't be back. Even after I wrote to his mother and received an answer, telling me all about Eddie being brought home and



...right into my arms, - thanks to the lady."

everything. I couldn't believe it. That Eddie would come back to me some day I was as sure as I was of my love for him.

Men who came into the restaurant tried to make dates with me, but I just smiled at them and tried to be jolly; I had to. Then one man told me that he was sure he could get me a job as a housekeeper at a road-house outside Radlev. I didn't like the man. He had rat eyes and talked too smoothly, but the picture he painted was too good to pass by. So I asked him if he would see what he could do about getting it for me.

"Don't try to fight 'em, kid. They'll just beat you. I tried it at first, but

The last remark didn't appeal to me, but seeing him twice a week wouldn't be as bad as seeing those heaping trays of food out in the restaurant kitchen and seeing people eat, eat, eat, until I wanted to scream.

I gave my boss a week's notice; he offered me more money to stay with him. That made me glad, and I told him I might come back if I didn't like it at the road-house. His next remark has stayed with me.

"You'd better keep your eyes open out there, sister."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Nothin' really, but there has been a lotta talk about that place. But that won't affect you if you stick to your knittin' and mind your business, I guess."

That dampened things for a minute, but he wouldn't tell me anything more, so I soon forgot it.

It was a Sunday morning that Ralph Berger, the man who had got me the position, came to my boarding-house to drive me out. I put my battered old suitcase in the back of the car and then climbed up in the front seat beside him.

AFTER we were well on our way, out in the country, he slowed the car down and lit a cigarette. Then he put his hand over on my arm and said: "You're gonna like this place, May. What I don't see is how a good lookin' kid like you ever got the idea she had to cook in a restaurant for a living. Why, I know a hundred guys who would give anything to give you a lift." And he winked at me.

I felt little tingles of rage creep over me; I wanted to slap him on his crooked mouth, but I smiled when I answered him.

"But probably I wouldn't want to get any lifts that way."

He turned his head, looked at me closely, and said, "You're gonna be a hard nut to crack."

Startled, I said, "Just what do you mean by that?"

"Not a thing, dearie. Can't you be kidded?"

But all the way out I thought and thought over his remark, without being able to make heads or tails of it.

Out on a lonely stretch of road we swung down a drive to a big white house that looked as though it had been a private home and had seen better days. The paint was peeling off in spots, and half the house seemed to be closed off, with the windows boarded up. I felt a little creepy feeling steal over me for a moment and then

we came to a halt under the portico on the side.

Ralph blew his horn and a man with a bloated red face and an enormous stomach came out in shirt sleeves. He waved his hand and said, "Hyah, Ralph. Is this the little lady?"

"Hyah, Bill. This is little 'Goldenlocks' herself. And she's the best housekeeper this side of Washington." And I saw him wink and the other man smile.

Ralph lifted my suitcase out of the back and the big man held the porch door open while [Turn to page 112]

Two days later he came in and motioned for me to come over beside him. I went down the counter and he leaned over and took my hand and said, "I got it for you, kid. A hundred a month, one day off a week, all your meals and a room in the cottage."

I was so happy that I couldn't help squeezing his hand and thanking him until I almost cried.

"I know the bird that runs it, too," he added. "And if everything don't go right I can fix it for you. An' I can get out a coupla times a week to see you."

*Granville Has
Never Seen
Such a Sight
to This Day
And When
They All
Quieted
Down He
Took the
Decoration
from His
Uniform
and—*



*And he would say he was sorry;
that he wouldn't do it again.*

My Little World

*BLANCHE, darling:
Oh, dearest, I'm so sorry! I never stopped to think how narrow and how terrible the gossip of a small town can be.*

Bob's father sent us up into northern Canada without a minute's notice to look over some property, so I didn't get your letter until today. I wanted to drop you a line while I was gone, but we were out in wild country most of the time.

I have just written your mother and my mother, telling them to plan on our wedding in the spring, after I get settled in Dad's bank.

All my love,

Larry.

After I had read the letter, there was nothing before

my eyes but a blur. One hour before, Byron Chase and I had been married. It was a jumped-up affair, our elopement, but Larry Mason, whom I loved, had not written me in answer to my letter asking him to make some definite move that would stop some of the gossip. I had concluded that his going to another city to work after graduating at college was simply an easy way of dropping me; that I had taken too much for granted, because of our constant association since childhood.

Byron Chase, who had for the last year been in charge of the construction work on the new railroad, had shown his kindness in many ways—enough to create all kinds of tattling in our town. Larry had insisted that I go on and have a good time, since he couldn't be at home very often, and when I thought that it was a case of being jilted, my pride took command. I wanted to show Granville!

Part II.

WHEN I finished reading Larry's letter the second time my whole body seemed numb; when I tried to get to my feet my knees sagged, refusing to carry my weight.

Larry, Larry, Larry! Just his name over and over. Then Byron would come crashing into my thoughts and I would draw my breath with a quick, little gasp.

The oil lamp seemed to flicker and almost fade away. Through the haze I could see Larry's eyes smiling into mine; I could feel Larry's lips touching mine—then Byron, reproachful, pleading.

Those few terrible moments before everything went black!

When I opened my eyes I was on the living-room couch, with Mother kneeling beside me. Tears were streaming down her cheeks. There was a soft, pleading light in her eyes—a light that I had never seen before—and I nestled my head close against her. *Somewhere* there must be peace.

"Blanche, my baby!" I heard Mother whisper. "Oh, what have we done to her? What have I done to her? Oh, God, forgive me!"

For a moment her voice aroused a cold fury within me; I wanted to turn and hurt her as they had hurt me. Then when I heard her softly praying, begging happiness and comfort for me, I knew that she was suffering as much as I; that she would suffer so long as I suffered.

After awhile she got up and went into the kitchen and brought out some smelling salts and a cold towel. Then she took me in her arms and crooned over me until I relaxed, utterly exhausted.

AFTER she had quieted me, she quoted: "Let not your heart be troubled; neither let it be afraid." And I knew that I had to be brave and go back to Byron. So I kissed Mother and, holding her hand against my cheek, smiled up into her eyes to show her that I could be brave.

I got to my feet and walked unsteadily across the room to my coat. Mother came over and helped me; she slipped her shawl over her shoulders and we walked back toward the Mason House not saying a word.

At the corner I kissed Mother good-night and hurried down Main Street, wondering what I would tell Byron. I was still wondering when I opened the door of our room in the Mason House and stepped into the room, half afraid. Then I knew I wouldn't have to tell him that night.

He was stretched across the bed, his hair disheveled, his face flushed, and his breath coming in quick, panting breaths. When I

went over beside him the odor of liquor nauseated me. I slowly walked across the room to the window and looked out upon Main Street—dark, deserted, silent, except for an occasional burst of laughter from Bill Leonard's pool-room across the street.

I THOUGHT of rousing Byron and telling him everything. Poor Byron! He had been my only friend, so much of a friend that he was willing to gamble his own happiness for mine. I went over beside him and kissed his tousled hair. I had made my choice.

Kneeling, I prayed to God to guide me and help me make a good fight, to give me courage to be a good wife, and to give my Larry happiness.

I would be what Larry would want me to be—but I must put Larry out of my mind. If I could have only a day with him, oh, God—an hour!

After a while I blew out the lamp and looked out on the solitude of Main Street again. Only the sound of the water pouring from the watering trough out in the



And Elizabeth kept scrutinizing me from the corner of her

center of the square to break the awful stillness! It would pour tomorrow and the next day and the next. Other people had suffered, too; other hearts had been torn—for thousands of years back. But the world went on. People forgot. Time would heal.

As I climbed into bed, contentment seemed to steal over me. I smiled when I thought of the people I would probably meet tomorrow. Granville would be waiting, gaining strength to pounce while it slept. What difference did it make? People just rebuilt their brick walls when the old ones crumbled. Courage!

The next thing I knew I heard a voice calling. "Blanche, dear." It seemed a million miles away, a faint echo. Then a hand shook me and I opened my eyes to gaze up into Byron's. He stood over me, fully dressed in his corduroys and flannel shirt, and in his eyes there was a pitiful contrition.

"Blanche dear, I'm *so* sorry," he pleaded.

I reached up and pulled his cheek down to mine; he gathered me in his arms and said:

"There has never been anyone so fine as you in all the world." I patted his hair down smooth and he whispered, "I'm *so* sorry, dear." Then he hurried away to breakfast and out to look over the work.

All during the time I was dressing I could hear, "I'm *so* sorry, dear." The way it had come from his lips and the look in his eyes! He knew; he knew and understood about Larry, and yet he was willing to go on taking what I would give.

I was hardly dressed when a timid knock sounded on the door. I called, "Come in." The door opened and in bustled Helen Adams. With a little squeal she ran into my arms.

"IT'S just too wonderful for words," she said. "I just met Byron driving out to the construction camp, singing like the 'Merry Miller,' and why shouldn't he sing when he can come into Granville and take the very best thing in town away from under our very noses!"

God bless every Helen Adams in all the world!

And then, instead of prying and snooping, she asked me all about our trip and got so excited when I told her about the things I had seen and the places I had been! I got just as excited telling her, and in a few moments no one would have ever known me for the person whose feet had dragged out of Mother's door the night before.

After she hurried away to the library, I went down to the dining-room to get some breakfast. When I was going across the lobby, Dan Libby boomed at me so loudly that all the traveling men looked up, startled. Good old, good-natured Dan, with his wide hat and tie, and his rosy, jolly cheeks!

THINGS weren't so bad! Probably everyone would be the same way. Granville was a pretty good old place after all. Maybe Byron and I could settle down and stay right there where all my friends were. Now that I was married, people wouldn't and couldn't talk and gossip the way they had before. All through breakfast I dreamed and planned.

When I went out of the hotel and turned up Center Street toward Mother's, I was almost happy. Then I met two of the girls. When they saw me they seemed to hesitate, undecided what to say. So I greeted them with a wide smile and they smiled back, only their smiles seemed cold—just their lips.

"It's great, Blanche. Everyone is so excited about it." Just words. I was glad to get away from them and hurry on toward Mother's.

Then I met Ted Williams; he seemed embarrassed and constrained and anxious to get down the street, saying, "Dad told me



eye as though I were something she had never seen before.

to hurry down and open the store, so I guess I'll have to scold."

My steps quickened when I left Ted, and I prayed that I wouldn't meet anyone else. I saw the Pelkins front door open; Sarah started to come out. Then she swung about and went back in, pretending not to see me. I could almost hear her voice calling to her mother: "Quick! It's Blanche; she's back, going up the street as big as if nothing had happened!" The lace curtain in a parlor window moved ever so slightly and I knew they were peering out, with little sniffs of "Land sakes! What are girls coming to nowadays!"

When I saw Elizabeth Williams and her mother coming down the street, I ran the rest of the way to Mother's, stumbling, panting. Mother, seeing me look back over my shoulder as I came in, went to the door and looked out. Then she took me by the arm and walked me, rather dazed, out on the porch. To my surprise, she called to them as they passed on the other side. They looked up, startled. Mother said, "Our bride has returned," a laughing challenge in her voice. For a moment they hesitated, then they came over and chatted for fifteen minutes, nervously uncertain. And Elizabeth kept scrutinizing me from the corner of her eye as

though I were something she had never seen before.

When they had gone Mother told me Granville was saying I had got Larry dead in love with me and then jilted him. Maybe I had to!

The whole Mason family was ready to make things uncomfortable, as only the Masons could make anyone uncomfortable.

"But don't you pay one speck of attention to any of it," Mother said. "Just go along as though you had always expected to marry Byron, and make it all such a big success that no one can ever criticize."

"Remember, dear, what you have is always best for you. Most everyone always wants to be the place they aren't and have the things they don't have. Some people make themselves miserable all their lives, thinking what they might have had, and if they ever do get it they're twice as miserable as they were before."

I WAS too busy in the next few weeks to care what Granville said or thought. Byron's railroad company was beginning to run low in funds, so they had to put some of the foreign laborers on half-time. While they had been busy they hadn't made any trouble, but now they had time to drink and fight among themselves.

People began coming to Byron from all up and down the valley, complaining, accusing, threatening. Some of the farmers were refusing to sell their property for anywhere near what it was worth, thinking they could bleed the rail-

road company and then reap the benefits the new line would provide. When they became too unreasonable Byron had to exercise the law that permitted him to cross any land by paying just a nominal fee. That made him about the most disliked person in Cortland County.

When the road first began to clear the valley, the farmers had been glad to rent their teams at a reasonable rental; now they had gradually demanded more and more money, until Byron had to bring in his own horses and teamsters.

The wrath and discontent of the whole valley seemed to fall upon his shoulders. He had been given charge of the whole section from Tomandes to Rathburn, a distance of forty miles; without food or sleep, he kept racing from one point to another, settling difficulties, straightening out tie-ups, arbitrating, pleading and commanding.

How could I help honoring and respecting him in the things he was accomplishing? And I worked with him in every way I could, trying to make lighter the burden that he carried.

The Masons tried in every way possible to make things [Turn to page 125]



How many times I had thought of just this—seeing Larry!



"You both look as guilty as the devil," he commented angrily.

Life *is* Like That

I Was Taken Off My Feet! None of the Match-Making Mothers Had Ever Made the Least Progress With Him.

I MET Charles Campbell at a reception attended by many of the faculty members of B—— College. The reason he interested me was his position in the college, his rather dignified manner, distinguished air, and the fact that he wore his clothes well. I was extremely flattered when he asked me—a giggly, young co-ed—for a dance. To be dancing with a man like him!

The next time I saw him he overtook me as I was hurrying across the campus. Together we walked to the sorority house where I lived; then, in sight of the girls who were sitting on the porch, he held my hand longer than necessary when we parted. Everything about Charles Campbell was gallant, graceful, and had the stamp of a much traveled gentleman.

The third time I saw him was at a garden party given

by the president of the college and his wife. They were receiving the faculty and members of the graduating class. I felt shy and awkward, shaking hands with people for whom I did not especially care, when finally I saw Professor Campbell coming toward me. Instantly I came to life with a bound. To have him looking at insignificant me, with that I'm-so-glad-to-see-you look on his face, was very flattering.

For awhile we chatted about commonplaces, then he said in a lowered tone, "Come on: let's duck out of this."

It was such an intensely human thing, so unexpected, coming from a man of his importance, that I was too surprised for a minute to think of words with which to reply. But I didn't have to, it seemed.

"Oh, I'm human sometimes," he hastened to explain

"It's just my devilish training that has made me seem like a machine. And yet a lot of the time I'm nothing but a machine; that's why I'm so glad when once in a long while I meet someone who makes me forget things of the earth and sky. You are a very appealing young woman, Miss Willoughby. And now if you'll let me get you some ice-cream and cake—well, I know the most fascinating place in the world where we can eat it."

I'd have agreed to almost anything when he was smiling down on me in that way which was such a departure from his professional manner.

To a romantic summer-house, almost hidden from vulgar eyes, and built over the water, the professor and I strolled, nibbling at our ice-cream as we went, and chatting happily. Several people noticed us as we passed, and I felt sure they were all envying me, for not only was Charles Campbell one of the highest paid men of that large faculty, but he had the reputation of being a near-hermit, preferring to spend his time with his beloved stars and planets rather than with women. None of the match-making mothers had made the least progress with him.

I'VE never been able to understand his sudden fancy for me. And the romantic summer-house was the very last place anyone could imagine Charles Campbell taking a girl to eat ice-cream.

But it was delightful for all that, and after we ate we talked, he doing most of the talking. I was living in a sort of dream world, expecting every minute to wake up. My romantic nature had been stirred to the utmost by this unexpected experience, so when he kissed me I did not even pretend to be angry.

And then his eyes seemed very near to mine, and the pupils in them enormous. I could see myself reflected in them as I looked at him, fascinated by the expression on his face, mesmerized by the warmth of that expression. The palms of his hands closed on my shoulders and pressed hard. Then he began to draw me toward him, and I made no resistance whatever. Upon my face he let loose a storm of kisses. And suddenly I felt my lips moving against his. Something new in me seemed to be awakening. Had I analyzed it I would have thought it was love, but instead, it was the response to his starved yearning for a woman's kisses.

"Oh, you wonder, you beauty," he finally said hoarsely. "I want you—you—nothing in the world or under it or over it but you! Tell me you'll marry me."

"Oh, I can't, I can't," I cried, breaking away from him. "Oh, what have I done!"

"Nothing at all," he said promptly. "I've simply taken you off your feet. It is my way when I find what I want. You're adorable, and if you'll do me the great honor of marrying me, I'll always be good to you. I'll always provide well for you."

And my promising to marry him, my agreeing further to marry him at once, was just as hard to understand as everything in connection with our brief acquaintance.

I was to leave for my home in a nearby state on Wednesday, immediately after graduation. It was now Monday. But instead of carrying out my plan, I agreed to motor with him to Chicago on Wednesday. We would be married there at once, then motor to my home. After a short visit there we would start on our honeymoon.

We settled upon this plan as we sat on a table in the summer-house, our feet swinging clear. Again and again we interrupted ourselves by a kiss and a promise to live for each other. Then after more hugging and kissing, as if we were to be parted forever, we turned and went outside, mingling with the other guests.

Although I had promised not to tell our plans to anyone, I broke faith with the man I was to marry, when



Jack Garrett took me for a canoe ride that night. At first I had thought of 'phoning him and breaking the engagement but did not attempt it for two reasons: one was that it was never easy to put Jack off; the other because I had known for a long time that I loved Jack.

He and I had been good friends during the last two of our four years in the same class in college. While we were not exactly engaged, there was a sort of understanding between us.

AS I sat looking at him sitting opposite me, idly paddling the canoe, I had a strange choking sensation; I wanted to cry. He looked very tall and brown and handsome, and it was hard to think of parting from him forever.

"You're blue tonight, Winifred," he suddenly said. "I feel it, too, at the thought of leaving you. But you know it will not be for long, and anyway you don't live far from Chicago and I'll see you sometimes this summer. If things go as I expect them, why, next winter if you'll marry me—gosh, Freddy, old girl, I sure hope we can be married by the first of the year at least."

"Oh, Jack," I replied miserably. "I want to tell you something. Can't we find a place to land soon? My head is spinning like a top, and I feel sort of sick."

He was alarmed, but instead of trying to find out what concerned me, turned his attention to finding a



"Come on; let's duck out of this."

landing place. I noticed that his face took on a rather stern, set expression.

"Here we are, high and dry," he finally said as he landed the canoe. "Now, I'll get that steamer rug so we can have a place to sit. There, how's that?"

"Lovely and sufficient," I replied, gratefully. "Jack, you're always such a dear."

"Glad to oblige," he said, dropping down on the rug beside me. "Now what's the bad news, old dear? You look positively sick about something."

"I am sick, Jack," I said with a sort of wail. "I'm going to be married."

HE TRIED to grin naturally as he replied, "Of course you are—in about six months—to me. Nothing to get sick about, is there?" But in spite of his words I'm sure he sensed the truth, though he could have no idea who the other man was.

And so I told him, trying my best to make him understand why I had promised to do such a wild thing.

"But you can't do it," Jack said; "why, it wouldn't be fair to anyone. You love me. You know it and I know it, and sooner or later that old fossil will know it and there'll be hell to pay. Besides, it's perfectly silly to expect that I'm going to give you up just because someone comes along and proposes to you, and, carried away by the romantic situation, you agree to marry him. Nothing doing!"

"He isn't an old fossil. He's only forty. It isn't like you to say such things—and it isn't necessary." He had struck a jarring note that put me on the

defensive instead of listening to the things he was saying of our love. "And how was I to know you expected to marry me? You've never said so."

"Stuff!" ejaculated he. "You know as well as if I had been telling you with words every blessed day since I've known you. Haven't I said it while dancing, with flowers, with music, and every other old way? But if you want to sell yourself to a man, just because he has money and position, why, go ahead. You know I have nothing real to offer you. I *think* I'm going to be making enough money so that we can be married inside of a year, but I don't *know* anything about it. And I wouldn't want to be the cause of preventing a brilliant marriage. Of course he's a catch—probably the best in town. I congratulate you, Miss Willoughby. I hope you'll be happy

—but I don't mind adding that there isn't a chance in the world for any future happiness if you go ahead with this thing."

What could a person say to a man in such a humor? The natural thing would have been to cry it out in each other's arms, kiss, and agree to wait for each other. But somehow in cases like that, people stubbornly refuse to do the natural thing. We got through the evening somehow, parted coldly, and passed out of each other's lives.

How a man and woman who love each [Turn to page 121]

"I'm going to be married, Jack."

"But you can't do it, Freddy. It wouldn't be fair to anyone. You love me and I know it, and sooner or later that old fossil—"

"He isn't an old fossil—"

Smoke

*There's Something Weird—
Something Supernatural—
in This Story, with Its
Peculiar People Whose Beliefs
We Can Hardly Understand,
But—*



NOW tell me," I demanded, "how the devil you got here."

A tropical gale was blowing, and Mueller's Island was twelve miles away. Twelve miles of storm-tossed sea to sail in a dinky little gasoline launch! Too, it was near to midnight; but somehow Long Bill had made the trip.

He drew a long breath.

"Mostly blowed," he answered solemnly. "An' what's more, I lost my rudder an' propeller out on yer blasted reef."

My word, man! How the deuce did you land?"

Long Bill sighed.

With a hell of a smash! Weren't no trouble a-tall. The hardest part were to stop. I dang near sailed clean over th' bleedin' island."

I nodded. I could understand that. For a moment I listened to the rush of wind in the lashing palms and the drum of rain on the steel roof of the bungalow.

"It's sure a dirty night," I commented.

"Humph!" Long Bill grunted. "Ye only know half of it! It's dirty—dirtier as ye think." He paused then, abruptly—"Where's th' Kid?"

Vao Kid, he meant—my almost constant companion, a youth of about nineteen to whom the island world was an open book, but who, to the islands, was no less than a mystery. White, seldom ever in a mood to talk, dressed usually in a *lava-lava* and carrying a three-foot bush-knife with the handle carved like one of the native devil-devils, he lived much among the natives but had never gone "native"; and he was a freely accepted member of the fraternity of island sorcerers.

Six months before, I had come to the islands to study sorcerers and sorcery as practiced in the blackest of Black Melanesia. From the day of my arrival the Kid had been my companion and guide—and my instructor. He knew sorcery, as the natives practiced it, as a gambler knows cards; he played at the game himself, better than

most of the black wizards. He knew all the tricks, and more, even to the training of poisonous little vipers taught to trail a scent and make a kill.

Practically every trick he knew he explained to me except one. One secret he would not divulge: how the wizards, even when miles apart, on different islands, communicated with one another. That they could so communicate I knew; and I knew that the Kid understood the trick, for he always knew what was going on, on distant islands, but whenever I questioned him about it he would simply smile and shrug.

"Where's th' Kid?" Long Bill repeated his question.

"He went off in his outrigger this morning," I replied.

I KNOWED it!" Long Bill yelled, a strange gleam in his eyes. "I knowed it! That damn' little cut-throat went straight to th' plantation, croaked ol' Dixie an'——"
"Croaked Dixie!" I gasped. "Do you mean Dixie Mueller's dead?"

"Deader'n Jerusalem! Ain't it hell!" Then he glared at me. "It's murdered he's be'n! Done with a bush-knife. His head's be'n hacked from his shoulders. Then th' rest of him's been all chopped to hell."

I went suddenly cold and reached a trembling hand for my pipe. My tight throat called for the sting of smoke.

"When did it happen?" I managed to ask.

"Recent," Long Bill growled. "That ain't definite—but it's th' best I kin say. I've been to Vila fer supplies. Got drunk as per usual. Been gone two days. Got back



And then he explained the message of the smoke

tonight, 'round sundown, jes' afore th' blow commenced. I—I fell over him when I went into th' bungalow. He were layin' jes' inside th' door. When I stumbled ag'in him my foot hit his head—

Memory of that incident caused Long Bill to swear with feeling.

I filled and lighted my pipe. I had seen Dixie the morning before. He was very much alive and in good humor then, but it was entirely possible that he had been killed within an hour after I had left. I suggested as much to Long Bill.

THE old fellow shook his head.

"No!" he declared. "Dixie ain't be'n dead that long. He were bumped off recent."

"What makes you so sure?"

"He ain't sp'iled."

Which was putting it crudely but exactly. In the hot, humid climate of the New Hebrides, cadaver begins to decompose at once. A glance at a body and one can guess almost the hour death came.

"He were dead only a couple hours," Long Bill declared.

Smoke is used by the natives to convey distant messages. It must be brought to a thin white stream in order to respond to the vibrations of a large drum that is beaten nearby. The smoke sways back and forth, and one who knows the code can read the message.

Two tears rolled down the sides of his nose. "I feel pow'ful bad 'bout Dixie. I'm all upshot. But—it ain't my own feelin's I'm grievin' so much about. It's Helena's. I reckon she feels turrible."

Helena was Dixie's daughter. She was about eighteen, blue-eyed, auburn-haired, the belle of our little island worlds. Naturally enough, she would be hit the hardest by Dixie's violent end.

"It must have been an awful experience for her to have been alone with Dixie when he was killed," I said. "Does she know who did it?"

"I dunno," Long Bill answered me. "I dunno whether she knows or not."

"You didn't ask her any questions?"

"Not a question—nary a word! I couldn't. I didn't see her."

That surprised me. "What?" I demanded. "Did finding Dixie dead so excite you that you left the island without saying a word to Helena?"

"She weren't there to leave. Whoever bumped ol' Dixie off sure heaped devilishness on top o' hellishness."

I caught my breath sharply. "What do you mean?"

"Th' killer took th' girl."

NOW, in a flash, I knew what Long Bill meant and why he had asked about the Vao Kid. He believed the Kid had murdered Dixie.

"Don't be jumping at such conclusions, Bill," I said quickly. "You—"

"Jumpin' at hell!" snarled Long Bill. "Didn't I fin' his knife—an' all bloody? An' ain't he been moonin' about th' girl fer months? Didn't Dixie tell him, weeks back, that if'n

he ever set a foot on th' islan' he'd fill him full of buckshot?"

This was all true, I admitted. It was evidence, too, circumstantial evidence, which did not prove the Kid guilty. But Long Bill would not agree with that.

"In this pot o' hell," he growled savagely, "a guy's guilty till he proves he ain't. So the Kid's guilty. Th' hunt's on fer him right now. I started Dixie's niggers out with th' news—to Schrumpf's, Renault's, an' th' Collier boys' place. Th' Kid's got as much chancet of gettin' away as a snowball has of freezin' on this edge o' hell."

* * *

Doc Burchard, who owned the plantation where for six months I had been making my home, had been to Vila for some supplies. He was due back at the island before midnight, but the storm delayed him. It was about two o'clock when he got in. Tired as he was, he insisted upon starting at once for Dixie Mueller's place. We made the island shortly after dawn.

"I guess the Kid pulled the

truck." Doc said after he had looked upon the ghastly scene in the bungalow. "But I can't fathom why he so fiendishly hacked up the body after Dixie was dead. He had been dead, you know, for some time before he was touched with the knife."

"Then, how was he killed?" I asked.

"I don't know—really. Dixie's right leg is swollen a little. It is slightly discolored. There's a tiny double puncture high in the shin, just below the knee. That suggests poison. The two punctures make me think of—snake."

"It's th' Kid, then," Long Bill said. "He trains them—th' pizen kin'. He did it, sure as—what th' hell was that?"

THAT was one of the most peculiar sensations I have ever experienced. It was like the abrupt booming and rolling of an immense drum, swiftly throbbing out a call. First, three quick pulsing beats, then a long rhythmic roll, two sobbing beats, a pause, two beats again.

"Devil's blood!" Long Bill gasped, slapping a hand over an ear. "Did ye feel that?"

And that was it exactly—we felt it. Only the slightest sound had we heard; but our eardrums had throbbled and vibrated as if we had heard the voice of some mighty

jungle drum. All in all, a very peculiar sensation!

Then Doc grabbed my arm and pointed inland.

"Smoke," he said.

I squinted up my eyes and tried to follow the pointing of his finger. Inland, high above the sky-line of the jungle, was mounting a thin unwavering column of whitish smoke.

A sorcerer's signal fire!

Without a word, I leaped from the veranda and started toward that column of smoke. Doc and Long Bill followed.

All of three hours were sweated by before we found the fire, a mere handful of now bedded coals, built before a lava blow-out cave almost on the very brim of the old crater which formed the hinterland of the island. There was no one in sight.

Then, from out the blow-out cave, hobbled into sight the weirdest bit of humanity ever before three pairs of eyes. A

black man he was, naked, absolutely hairless, so bent and aged he seemed scarcely three feet high. He stood by the fire and peered at us.

"Oh, hell!" Long Billy fairly sobbed, collapsing weakly on a lava slab. "Ain't nobody only th' Lizard."

Doc swore a bit, too. I did not. Unseen by the others, I made a quick sign to the old [Turn to page 118]

"Don't be jumpin' at conclusions, Bill," I said quickly. "You——"

"Jumpin' at hell!" snarled Long Bill. "Didn't I find his knife—an' all bloody? And ain't he been moonin' about the girl for months?"

This was all true. It was evidence, too, but circumstantial.

"In this place, a guy's guilty till he proves he ain't!"



Chan Lee Wong had offered him one thousand francs.

The Funniest Story I Know

as Told by

SMART SET Readers

Mrs. R. W. D.,
Athol, Mass.

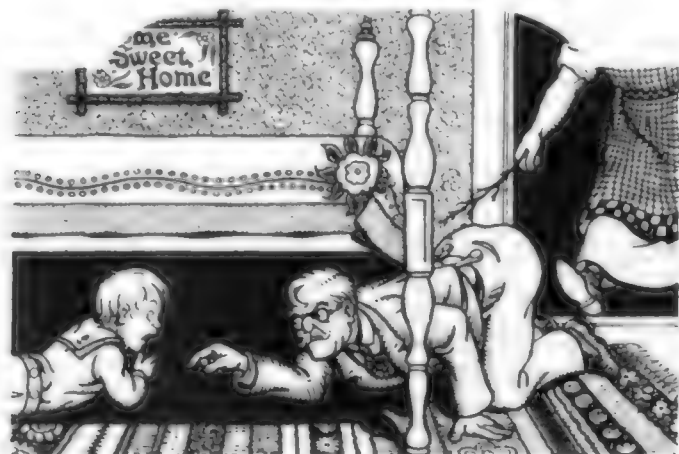
THERE was no one at the table except the landlady and Mr. Bangs, and the latter was doing his best to cut a piece of steak on his plate.

"Mr. Bangs," said the landlady very firmly, "when are you going to pay your board?"

"Beg pardon, ma'am!"

"When are you going to pay your board?"

"I didn't know I had to," he said; "I thought I was working it out."



A. L. P.,
Ironwood, Mich.

A SMALL boy who had been very naughty was first reprimanded and then told that he must take a whipping. He ran upstairs and hid under the bed.

Just then the father came home and was told what had happened. He proceeded to go upstairs and crawl under the bed toward the boy, who cried excitedly:

"Hello, Pop! Is she after you, too?"

F. P.,
Kerrville, Texas.

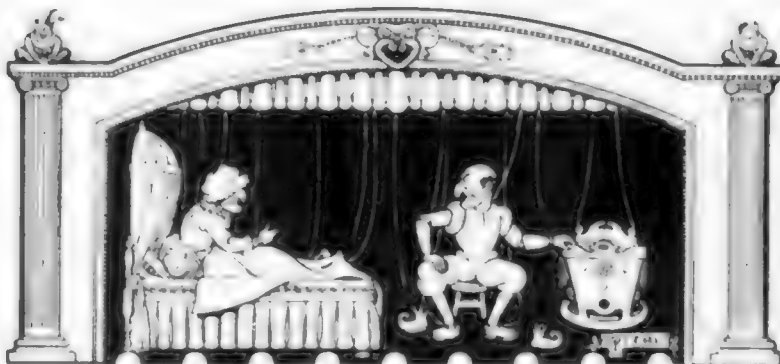
THE inquisitive old lady was bending over the bed of a wounded soldier whose head was swathed in bandages.

"Were you wounded in the head, my boy?" she asked.

"No'm," replied a faint voice. "I was shot in the foot and the bandages has slipped up."

Mrs. G. M. S.,
Austin, Texas.

MRS. CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT was to speak in our city, and I suggested to my pupils that each one bring a penny to buy some flowers to give her. One small boy went home and told his mother that "Teacher" said to bring a penny to buy some flowers for Charlie Chaplin's cat.



Mrs. J. B. W.,
St. Louis, Mich.

RECENTLY a certain husband came home later than usual "from the office." He removed his shoes and stole quietly into the bedroom. Upon hearing his wife stirring, he went to the cradle of the firstborn and began to rock it very vigorously.

"What are you doing, Punch?"

"Oh, Judy, I've been sitting here for two hours trying to get this baby to sleep," he growled.

"Why, Punch, I've got him in bed with me," replied the wife.

And he didn't say another word all night.

Mrs. S. T.,
Herman Beach, Calif.

MR. AND MRS. JONES, accompanied by their son, Willie, were taking their first voyage on the high waters. When seasickness had all three in its grasp, Mrs. Jones thought that Willie was leaning farther over the railing than necessary. She said:

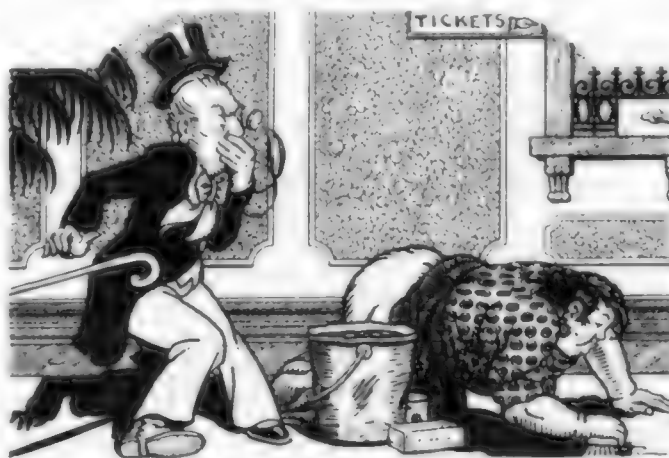
"Father, speak to Willie."

"Howdy, Willie."

E. O.,
Ettrick, Wisc.

HENRY: "So the judge fined you ten dollars and cost for speeding, eh?"

Garage Owner: "Yeah, but he always gets his car repaired here."



J. A. S.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

THE great playwright stopped to speak a word with a scrub-woman.

"Would you like to see the show tomorrow night?" he asked, kindly.

"Can't do it; gotta work," she replied. "Can't you get off some afternoon?"

*The Question Was an Unfair
One. I Wondered What
Had Made Him Ask Me,
and Then I Tried to*

Laugh It Off!

A PROBLEM STORY

I WAS one night, just about two years ago, that I decided I simply could not stand living the same, dull, routine life of New York any longer. I was sitting in my little room, looking out over the roof tops of the city, the same roof tops that I had been looking at ever since my last relative died and left me to become one of that conglomerate, unnoticed mass called working girls, when suddenly, as I watched the unchanging, tire some scene, I felt that I should go mad if somehow I could not get away. Most young girls are eager to come to what they call "The Magic City," but my one thought was to go far away, and yet, after all, the same impulse guided me as guide the millions who yearn for a glimpse of the Great White Way--the desire for change, romance, adventure.

Two weeks later I was looking through the want ads in search of something that would solve my problem, when I came upon the following notice:

Companion wanted for young man, blind, going to Italy with sister and party. Must be educated. Address

It was under the heading Help Wanted--Female, and as soon as I saw it I knew that here was the opportunity for which I had been waiting. I prayed that the position would still be open: losing no time, I went to the given address.

The man's sister, Erna Pope, interviewed me, and after only a few moments conversation and explanation I was engaged. Of course I was delighted. I had not yet seen the man, but Miss Pope was a lovely, refined young woman and I felt sure that I had found the perfect position. She told me that she was an artist and that she and the rest of the artist party would be too much taken up with their work to take care of the blind man:



His love is something not quite earthly --not quite real

therefore, a companion was necessary, and since Mr. Pope was accustomed to his sister's care, they had decided to hire a woman.

A week later we were on board an ocean liner, headed for Europe, and as we left New York far behind, I breathed a thankful sigh and wept a little to myself for joy. It was the first time in all my life that I had been away.

I HAD still not seen my employer, for he and his sister had gone aboard before me to arrange things in his cabin so that they would be convenient for him, but now, just as the New York sky-line was fading into nothingness, I saw him coming toward me, leaning on the arm of a steward.

"Here you are, miss," said the latter, as though he were handing over a parcel or a dog, and then for the first time I had a chance to observe the man whose life was to be entwined with mine.

It was with surprise that I saw how young he was, only twenty-nine, for somehow his [Turn to page 100]



Her Honeymoon

Letter Continues

".....and every-
where you go in Vienna—the tea
dances, the opera, the fashionable
Night Clubs, you see this gorgeous
new rouge—so brilliant, so abso-
lutely glowing with the joy of liv-
ing! In Paris it is the same—
everyone is wearing it. I tried to
get some. But it wasn't the shade.
Not until I got to London was I
able to get the right shade. It is
called PRINCESS PAT Vivid.
Do try to get some. With your eyes
it will be wonderful."

Affectionately,
Doris.

Your Rosy Dreams Come True

when you add the fire of youth, the glow of
life which this wondrous new color brings

Princess Pat VIVID, the gorgeous, intense
rose rouge that is creating such a furore in
European fashion centers is just now making
its debut among the smartest women of America.
They realize, as no doubt you do, the need of a
more brilliant shade of rouge amid the modern
colorful surroundings.

Under evening lights amid the blazing color
tones in costumes and decorations, this vivid
shade brings out your beauty, emphasizes the
loveliness of your features and adds brilliance
to the lustre of your eyes.

Yet under strong daylight, used sparingly
and softly blended with powder you will find
PRINCESS PAT VIVID Rouge the true rose
tone of your own natural blush. You must
try it.

Should your dealer temporarily be out of
PRINCESS PAT VIVID, do not accept a
substitute. We will gladly send you a week's
supply without charge so that you may prove
how this wonderful shade brings out your beauty
as no rouge ever did before. Merely send the
coupon. There is absolutely no obligation.



PRINCESS PAT
VIVID

Princess Pat

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd. - Chicago, U. S. A.

Princess Pat Lipstick

As a final touch to your beauty it is essential that the color har-
mony between lips and cheeks should be exact. With English
Tint or Medium Rouge use Princess Pat "Natural" Lipstick;
with Vivid Rouge, use Princess Pat "Vivid" Lipstick. Keeps the
lips soft and pliant—prevents dryness or chap.

Free You are invited to try this wonderful new shade of rouge on
your own complexion entirely without expense. We are glad to
send a generous trial supply for thorough test with various gowns in
both day and evening light. You will find no other rouge ever brought
out your beauty so emphatically.

JUST MAIL THE COUPON

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd., Dept. 249, 2709 S. Wells St., Chicago.
In Canada, address: 107 Duke St., Toronto, Ontario.

Please send me entirely free, a sample of your new VIVID Rouge.

Name.....

Address.....

Our Thousand Dollar Cover

HOW do you like the cover on this issue of SMART SET? It's the first of the series of three to be chosen by the committee representing the magazine. as a means to help you start your career makes just about as complete and attractive an offer as has ever been made by a magazine.

Miss Ruth Harkins, of Naugatuck, Connecticut is the first SMART SET GIRL chosen. The judges are now deciding on the *October* cover. You have until *September 1st* to submit your photograph to be considered for *November*.

It is a very daring thing for SMART SET to do—choosing unknown girls just because we believe in the folks who read our magazine. But we are doing daring things all the time.

TO have your portrait painted by *Henry Clive* is sufficient inducement, but when we add the opportunity of having it put on the cover of a great magazine where hundreds of thousands of people will examine it; when we promise to display it in both Chicago and in New York so that people may examine it, and then have it framed and presented to you, it is a prize worth seeking.

And to have a thousand dollars in cash given

Smart Set Magazine

Gentlemen

I wish to thank you very cordially for your gift of one thousand dollars and for using my photograph on the cover of your magazine

I certainly was surprised when I received your telegram notifying me that I was the winner of your contest

I shall always have a warm place in my heart for Smart Set as you have made me a very happy girl

Yours very truly

Ruth Harkins

WE are choosing the October and November covers the same way and one thousand dollars has been put aside to be presented to each of the girls chosen.

The contest will close September 1st, and all pictures must be in the hands of the Art Editor at that time. Mr. Clive and Miss Louella Parsons, movie editor of the New York American, and Howard Chandler Christy, are assisting the editors in choosing the covers each month.

READ the letter from Miss Harkins and you will see how she felt about her prize. Then answer the questions given

at the foot of the page and send the answers with your picture at once. All we ask is that you give us the opportunity to find two other typical SMART SET girls.

And we in return promise to do everything in our power to help the girls who are chosen to get a foothold on the ladder of fame.

Questionnaire

Name

Complete address

When were you born? What

Typical American type? Spanish French Other

Please give: (a) Height (without shoes) (b) Weight (lightly dressed)

(c) Color of eyes (d) Color of hair (e) Complexion (Dark or Light)

Will your parents (or guardians) give their permission for SMART SET to use your picture if you are chosen by the artist?

Are you willing to cooperate with us to make this plan successful?

"I'll Try My Sails Alone"

[Continued from page 23]

over near the open window. I only wanted to hear Carrie's voice. Even then, next to my mother's voice, it was the sweetest music I ever heard on Rice Island.

Through the half-shuttered window I saw Caroline snug in Captain Southart's big arms.

"Dad, is Luke Manners a 'fraid cat, and a sissy because he didn't go out in the blow with Olaf?"

My heart was beating like a drum in my breast as I waited for Captain Southart to say what would either damn me or save me, in his girl's mind.

"Well, I guess as how Luke's not expected to do such things. He ain't got the sea in him. Ma and Pa both inlanders—landlubbers all! No, Luke just ain't one of us. Too bad he don't know nothing 'bout the water! Too bad he's scared of it! Nice little fellow. Got fine eyes. Ever notice 'em flash. There's fire in him someplace. But, he just ain't seafaring breed. That's all!" declared the Captain.

STANDING at the Southart window I realized with a pang that all he said was true, and that it put a barrier between Carrie and me—a barrier nothing in all the world could ever shake down. A dream that had just begun life in my heart died then and there forever, I thought. But, I was only fourteen then, and I did not know that such a dream never dies in the hearts of my kind of men.

"Carrie, child, which one of them young fellows do you like most, Olaf or Luke?" asked her dad.

I knew it was wrong to stay and overhear her answer. An inner voice bade me run away. But, another voice, human nature, I guess, tempted me to remain. I felt as if I would burst if I did not find out the truth.

"Oh! You mean which one I like true, true best?" asked Carrie.

"Yep," he said.

I strained forward, my young temples throbbing.

"Well—I guess I like them both the same," she declared.

A sensation of relief swept over me. My dream that had seemed to die a few minutes ago, lived again in my heart.

"Oh! Dad, will I ever go to sea on my own ship like Mamma did with you?"

"Yep, darling—if you marry a fellow like Olaf, I mean," was her father's reply.

I did not linger to hear more. Captain Southart had said the dreaded thing. He had as much as warned Carrie that her happiness in love and life must be found with a man who would some day pace his own quarterdeck; who would some day fulfill her own wistful yearning to sail the seven seas, and then come back to a cottage within earshot of the surf! As I half-stumbled down the cottage steps I knew that the memory of Captain Southart's words would always be with me, and there was a boyish premonition that one future day they would seal my lips against words that would be bursting for utterance.

The roar of the surf against the eastern beach seemed like so many great watery fists pounding at our cottage door. The shrieking, sobbing storm wind did not knock for admission. It swirled through the pine board cracks with a frenzied force. The same fear that was eating into my soul was in my mother's heart. She, too, was afraid of the sea and wind in uproar. But, she tried to be brave; she tried not to let me know her own feelings.

"Won't it ever stop, Mother? It's past midnight now, and the sea's booming

louder; the wind's howling more and more."

The kerosene lamp flared up and down in the storm gusts that came through the cracks. But I saw the wan sort of smile on my mother's tired face, a smile that was meant to hearten me, I know. Then her lips began to move:

"The worst will soon be over, son. It can't keep up this way much longer. Why don't you go to bed?" she asked, coming over to me, and putting her arms around my shoulders.

I had to tell her the truth. I was afraid of the dark in the storm; afraid to be alone! Suddenly as I admitted my fears, the story of my afternoon's experience on the beach burst from my lips. Brokenly I told her . . . Laura's condemnation . . . everything!

"There, there, darling," she tried to soothe. "Laura is only a quick-tongued little child. She did not mean what she said. Forget it!"

But, even my mother's arms and words could not take away the knife that Laura Johnson had buried deep in my heart.

A dismal streak of grayish light filtered through the sky and gave a ghostly dimness to our sitting-room before the storm began to die down. I went to the window and peered out into the dawn. Just over the vague rim of sand dunes I saw what seemed at first to be surging gray shadows. They were not shadows, but, the sea!

Later, when I awakened, a gray sort of light filled the room. The window panes were moist and clouded by fog. It was the drab aftermath of a night of storm!

Downstairs I found Mother dressed to go out into the damp, raw morning. She said Harry Johnson had been by with the news of a wreck. Mother was going down to the shore and see if she could help whatever survivors might be found. I went with her down to the shingle where the surf foamed snarlingly. The toll of the night was written on the sands in the broken bones of a ship. Here and there a spar . . . a deck planking . . . twisted rigging . . . wreckage.

It was Harry Johnson who stumbled over the body of a man on the shingle. I shrank back at first, but Mother said he might still be alive. She said we might be able to help him. A strange sort of courage inflamed me; I ran with her towards the spot where Harry stood.

The man was lying face down in the gray sand, his hands outflung, red and raw from the sea. He seemed a corpse. But my mother shook her head when her hand felt over his heart. Harry Johnson knew what to do. He worked over the man while I called others from down the beach. At last a spark of life was aroused. The poor man gasped something out. A spasm of pain caught him. Then it was I realized that he had been gashed and bruised in the wreck.

OUR cottage was nearest. Harry and a sailing man just home from around Cape Horn, carried him there, placing him on our sitting-room sofa. Brandy was forced down his bluish lips. He moaned a while. Johnson shook his head at mother. I sensed the meaning of this gesture. Johnson meant there was no hope. The man would die! Suddenly words began breaking from the sea victim's lips . . . words that were at once incoherent, hysterical, and tragically true!

"God!—If only there'd been a light—God, do you hear—a light! Warning! It would have saved us—"

It was like an indictment of murder from a dying man's lips. He had said a



Right and Wrong of Make-up

HERE'S a little lesson in coloring cheeks and lips and keeping them looking natural. Every actress knows the method. All other women should learn it. To see the difference it makes, cover half the picture above—then the other half! The next time you use color do it this way:



Start the color high, well forward on each cheek, in a point, with the fingertips. (It is assumed you use moist rouge; it has brilliance and "spread" impossible to dry color.)

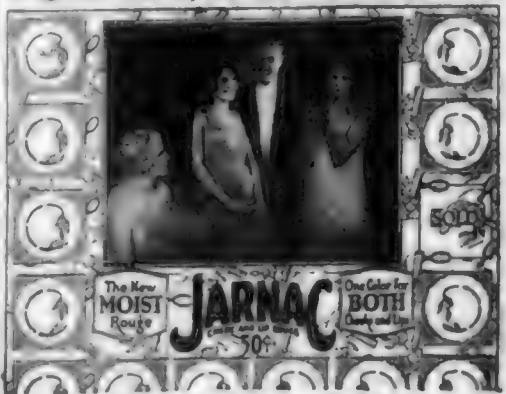
Be sure to begin at same point on both cheeks. An inch from base of nose, and upward strokes ending an inch behind the eyes. Spread your rouge backward, in fan-shape, widest just in front of ear. This avoids the artificial look that always follows the application of rouge in round spots.



The French formula moist rouge is the one to use. It's called *Jarnac*, and blends so beautifully it defies detection even a few inches away! Only one shade—a true blood-red—so it matches any complexion—and is the right shade for lips, too. If you

Jarnac your lips with the mouth open, there will be no "dividing line" when you talk. And keep the color soft in the corners.

Heed these simple rules, use the genuine blood-red *Jarnac*, and you'll get perfectly wonderful results. *Jarnac* is made of solidified oils and is really waterproof; not even profuse perspiration can spoil its effect. And how it lasts! Many apply *Jarnac* at morning or in the evening, and do not even carry it. Its pure essential oils are good for the skin. Do try the joy of *Jarnac*! Adainty, but generous box is but 50c. Almost every drugstore has it, on this red counter card:



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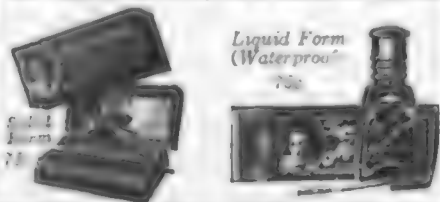
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light would have saved his ship from its watery grave! He was right! There was no light-house on Rice Island. There was no kind of a guide for storm tossed mariners to know that a sand reef lay in their path.

The drawn face of the sailor grew grayer than before. Life was fluttering away. But, though he was hardened to the things of life, this man quaked before the coming of Death—something he did not understand, the great unknown! Consciously he begged for a minister . . . a sky pilot . . . a priest . . . a man of the cloth!

He was told gently that there was no man of God to be had. Rice Island could boast of no kind of pastor. Then it was that the sunken eyes of the seafaring man saw me. He half-lifted himself up on one arm, and beckoned desperately to me with the other.

"Here—here, boy, you with the face of a saint, hold my hand . . . You're as good as a minister. You're better—you—God! Only a light—saved!—I—"

A hoarse rattling sound choked other words down into his tightening throat. His hand in mine grew cold like stone. It was my first touch of Death. Only a while ago I had trembled at the roar of wind and water. But, I did not flinch in the presence of the Great Shadow as I knelt beside him.

The Bible tells us that Saint Paul saw a vision one day in blinding sunlight, and that he got down from his fine horse and answered the call of the Master; that he gave up all things and followed Him. So did the call of my Master come to me as I knelt there holding a dead sailor's hand,—in a flash. My mission in life was revealed in that flash.

And so, the knowledge of what was to be was born in my heart. In the secrecy of my thoughts I made my decision then and there. I would answer the call! Rice Island with its men and women of the sea needed a pastor. Also, it needed a light-house. And some day I would cheat the great waters by hanging aloft a beacon light in the church when storms ravaged our coast!

Ten years had passed like the rush of a sweeping wind. I told myself, as a breeze from the south, salt-scented from the open sea, stirred the leaves and branches of cedars and pines that had stood guard in Rice Island's little cemetery for years. And, still, it seemed scarcely believable so many years had flown by since the gray morning that had been lighted by a vision for me.

PERHAPS, if it had not been for the twin slabs of stone before me, I could not have realized then so acutely, the flight of Time. But, there was a second stone standing near my father's. Already it was five years old . . . Already . . . ! My thoughts went back to the day when, at nineteen, I had been called home from the inland seminary where I was preparing for my chosen work. Once again I lived over those heart-breaking hours, and the desolation that has assailed me after Mother's funeral in our empty cottage by the sounding sea.

It was God's way to press a chalice to my lips, and make me strong enough to drink of it! Carrie . . . Carrie! How I had leaned upon her beautiful strength! How I had buried myself in her sympathy! She had made Life worth going on with. She had sent me back to the seminary with the resolve to fulfill my mission . . .

With this realization in mind I made my way from the sad little city of the sleepers, pausing only to put a few flowers on the grave of old Captain Southart, and to remember how Carrie had leaned against me and wept the night he passed on. Only

two years ago she had done that.

The enchanted hush of twilight, purpling with the shadows already drifting shorewards from the open sea, loitered over Rice Island as I started toward the beach. A few steps and I paused. Should I go past the dipping sand dunes, and down to the white sand where a summer surf foamed against the sand?

Carrie and Olaf would be there. Olaf had asked me only a little while ago to join them on the beach after supper. Back from a long foreign trip, Olaf now held his mate's papers. He was carrying on, true to the predictions made of him in the long ago. The sea had asserted itself in his blood. He was the best sailor on the island. Soon, he would be captaining a ship and men! More than ever, Olaf was my hero. A giant of the sea, he swaggered when he walked. Not boastfully. He was not that kind. It was pride of another sort . . . pride in his work and his sea; not in himself. Never has a man felt more admiration for another than I did for Olaf Sundberg. And never has a man felt more love for a man than I did for him. And, Olaf gave me his confidence and his hand for all the difference that lay between us. He, a sailing man, and I, a sky pilot!

HE loves Carrie as much as I do," I thought as I stood hesitantly on a sand dune. "He's her kind—a man of the sea. It's like her dad said that stormy afternoon. Carrie's got to marry Olaf if she wants happiness. I am only a preacher. She—" emotion suddenly brought a choking sensation to my throat. I could not go on urging myself to give up the love I felt for Carrie. It had been like a sacred flame in my breast.

Through the thickening veil of twilight I looked for the tower of my little church. Somehow, that tower, representing Rice Island's greatest gesture in my behalf (for the island folk had built my little church) always helped me in my uncertain moments. It was as much of a beacon to me as was the light I burned in its belfry for the guidance of ships and mariners . . . There it was, a tiny steeple, spiraling upward like a finger pointing toward Heaven!

It was not superstition that made me believe I saw my church steeple beckoning to me through the shadows . . . calling me away from the beach, from Carrie and Olaf. It was simply the consciousness of what I believed to be the right thing for me to do. No longer did it seem to matter that Olaf had joined Carrie and me on the beach the night before, at my invitation. That could not be an excuse for me to disregard the beckoning of my church steeple.

I turned away from the seaside and started for home. But it was not my cottage that claimed me. I went into my church, groping a way through the dark, toward the prayer bench.

"Perhaps, she loves you; and perhaps she is waiting for you to tell her what you have only hinted by word and gesture these many years," cried the voice of love, temptation, or whatever you may choose to call it.

I remembered that, pastor of Rice Island though I might be, still to the folk with the sea in their blood I was "an outsider"—not "one of them" according to their creeds and codes. I realized that the fear of the very thing they loved most, still came to me when storm winds howled and the sea boomed at the shore.

Somehow I managed to get myself in hand, and leave the church. Once more a great decision burned in my heart. I would strengthen her chances of happiness in life. I would help Olaf find his.

[Turn to page 86]

Famous Marcelling Cap Wins U. S. Patent

U. S. Bureau Issues Patent for Novel Invention,
Which Marcel Waves Hair at Home in 15 Minutes

IF YOU read the newspapers or magazines, you've heard of the McGowan Marcelling Cap. It's one of the outstanding successes of all time, being used by nearly 40,000 girls and women with gratifying results. Further recognition now comes in the form of a Patent from the United States Patent Office.

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Think what a saving this will mean to you! The entire outfit will cost you less than two or three marcel at a beauty parlor and then your hair waving expense is ended. Instead of a dollar to a dollar fifty, your marcel will cost you from 1 to 2 cents! Instead of an hour or more spent in beauty parlors, you wave your hair at home in 15 minutes!

But even more important than the saving of time and money is the benefit to your hair. Any specialist will tell you that constant marcelling with artificial heat is most injurious.

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Now you can swim all you want without worrying about your curls. With this remarkable hair waving device you can marcel your hair in 15 minutes—at a cost of about one cent!

is training your hair and making it much easier to keep your marcel. The curling fluid that goes with the McGowan Waving Outfit is most beneficial to the hair, too. It not only accentuates the curl, but also acts as a tonic for scalp and hair, promoting rich, luxurious growth. It is absolutely neutral and is guaranteed not to stain the hair



After moistening the hair with McGowan's Curling Liquid, stretch the elastic band of the Marcelling Cap with the hands and pull it down over the hair. Then with the fingers or an orange stick pull out the hair in little "waves" between the ribs of the cap and let them dry.



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After 15 minutes the hair is dry, the Cap is removed—and your mirror reflects as beautiful a marcel as you ever had in your life.

or affect its color in any way.

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Summer sports

—swimming golf, tennis, motoring—all take their toll and make it doubly hard to keep your hair looking as it should.

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Wherever you go this summer, you can take your Curling Cap along in your handbag. It takes little more room than a handkerchief and is easily washable when soiled. On your vacation—on camping parties—on Fifth Avenue—wherever you happen to go, you can have your own "beauty parlor" right with you to keep your hair beautifully marcelled all the time.

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Girls and women with long hair will find this curling device just as big a help as those with bobbed hair. Fashion demands wavy hair of them as well as for the "bobbed heads" and long hair is even harder to marcel. But with McGowan's Marcelling Cap and Curling Fluid it is as simple as combing the

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patent for this new hair-waving outfit, in spite of the fact that nearly 40,000 girls and women throughout the country are now using it with gratifying results, we don't ask you to take our word for the remarkable results the Marcelling Cap gives. We want you to try it and see for yourself. That's why we make this amazing trial offer and take all the risk ourselves:

The McGowan Marcelling Cap by itself has always sold for \$1.87 and the McGowan Curling Fluid for the same amount, or a total of \$3.74. In order to take advantage of this trial offer simply sign and mail the application in the lower right hand corner and when the postman brings your outfit deposit with him \$2.87 (plus a few cents postage). After trying the outfit for seven days, if you are not delighted with results just return the unused portion and we will refund the purchase price in full.

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710 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago

Coupon

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Note: If you expect to be out when the postman calls, enclose \$3.00 with your order and the McGowan Marcelling Outfit will be sent postpaid.

WARNING to Imitators

The amazing success of the McGowan Marcelling Cap naturally brought out a number of imitators. Most of them have not dared produce a device like it in construction or operation, but have contented themselves with adopting similar names for the purpose of confusing the public and capitalizing on the advertising we have done. Now that our application for a patent has been granted we intend to take whatever steps are necessary to protect our interests and to protect prospective buyers against imitation.

The McGowan Marcelling Cap is the original and only genuine hair waving device of this type: the one that thousands of women all over the country are using. Do not be misled and disappointed. For your own protection, be sure you order only the genuine McGowan Marcelling Cap.

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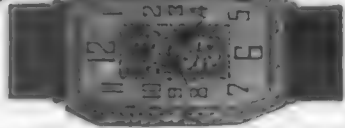
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"I'll Try My Sails Alone"

[Continued from page 84]

My own happiness must come from that of the people I loved!

That night I shut my ears to the swishing song of the sea that drifted across the island. I pulled down my shades so as not to see the luring moonlight, and the stars graining the southern skies with gold. No, these things of romance and love must ever be kept out of my learning and vision.

All the next morning and early afternoon I remained indoors with my books, afraid somewhat to go out into the glamour of a September day. It was better for a while, I told myself, to keep elated from the things that reminded me so poignantly of the cravings I was trying to subdue. But, even in my study, there came the fragrance of flowers blooming in my garden—my garden that Carrie Southart had planted roses in for me the past spring.

ONCE I went to the window when it seemed impossible to contain myself. It was Fate I suppose that my eyes should rest on white roses Carrie had planted. Out of the bush grew one on a long stem, away from all the others.

I must remember! I was not one of them! Their pastor, yes! But, I was not of the sea. I must ever remember that an invisible barrier lay between us, and that furthermore Olaf lived in the hope of some day calling Carrie his wife.

Just before sundown little Emily Banks came to the cottage with a message from her sick mother. She wanted me to call on her. I went back with little Emily and remained with Mrs. Banks for a time. It was on my way home that I came face to face with Carrie.

How lovely she looked in that witching sunset hour with all the island bathed in the soft saffron tide from the sinking sun! All white and golden in her simple dress of cream-color that the east breeze flattened against her lithe young form. The sunlight lingering in her hair seemed more gloriously golden for her very nearness. The sea-blue of her wistful eyes! How envious waters might have been of their blue mystery! And yet, for all their mystery, her eyes were frank and true when she looked at you. Womanhood had somehow softened the sun tan of her cheeks until now they were like transparent porcelain with a red rose staining through. And, as if these beauteous physical things were not enough, a light peered out of her eyes that could be nothing less than the reflection of her soul.

"Where have you been all day, Luke?" she asked softly. "Olaf and I were on the beach this afternoon. It was so lovely . . . we wondered about you."

"I—oh! I was preparing my sermon, Carrie," I answered, trying to smile.

It seemed so natural to fall in step with her—so unnatural and hard not to.

"I must come over and work in your garden tomorrow, Luke," she said. "Sunday is only two days away, and you will want more flowers for your service."

Her words gave me a start. Of course, Carrie would always be coming over to my garden; she would go on helping me clean the church on Saturdays; she would not be going out of my life, no matter how many decisions or resolutions I made.

It is somewhat easy to relate these reactions of mine to Carrie and love, now that many years have passed. But, in the deepening twilight of that hour as we wended our way toward her home, there was only one easy thing to do—to abandon my struggle to forget my love; to abandon myself to the appeal that Caroline Southart

made by her very presence at my side.

Of course I battled with myself to do the right thing. Of course I fought to forget her appeal. But, as we reached the gate, and my hand grazed her own, in opening it, a moment came that found me at the breaking point. For one deathless moment we stood there, our glances meeting and holding. Some kind of a sound came from my lips. I felt my hands groping toward my rose girl. Faith was about to be broken with my own self, most of all!

Carrie's head tilted ever so slightly backward. Her eyes seemed to melt before my gaze. Most likely, though, it was my own eyes melting into tears. Another second of struggle such as was still rampant in my heart, and triumph, or defeat must come to me . . .

* * * * *

It was not defeat that came to me as I stood at Caroline Southart's twilight shrouded gate, half-heartedly fighting back the love which my conscience warned me was wrong. And yet, the triumph of silence that sealed my lips was not a thing of my own volition. I can take no credit for the way words stuck in my throat. Always, I have known that some kind of a destiny came to my rescue. For just as surely as the sun comes up out of eastern seas, I would have told Carrie then and there of my love if swaggering steps had not sounded on the path behind me.

They were Olaf Sundberg's steps . . . Olaf, the man of her heart . . . the man that could give the happiness a woman craves who feels the sea in her veins. A beaten sort of feeling came over me as the steps drew nearer. Now, in the light of another day, I know that I should have felt exalted in the consciousness that my resolution had not been shattered. It would make me more the man I would like to be. But misery and desolation came upon me there in the evening shadows at the coming of my friend.

"I—I just came over to tell you, Luke, that there are some men at the church looking for you. One's the master of a bark that just came in for water—" his booming voice carried to me above the run of surf against the beach.

"Looking for me!" I repeated, wondering who the strangers could be.

"Yep—they've nicknamed you the Storm Pilot after learning it's your church light that ships see in passing. Something tells me they got good news for you, Luke," he said.

"Oh, Luke! Hurry back and tell us what it is," Carrie's hands clasped mine impulsively.

AT the touch of her hand in the dark coherent words died unspoken on my lips. I made some sort of a strange little sound down in my throat, and walked away.

I found a Captain McPhillips and his two mates awaiting me on the church steps. The Captain was a man of few words.

"Two weeks ago we passed Rice Island to the southward in that heavy northeaster. You remember how it blew?"

"Yes," I answered, recollecting the savageness of the wind and sea those days and nights, and the fear that came over me in my tower when the light was blown down.

"My compass got misbehaving north of Rice. It was impossible to see a foot ahead of the bow. Seas were so high it seemed the surf was constantly at hand. How I swore against the government that night for not maintaining a light on the

island—and then, as if answer to my words, a light appeared in the storm dark. Went out . . . went up again. We saved ourselves from disaster by that light which I knew was not on the charts.

"Needing water on the north'ard run I decided to stop in here and find out about that light. It was yours, Mr. Manners. We want to show you our appreciation. Will you come aboard the Larkspur for dinner? There is something awaiting you in my safe, sir."

I protested against the idea of a gift, but went aboard McPhillips' ship, seeking in such unusual diversion some respite from the pain that was gnawing at my heart like an awl.

And it was on the deck of the Larkspur where dinner was served that everything fatefully reminded me of Carrie. The great steering wheel on the quarter deck; the masts towering upward toward the twinkling stars; the rigging and the lashed canvas, shrouding the masts; the slope of scrubbed plankings; and, most of all, the brown men of the sea who sat around me! They were the things that made her vision come tantalizingly close, and then fade away.

Time and time again I caught myself looking off into the eastern spaces of the night toward her cottage; toward the beach where she might be walking with Olaf Sundberg. As the moments passed, love's urge spread anew through my heart.

"She and Olaf must have read the truth of things when I left them, almost without a sound . . . Since they know, why not tell her so, now?" I asked myself, trying to play a part at the Captain's table.

Burning with what seemed a fever, I made my excuses as soon as possible, eager to get away from the things that made my thoughts seem more unbearable. While I was bidding the mates good-by Captain McPhillips came up, a flat package in his hand:

"With the best wishes of the Larkspur," he said simply, pressing it into my hand.

I THANKED him and half-stumbled down the ladder to the small boat that took me ashore. There I found the flat package to be a wallet containing five hundred dollars! On the point of returning the money, I changed my mind, realizing that it would buy a practical light for the church tower.

For the first time in my life I dared not look at it. I was afraid it would weaken the new decision that a feeling of fever had sent rioting through my heart. Deliberately, I turned away from my church and sought Caroline Southart's cottage by a different path—for I was going to her, once and for all, with my story of love!

Not a light glowed in her place.

I knocked nervously on the porch. There was no answer forthcoming from the darkened cottage. The only sound that greeted my rapping was the swishing song of the sea. It had taken on a note of sadness for me. And, for the first time in my life I felt, that the great waters had something in common with me. For the sea's voice seemed to echo the unspeakable sadness that had come to me in the name of love.

Hardly aware of what I was doing, I pressed onward to the beach.

Now the moon, the color of wild oranges, was climbing above the swelling waters . . . climbing into the sky of dream ship and stars. The glow spread, turning the sea into a dancing reflection of molten gold and silver. In the growing moonlight I beheld two figures on the beach. Instinctively, I recognized them as Olaf, his wide shoulders proof of this, and Carrie. Of this there could be no doubt. On all of Rice Island there was no girl

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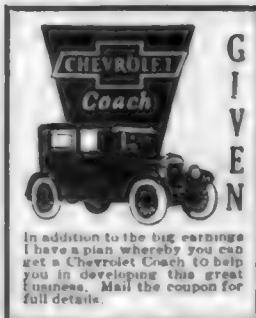
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who made such a pretty picture in white. I crouched in the sand, watching every move they made. It was an ugly thing to do—to spy upon my friend and the woman we both loved. They were facing each other now down where the ebb tide foamed white at their feet. A sixth sense warned me Olaf was telling her of his love; of his dreams of happiness in her arms: of all a man of the sea looks for in his woman.

Then I started toward them, hoping they would see me, but something happened to make me want to be far from them.

His arms went out to her beseechingly. For a fleeting second I turned my head away. When I looked at them again Olaf's arms had claimed the girl of my own dreams.

There was nothing left in life except the service I might be able to render to men of the sea. No longer could my love offer temptation. That was past. She loved Olaf Sundberg! The scene I had witnessed down the beach was proof of this. Caroline would never have given herself into his arms unless she cared!

To covet her in my heart after that knowledge had come to me was sin. This I knew as my eyes studied the church tower from close range.

At my gate I gave one last look toward the beach where the lovers might still be in each other's arms. I tried to find happiness in their happiness. Tears came into my eyes. I swore that they were tears from happiness over my friends' love—but, today, I know that my tears were those that come to a man when he is giving up the dearest thing on earth.

THE first blaze of sunlight awakened me next morning. Remembering that Carrie was coming to work in the garden and to straighten out my cottage, as she and the other Rice Island girls did every Saturday, I dressed hurriedly. Taking my sermon I plodded five miles down the beach.

At eventide I walked home along the beach, heedless of the sunset sky. All that dared to be a part of my consciousness was the sermon that I had preached all day to the waves. I felt safe in returning to my cottage. Surely Carrie would be done with the chores.

I tip-toed to the half-open door. My study seemed empty. About to go in, I stood stock still on the threshold, checked by the sound of light footfalls within.

The very breeze from the open sea, blowing through front windows, appeared to waft a figure in white through my study.

From my place of concealment behind the door I watched her dust my mantelpiece—tidy things here and there—straighten a chair, and then go over to my desk. Every little movement she had made brought a pang.

All my life I had dreamed of her doing the very things she had just done in my house: had dreamed of her moving through the cottage dusting here, tidying there, moving something into its rightful place. Always my dream had pictured her as I now found her—only my dream had gone vastly farther than the reality of the present. I had dreamed of Carrie doing all those things as my wife.

I would have turned away from the vision of Carrie bending over my desk if she had not done something that brought the breath to my lips in a gasp. Carrie swept a picture up from the desk and pressed it to her lips!

Because of the shadows that had thickened indoors I could not tell whether it was my picture, or my mother's she had kissed. Both always stood side by side on my desk.

[To be continued]

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Midnight Story

[Continued from page 45]

the word "friends," still, he had said something and I was thankful for that.

I was about to speak when he grabbed my arm like a vice and said, "What's the matter with going to the cliff?" then, after a pause, he added: "I want to show you the beautiful panorama—at night!"

To my guilty mind his suggestion seemed suspicious, and I hesitated.

Seeing it, he went on: "That is, if you're not too tired. I know you are delicate and have to take care of your health, still a walk like this is bound to do you good!"

There was something so irritating, so patronizing in his comment upon my lack of strength, that I could have choked him then and there. As it was, I said almost vehemently: "I'm not tired and I'm much stronger than you may think, especially when I am in danger."

Jim almost laughed aloud, and sarcastically remarked: "So much the better for you! It might come in handy. I feel as strong as a bull myself!"

I felt a mad desire to get away from him, but lacked the will-power to do so. I had never felt so insignificant, so helpless in my life.

In the meantime we had struck the narrow path that led to the cliff hundreds of feet above the river and, while we proceeded in a nerve-racking silence, my fear-crazed brain conjured up tales I had read, that resembled the present situation and had ended in a diabolical revenge and—death.

Something within me seemed to shout to me: "Stop! don't go any further with him!" I involuntarily hesitated. I grew faint. Things began to move before my eyes. I stood still trying to collect my senses.

Jim came back to me and, with his heavy hand upon my shoulder, said: "Do you want to go back?" I tried to reply, but no words came from my parched lips. Cold perspiration stood out upon my forehead. As I involuntarily stepped back his powerful hands seized my arm with a grip of iron. "Don't turn back! We are almost there! See that black abyss at our feet, how it beckons to us from below? And there are the rocks at the bottom. Oh, what a mess they would make of a fellow. Come, let's step a little closer!"

HE dragged me nearer and nearer. In the dim light of the moon I suddenly found myself but inches from the edge of the yawning chasm and the river below. I stood terrified. I could hear the dull thud of the waves breaking against the shore then scattering with a hissing sound in a maze of foam. They seemed to draw me on—on—irresistibly—I leaned over—further—further—a sudden blow struck me from behind—I uttered a scream—then felt myself going—going—going...

When I was able to think again, I found myself lying behind a hedge on the lawn of the Allison mansion not far from the veranda. I tried to rise, but was too weak. There was an indescribable feeling of emptiness within me. My brain seemed in a daze as though I had just awakened from a narcotic dream.

Just then I heard the sound of footsteps and listened, holding my breath. The steps came nearer. In another moment I recog-

nized the huge form of Jim Allison as he passed me in the darkness and stepped upon the veranda. The screen door of the dining-room slammed. A white-robed figure met him. I recognized—Sylvia! Her face was ashen. In her eyes was the despair of the prisoner about to receive the blow of the executioner's sword. She dared not meet her husband's gaze.

My eyes were riveted upon them. There was a pause that seemed a century to me, then I heard Sylvia falter in a dead, hollow voice: "Well—did—you—take—a—walk—?"

Jim did not reply. He stepped directly in front of her, and I thought I saw her raise an agonized face to his.

I closed my eyes, trembling with terror, waiting for the blow that would crush her.

BUT the blow never came. Instead, I heard Jim's voice calmly inquire: "Y-c-s—and did you notice how queer Harold has been acting of late?"

The tone of his voice was perfectly normal.

I saw Sylvia start in amazement and finally repeat: "Queer...? Why—no...?"

Then I heard Jim go on: "Well, tonight, just as I was trying to show him the cliff in all its gruesomeness at night, he suddenly uttered a scream, tore his arm from mine and dashed away shouting like a maniac. I couldn't make out what he meant, nor could I catch him. Funny, isn't it...?"

Jim's eyes were upon Sylvia as he spoke. I saw her lift a tearstained face to his. There was intense appeal in her eyes and there was deep love, sympathy and pity in his as he looked down at her. A sigh came from her lips. Her form quivered visibly. Her head sank upon his breast and she suddenly sobbed aloud, while he crushed her to him with deep feeling.

A moment passed in silence! Sylvia grew calmer. Again she raised her face to his. Suddenly she flung her arms about his neck in a mad passion.

"Jim, dear, do you remember the long trip I refused to take with you the other day?"

He silently nodded. "Take me now, Jim. I am ready. Take me now!"

In the bright moonlight that shone full upon Jim Allison's face I saw him press a fervent kiss upon Sylvia's hair while he held her close to his heart. In his eyes I could read the greatness of his forgiving.

There was but one way out—oblivion.

With the firm resolve to end it all, I rushed back to the cliff, from which I had so frantically fled but a short time before.

But when I stood facing the black chasm, and dimly saw the jagged rocks looming below, a queer sensation seized me. A dozen times I stepped back a pace to fling myself over the precipice; but each time I found myself clutching the hard ledge to save myself.

I tried until my hands were covered with blood. Despair seized me. I flung myself upon the hard rock near the edge of the cliff, completely vanquished, for I suddenly realized that I was, always had been, and always would be—a coward. Too much of a coward even to die!



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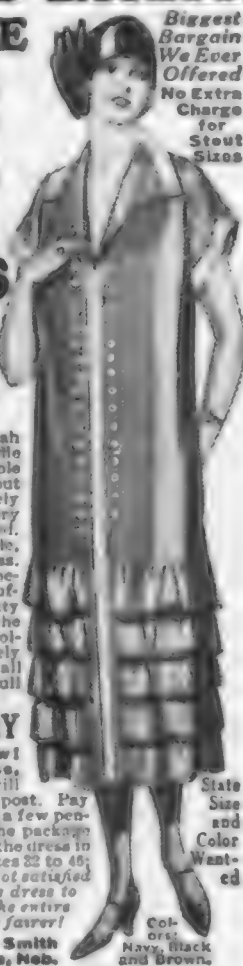
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That Son

[Continued from page 38]

been known for its hospitality; its high examples of womanhood and manhood.

My father, Colonel Brian Kerrigan III, was the genuine type of Southern gentleman which has made the state famous. For the first eighteen years of my life we were more like brothers than father and son. This was owing to the fact that my mother died when I was a baby, and I, being the only child, became the colonel's constant charge.

The very soul of honor, my father; even now I can picture him as he looked; can hear again his words, when, on a June morning, away back in 1890—my seventh birthday—Mammy Sue had come to me at the kennels, where I had been romping with one of the hounds:

"Marse Kerrigan done sint foh you in de library."

We found him sitting in his favorite chair by the library table. He arose as we came in and dismissed Mammy Sue.

Of course I cannot remember the entire conversation—I was only a little boy—but I do remember his taking me in his arms and standing for a long time in front of the portrait of my mother. Then all down the line of Kerrigans, telling me the story of each. The last stop we made was before a frame which always fascinated me. Here, in a heavy gilt frame, hung a gloriously decorated parchment, emblazoned with lions rampant and crimson ribbons. Traced on it in fine Old English were some very important words and below a signature—*William, Rex*. The expression of thanks and gratitude from an English king to a faithful servant and that faithful servant was the first Kerrigan of which we had record.

Then the old gentleman, God rest his soul, stood his little son on his two feet in front of the portrait of General Washington, and, taking a book from a niche in the wall behind the picture, he read, and I repeated, the oath of fealty which every male Kerrigan took upon attaining his majority—a solemn oath of fidelity to the glorious country for which the Kerrigans had renounced the British Garter.

THAT was the first of two occasions on which I saw tears in my father's eyes. The other was the last time that I saw him.

But on this birthday very few things had yet cast their shadows across my path, and when the ceremonies in the library were over he took me to the carriage block in front of the house. There stood one of the stable-boys holding by a halter rope my birthday present—the aristocratic son of the prizewinning stud of the Kerrigan Stables. It was several years before I appreciated the fact that this thoroughbred could boast of a lineage almost as pure and as long as his owner's.

An uncertain pride swelled my excited little heart when I was called to the stables one day and told that I was to select the name for my horse.

My father had the colt brought out, and after looking him over I named him "Sweetheart." It took him quite a while to convince me that such was all right for a name between just the colt and myself, but hardly fitting for the son of such a distinguished father to use in public life. I saw the logic in this and allowed them to name him; then I held my hand on my father's as he entered him in the book as *SON OF BRIAR DALE*.

During the following months I devoted my time, when not at school, to the music-room. My mother had been an accomplished pianist and my dad had insisted that I, too, should become such; even

after my detested music-teacher had assured him that I was an insult to the memory of Mozart—that the only thing he could say in regard to my technique and execution was that he was strongly in favor of the latter.

It is not at all hard to go back in memory and see again the excited youngster who, two years later, bade *Son of Briar Dale* good-by, as the equally excited three-year-old was loaded into the padded car which was to take him from the Lexington track to the Mecca of all thoroughbreds—the world-known course at Louisville. He had stepped away from everything; he had made good; he was going to be entered in that classic of classics.

AND I, standing on the rail of the stockyards fence, began to sob bitterly as my eyes caught a last glimpse of *Son of Briar Dale*; he was bidding me a mute farewell through the black holes of the hood which enveloped his beautiful head. Was it I he was looking so longingly at? Or was it in longing for a share of the huge piece of maple sugar which Mammy Sue had brought forth from the mysterious folds of her gingham dress?

Ten days later, in the midst of a very unsatisfactory session in the music-room, came a welcome interruption. We were summoned to the veranda; every person connected in any way with either Briar Dale Lodge or its stables was assembled by "Marse Kerrigan's awduhs." My old dad announced to his son and his retainers the realization of the cherished ambition of all Kentucky racing gentlemen—and the words still ring in my ears. He read from a telegram:

Colonel Brian Kerrigan,
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Son of Briar Dale has won: the closest worry being Major Belden's English filly Silken Princess.

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Music lessons were adjourned for the day, and at eight o'clock I could still hear the happy shouts of the negroes. As I sank to sleep a more or less vague realization came to me of the really great honor *Son of Briar Dale* had conferred upon us. To win the memorable Derby calls for joyous demonstration, especially when it is a Kentucky horse—and that horse belongs to you.

That night and for months to come, Mammy Sue was an ebony empress among her dark hued brethren. There was a reason. The coal black morsel, decked in black and yellow silk, his small legs tightly gripping the withers of the flying thoroughbred as he was piloted under the wire amid the thundering cheers of the thousands who filled the stands and lined the track, was part and parcel of Mammy Sue—the little black pickaninny with whom I used to play marbles, and from whom, when she was absent on business, I learned the fascinating game of "craps."

Son of Briar Dale! Why could not the son of Colonel Kerrigan have done so well! He had a far weaker field against him, and all the equipment necessary.

So we leave the Kerrigans at this period in the life of the youngest of them; we jump the ensuing years—those which I devoted to the regular four years in a military school in the vicinity of Mt. Sterling; we take up the thread of our narrative again during the second year of my course at a prominent university in my home state.

My father had placed me on an allowance which was quite ample for my needs until—now new things were coming into my life which called for more and more outlay. I could not ask for an increase, for I was quite aware that several business deals in which my father had become involved, and which had, one by one, gone into the financial graveyard, had caused him quite some worry. At any rate, I decided that I could not ask for more.

Until that time, exclusive of the usual series of youthful escapades into which many young fellows become mixed, my life had been all that could be desired—even of a Kerrigan.

During the latter part of my second year I became passionately fond of my music and devoted hour after hour to the piano. There was another change, a dual one—an overpowering call to the card tables and a ceaseless craving for liquor. I yielded to both of these at every opportunity and soon became involved in many ways.

My name was my endorsement at the club, and at any time I should meet financial reverses over the green cloth or at the racing board, my I. O. U. was accepted without comment.

During that year I signed and delivered I. O. U's. to the amount of twenty thousand dollars. This was far in excess of my immediate resources, and, as I have explained before, I could not appeal to my father. Jacques Mauret, the suave guardian of the fortunes of The Magnolia Club, after a long talk with me, promised to hold the little pieces of paper involving my honor, until I had reached my majority—now but a few weeks distant.

ON the strength of his generous consideration, my worry became a little less burdensome. At my twenty-first birthday I should come into quite a tidy sum; most of this had been created by the fleet feet of *Son of Briar Dale*—now living a retired life, and spending his time in knee-deep bluegrass and clover, watching with loving and anxious pride the development of his clever sons and daughters.

With the money which would be mine I could have paid the amount I owed, and using that for a lesson, all would have been well. I did not wait for that but became obsessed with the idea that, by a system of well calculated plunging, I could recuperate.

I decided to follow this course, for I reasoned, unreasonably, that if I could just get one lucky day at the racing board or one lucky night at the tables, I could play even.

It was just at this period that fate directed the meeting between "Skeets" Bannon and myself.

"Skeets" was a tout—was in fact, the guiding spirit for a whole crew of touts which had infested the tracks and betting-rooms for several years. Entirely discredited by all true sportsmen, it had become an absolute necessity for them to look for just such fish as I, before their ever diminishing bankrolls could be brought back to a comfortable size.

I was in the Magnolia one evening looking over the entries for the next day. Along one wall there was a huge blackboard—a racing-board. Here were chalked up the entries for the following day's races, which were, at the time, being held at the Cincinnati track, Latonia. At one end of the room was an operator at a telegraph instrument, who called results as they transpired at the track.

Mauret had decided to let me go for ten thousand more in an effort to get square with the game. Quite a philanthropist, Mauret.

Suddenly I heard my name called and,



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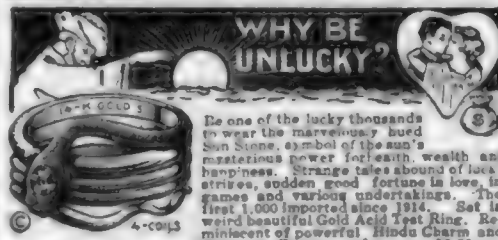
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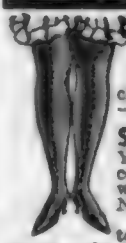
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looking up, saw Mauret and a thick-lipped, curly-headed stranger standing at the bar. Mauret beckoned to me and I walked over to them.

His object in calling me was to have me meet "Mr. Bannon, who may be able to show you a way out of the bad luck which you have been playing in, Mr. Kerrigan. When it comes to bringing abrupt endings to 'losing streaks,' Mr. Bannon has the world cheated."

Introductions over, Bannon and myself found our way to one of the private booths which lined another wall in the Magnolia.

Over our drinks he opened up a wonderful plan which he had for a grand clean-up at Latonia. Having heard from Mauret the story of my bad luck, he had decided to give me a chance to get in on his dead-sure scheme.

A certain bookmaker—one who operated on a large scale, but who was at the time in very bad repute at the large meetings—maintained a pool room in Covington, just across the river from Cincinnati, on the Kentucky side of the Ohio.

Bannon knew a girl who had been more or less friendly with this bookmaker—we shall call him Jennings—and through his infatuation he had often loosened up to her with valuable information concerning coming coups; but this one which we were to embark upon was "the best one yet." And "Mr. Kerrigan, I do wish to help you out of the hole."

The following Tuesday was the day set for the futurity race, and the horse which was being played heavily to win was not to do so, and the horse which was to win was one called Bannister.

I agreed to meet Bannon and his crew the next night at a hotel in New Albany, a town across the river from Louisville. There I was to meet for myself, Mable Breit, the girl who had wormed this valuable information from Jennings.

After a drink I left the Magnolia and returned to my quarters at the university. In my room at last and before my fire I delved deeply into the whole problem. First was the fact that this proposed thing was all wrong in that it was nothing more nor less than stealing. That went against all ties of blood and training.

Then came the thought that if I did join this conspiracy against real sportsmen—suppose the 100 to 1 shot failed to win?

The next and final objection was the fact that I was twenty-one thousand dollars in debt and could not raise enough money to place the bet.

I went to bed with the decision to keep my appointment in New Albany, but merely to withdraw from the enterprise.

The following evening found me in Bannon's room in the Clover Leaf Hotel in that city, just the two of us—the others expected any minute.

WHEN they had all arrived, among them the girl referred to, we went into the affair. I explained the moral objection, and had it swept aside by the assurance that though the gang usually had no scruples about the methods they pursued in gaining their ends, nor how they damaged the good old sport of racing, this time everything was absolutely on the square—with the slight exception that the girl had violated the confidence of Jennings. Still I refused to enter into the scheme.

During the three or four hours which we spent in the hotel room, a waiter made frequent trips to and from the bar serving drinks. I remember saying it was time for me to go, and how the girl demanded that I have another drink with her.

Positively, I don't remember one incident in that hotel room after taking the drink with the girl. Whether it was the one too many drinks, or whether I was

drugged, I do not know. For my next conscious thought came to me when I awoke in my own room the next morning.

I erased Bannon and his financial recoup plans from my mind for a few hours. I walked over to Mauret's that evening to see the results of the futurity. Bannister had proved to be—just what other and cleaner judges had marked him—an easy winner.

How glad I was that I had not been able to go in on Bannon's scheme!

The next morning I was called to the telephone and noticed that there was a telegram for me in the office.

It proved to be from my dad, and was a preemptory order for my immediate return to my home. I left at once, and the following morning was met at the station by the old negro man who had been in the service of the Kerrigans since my dad was a boy—one of those who stayed on after the war. Uncle Beer was the consort of Mammy Sue, and when I inquired as to the cause of my summons home, he replied:

"Ah doan know, Marse Brian, but yo pappy suah do seem turrified put out about somthin'."

I found him in the same chair in the library, in which he had been sitting on that birthday so long ago, when he and his little son had held the interview with "General Washington."

He was bent over, studying something on the library table. When he heard my step he arose and turned toward me. The change in him startled me. His fine old face was haggard, as though he had not slept for nights; his tired eyes stabbed me, and thinking he was ill I rapidly placed myself beside him and my arm around his shoulders.

He looked me squarely in the eyes for a second, searching my very soul; then seeing the puzzled look, he turned to one side, pointed to the table, and said in a voice which I hardly recognized as that of my dear old dad:

"What have you to say in explanation of that piece of paper, Sir?"

I walked over to the table and picked up the paper. It was a check. I read it: I can read it now, for each word and figure are burned into my brain; every word, every gesture, every second of that interview are as vivid today as they were at the time they occurred.

The check was for five thousand dollars, made payable to James C. Bannon, and signed by Major Charles Belden, a life-long friend of the family, and the owner of the horse which had pushed *Son of Briar Dale* so hard for Derby honors. The hell of it was that which followed. It had been presented to the bank by Bannon, who claimed that I had given it to him, and the bank had pronounced it a forgery. Bannon's gang had all verified his report to those at the bank, and they had called upon my father in regard to it.

I had evidently signed the check while drunk or drugged in that room in New Albany; if so, Bannon knew it was a forgery and the suggestion came from him or the girl. Strong odds were against the one who had been living as I had. Another conviction which is still strong within me is that Mauret and Bannon had planned the whole thing, knowing that my father would settle both the check and take up the I. O. U.'s held by the former.

The check was in my handwriting—I made no attempt to deny it; but the steel-fibred honor of my father could not accept the faltering excuse which I had to offer. He had paid the check; had also taken up the I. O. U.'s held by Jacques Mauret, and for the second time in my life I saw tears in the fine old Irish eyes.

During the time in which he was pro-

nouncing sentence upon me. I could not help noticing that now and then his eyes would wander down the long row of Kerrigans which adorned the wall.

It seemed as though the stern and accusing eyes of dead and gone Kerrigans would cause me to wither. For a second I stood the inquisition, and then I followed my father. Walking out the door of the old home, across the veranda and under the clematis where the proud old Colonel had announced the victory of *Son of Briar Dale*—out into the world alone, there to pursue the ignominious path which I had entered upon. "Go! And come back a Kerrigan, Sir!" were his words.

I went back to Louisville and the university.

Owing to the prominence of my family and the kindly friendship of Major Belden for my father, the matter of the check was hushed up, and, as far as I know, my disgrace was unknown to any individuals in Louisville with the exception of Mauret, of the bank president, and myself.

THREE days after my return to the university I received a letter from my father's lawyer, enclosing a check from him for one thousand dollars; also the information that my clothes and other things would follow the letter. Not a word from the old Colonel!

As I read the lawyer's letter, a peculiar change came over me. I had felt my shame keenly until that moment. Now there came stealing over me a sense of imposition: of sorrow for the way in which I was being treated. This merged into a slow, smouldering rage, which, growing by leaps and bounds, soon reached the white-hot and unreasonable heat of a maniac. I tore the letter into tiny pieces, and, taking the check, went over to the bank, cashed it, and plunged into drink.

How I kept from Mauret's, I do not know, for with every drink my rage against him grew. But as my dissipation increased—in ridiculous extreme—I forgot all about him and the others whom I considered the real cause of my fall from grace.

One day I packed my things into a couple of trunks and, going to the L. & N. depot, purchased a ticket for a locality where I could go on with my merry approach to ruin without causing further pain to those who had a keener perception of right and wrong than I did. I went to Goldfield.

Five years after, known as "The Harmony Kid," I was playing the piano by nights in the embroglio presided over by the notorious Belle Hart—and by days directing the foreseen results of a game of faro-bank in the Hermitage Saloon.

Here, under the tutelage of expert second-card dealers, I developed into a sure-bet for the house. By now the remaining shreds of breeding and inheritance had been completely severed and my one ambition had become that of trying to trim the other sucker.

I became so proficient that when the time came for the "Denver Kid" to make his long contemplated pilgrimage to Kennet, California, in a grand attempt to shear "Slim" Wren of his over-weighty bank-roll—"Harmony" was selected to go with him.

We made the trip and by the adroit dealing of "Denver," supplemented by our prearranged system of "cutting," we took the famous Kennet hotel man for his accumulated savings, and, three days later, in Johnny Norton's Bar in Sacramento, we cut the winnings—twelve thousand dollars in cash and twenty-four thousand dollars in smelter stock.

That was in 1907, and five years after, I

again met the "Denver" in the Bank Saloon in Bakersfield.

In a vague way I had become disgusted with things in general.

Following down the path blazed by a great many of her sisters, Belle Hart had come to me one hectic evening and, bending over me at the piano, breathed in a soft voice:

"Harmony, did you know that I was a Kentuckian?"

I had quickly learned from her talk that she was a Southern girl, but, after the fashion with such people, I had learned never to be inquisitive. Still I knew she was a Southerner.

"No, Dixie, but I am glad to hear it; I am a Kentuckian myself."

She talked to me at intervals during the evening and always about Kentucky; then about eleven o'clock she came to me and whispered: "Harmony, can you play 'The Old Folks at Home'?"

Knowing that I could play it without the score—I had played it thousands of times when faint regrets for the past would take possession of me—and noticing a peculiar look in her eyes, I answered: "Yes, Dixie, I can play it."

"Then play it," she urged; "and play it with everything you have in you, for, 'Harmony,' tonight I am very close to them."

Just why she should refer to "them" and who "them" could be, I had no knowledge. I played the tender old air with all the expression which a stifled heart could bring from the faded keys of that old piano.

As I played, I, too, went back to the day in Kentucky when the old Colonel, in the bravery of his soul, had severed the tie which bound him to all he held dear in life, and I played it with all the passionate longing of a broken Kentucky heart.

After I had finished she left me saying: "Good boy, 'Harmony'; you sure can play what a person wants—and the way they want it. Good-night, Pal!"—and I, in my own misery could not see the light of hopelessness in her eyes.

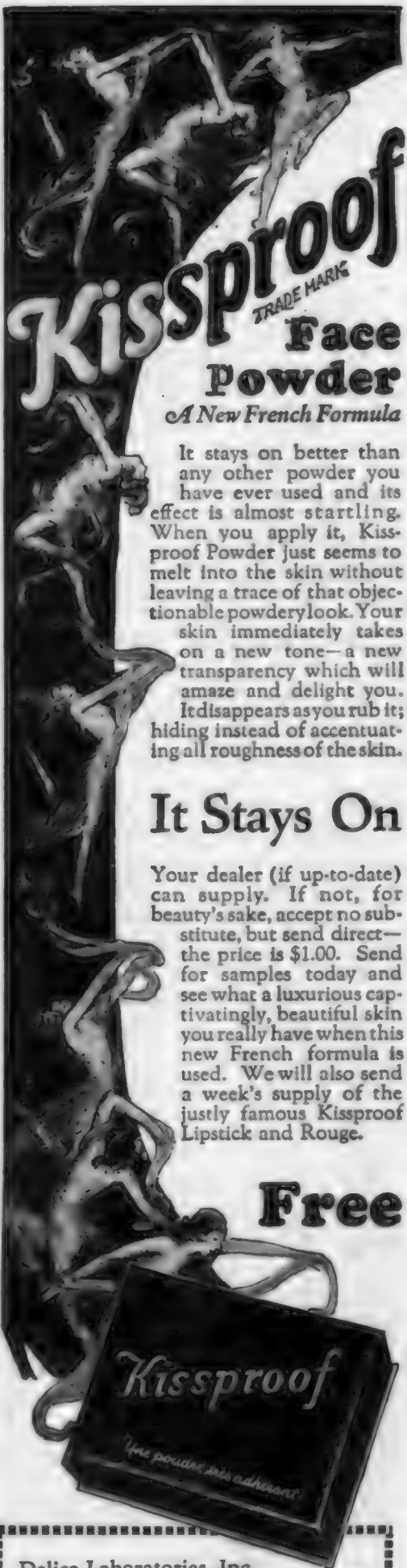
An hour later, in the flickering light of a coal oil lamp, I stood beside "Dixie's" bed. Lying on her back, her coal-black eyes glittering like black diamonds through the hideous mascara; her breast heaving as she gamely tried to endure the pain caused by disintegrating tissues, as the deadly bichloride which she had swallowed tore its way through her system; a dozen fright subdued girls standing with strained eyes gazing upon her—"Dixie" turned her face to me and said:

HARMONY, in the box on my bureau you will find some newspaper clippings. They are about your old home in Kentucky; I always knew that you were different from these other men around here. Then one day that paper came for you. To keep you from pain, I hid it. It is about your father. It was wrong, 'Harmony'—guess I have always been wrong; but I want you to promise me one thing: leave all of this and go back home where you belong. You are too much of a man for this sort of stuff, and if you do not go soon, it will be too late. Before I go, 'Harmony,' promise me that you will do this?"

The next day "Dixie" was buried, and at her graveside, away out there on the desert, I was given a clearer picture of what life was.

After placing a bunch of Sacramento roses on her grave, I left Goldfield—just to get away from associations. "Dixie" had been a good pal.

The paper which I found in the box on "Dixie's" bureau drove the final barb into my unhappy heart. There were two clippings, both from a prominent Louisville paper. One, an editorial, written by the



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publisher of the paper, himself one of the old line of Kentucky gentlemen and a life-long friend of my father's, did not spare me. Somehow, I agreed with him in his description of the unworthy one who had a part in breaking the health of Colonel Brian Kerrigan. Yes, my dad was dead. The things that kept me from "going back a Kerrigan" meant that he had been spared the humiliation. Somehow, then and there, I resolved that some day I would go back. I shall never forget the closing words of that editorial: "Let us hope that some day this boy will yield to the inheritance which is his and come back to the country which gave him birth—and come back as a Kentuckian."

MY promise to "Dixie" bothered me not a little, and some ingrained element of honor, which I had not been able to entirely extinguish, kept saying to me: "Kerrigan, keep your promise to 'Dixie'; get away from all this; get out and find a job—anything—but get away from this."

The "psychological moment" came. I stood looking into the dead eyes of "Denver."

Why should I have left the camp in Goldfield and have come to Bakersfield, a place which I had been told by other sure-thing gamblers was a good place for such as we to pass by?

Why should I be directed there at the particular time that Fate had overtaken "Denver"?

Why should I, after the double killing in the Bank Saloon, have sought the company of those whom I had long ago forgotten—the quiet guides of a public library?

Why, at the very moment when I left the Bank Saloon, should a little girl, a stenographer in a lawyer's office, who had never heard of either "psychological moments" or "The Harmony Kid," invest the few moments of her lunch hour in a trip to the same place?

Why should we both be looking for the same book—that book especially significant in title—the work of Brand Whitlock, "The Turn of the Balance"?

From that meeting in the Bakersfield library came a year of constant effort to be a man, for the little stenographer who had come to me immediately aligned herself with the Kerrigan principles, and, after a few weeks placed me on one year probation.

I took a job at the last place one would expect—a ranch. I worked—and I worked hard.

During that year at "Patsy's" request I took an extension course in agriculture. The year was made bearable by the Saturday nights which Patsy devoted to me and during which she went over my lessons carefully. This, I believe, made me.

Another highlight in my life was the eventful Thursday, the day of the week which Mr. Langley, for whom I worked and an uncle of Pat's, allowed me to devote to her at the ranch.

One night we had been playing "Five Hundred"—Mr. and Mrs. Langley, Pat and myself. It had been my habit to walk down to the gate with Pat—usually about eleven o'clock. This night I allowed the gambling instinct to prevail—the only time which I can remember in which it did so with moral profit to me; I laid my cards face up on the table and asked Pat to marry me—the year probation being up the following day. She looked up at me and said:

"I shall expect you tomorrow at six o'clock." And, wonder of wonders, this was Saturday, and my regular day with her was Thursday; besides, now I always had charge of the large ranch on Sundays

while Mr. and Mrs. Langley were spending the day with their son in Bakersfield.

Noticing the look of inquiry, Pat whispered: "I want you, Brian, and Mrs. Langley says you are to come."

I went and found Pat with a look of devilment dancing in her blue eyes—and a mysterious package under her arm.

At her suggestion we walked out a lane leading toward the oil-town, and, in a quiet corner of a little country churchyard, I was invited to stop, while she slowly undid the package.

Thinking it was a lunch or something like that, imagine my surprise when a small boxwood coffin, which I later learned she had ordered from Los Angeles, was exposed to my view. Pushing back the sliding top she removed a package wrapped in oiled silk.

Without a word she unwrapped it and spread out a collection of decorations which she and Mrs. Langley had purloined from my room at the ranch—everything which they could find among my effects which bore the cognomen, "The Harmony Kid." Mostly photographs with the giver's autograph—among them one from Belle Hart which had across it these words: "To 'The Harmony Kid' from 'Dixie.'"

It was then I told her the story of "Dixie," and the blessed girl, with her eyes brimming with tears, took that picture from the rest and slipped it into the bosom of her gown.

I asked no questions; she replaced the things in the miniature casket. Then we buried them.

THEN Pat, with absolute confidence in the work she had accomplished, and with a myriad of dancing devils in her laughing eyes—the eyes of the particular blue which have characterized the daughters of Erin since the days of Brian Boru—solemnized the occasion, as she lay in my tightly locked arms, by saying: "Yes, Brian, I will marry you—tomorrow, if you wish."

Just after returning from my pilgrimage to the grave of my father, one day while at work in my office, now directing the future for Langley Stock Farms, my blue-eyed and six-year-old Kerrigan came running into the room and, climbing up on a chair, demanded my attention.

Looking up, I beheld this tiny son of mine with a faded deck of cards grasped in his grimy little fist. His greeting was: "Let's play Old Maid, Daddy."

I let go everything I was doing and took the deck. In a moment when love for this mite of heaven called for an extra effort, and just to amuse him, I pulled a card from the bottom of the deck. The boy looked up with an expression of horrified surprise and said: "Oh, Daddy, you cheated!"

I felt my soul wither; he was boring right into my heart with those large blue eyes, and, when at last I tore my own from them, it was to meet two more with the same look in them, for Pat had seen the whole drama. God, how I talked to them! How I tried to create hate in my little son's heart for cheating of all kinds, and, at last, with his baby kiss of forgiveness, I ventured to look into his eyes again, and this time I saw that in all truth we had buried all that remained of "The Harmony Kid." Alone I fought for hours, and at last, as usual, I sought the advice of Pat. She said:

"This is an omen, Brian, for tomorrow is our seventh anniversary; we shall celebrate it. You not only came back a 'Kerrigan, Sir!' but—" looking over at young Brian who was busily engaged with a toy Kentucky Derby in which one horse was labeled *Son of Briar Dale*—"you brought back another Kerrigan with you, Brian!"

The Mad Moon

[Continued from page 56]

Lint can't come on account of his pains. We'll be at Miller's Gambling Hall at eight o'clock."

Then her fingers touched mine again. "You won't fail me, Dickie? I must see you, and visit with you again, if only for a little while. You'll come?"

I nodded. Not that I meant to keep the tryst—I didn't. But I couldn't have refused that look in Louise's eyes if my life had depended on it. She dropped a bill in my hands and climbed back into the car. A spurt of smoke, a roar, and the big car was off. I turned back to the garage, my soul sick within me.

A dozen times that afternoon I told myself that I would not go to meet her—but deep in my heart I knew I would.

At supper, Helen was unusually gay. Under cover of the tablecloth I whispered to Rex, told him I was not going to Miller's and he barked an answer. Supper over, I threw myself on the couch and fought my battle with vigor. Rex curled up at my feet, after a restless journey to the door, where he sniffed and whined softly. Helen came over and kissed me, and then went at the supper dishes, singing.

OUTSIDE in the gathering darkness the howl of a coyote brought me trembling to my feet. Rex growled as that howl was answered by a lonely distant kinsman, and the weird cry of the timber wolf mingled its call for a lost mate. As if by preconceived arrangement, other mating calls rose in a chorus that slapped the distant hills and echoed back and forth the length of the valley of derricks.

Rex roused himself from his place at my feet and stalked to the door again as the calls of his many times removed relations came to him out of the night. Though the bluest blood in dogdom was in his veins, he was not proof against the call of the wild when it came.

"Be quiet!" I snapped at him. "Lie down."

He obeyed, trembling, and rested his nose on his shaggy paws, his brown eyes looking up at me with dumb devotion and pleading. I walked to the window and threw up the sash. Again the choristers of the forest made the air hideous as they offered up their novenas to the night gods. I turned back to throw myself again on the couch while Rex stirred restlessly, sniffing at the air.

"It's the Mad Moon," I told Rex quietly as he trembled ever so slightly under my touch. "The mating moon."

"I wonder," said a voice from the doorway.

I looked up. Helen stood there. Her gentle voice made me get up and slip a protecting arm about her.

"They make me feel all lost like," she said, pointing to the window, where outside the revelers of the forest were being coached by their unseen stage director. "They always did."

Rex sprang to his feet, his nose lifted high in air as he sent his answering call to his wild cousins out there. Helen flung herself out of my arms and threw open the door. Rex slunk out of the room and lost himself in the darkness of the night.

"He's lonesome," Helen whispered softly. "It isn't natural for him to be cooped up here. It's like being in a cage. It'd make anybody lonesome—even a dog. Me—I'm like him—I'm lonesome, too."

I said nothing, but stood and looked out the door. Above the mad moon rode high, bathing the land with sensuous gleams. Like Rex, I felt the call of the night—and Louise. Below in the valley the oil

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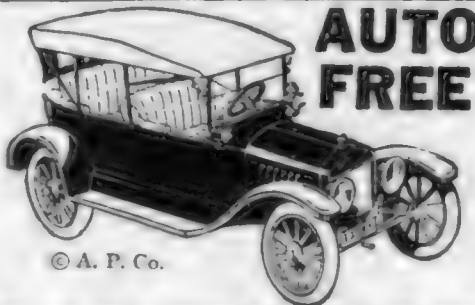
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lamps of the town flickered in the dark like lost fireflies. The huge gasoline lamp over Miller's gambling joint beckoned to me as a lighthouse to a mariner at sea. Louise was there—waiting.

Without a glance at Helen I strode off into the night. I paid no heed to the piteous little cry that followed me. Louise was calling, with every fibre of my being I was answering. Helen had ceased to exist for the moment.

It was a short walk to town. Outside Miller's I paused to light a cigarette. Across the street a sadly out of tune piano was being pounded madly by a musically inclined pianist that played by one ear, evidently, and relied solely on memory for a reproduction of the ragtime classics. A leather lunged oil driller was assuring everybody that he was a "Baby, Baby Doll."

The three piece orchestra in Miller's was preparing for the evening's dance back of the partition which separated the gambling from the dance hall, when I entered the place. Six girls of varying ages, heights, and complexions tangoed down the rough floor—their patent leather dancing pumps and painted faces contrasting strangely with the tanned visages and high topped boots of their partners.

I FOUND Louise almost immediately. Together with her woman friend, she stood at one of the roulette tables, playing carelessly as the mood took her. The droning voice of the croupier drowned her greetings.

"Twenty four wins for the lady, boys. The Goddess of Chance smiles on her sister. Get down for the next roll and don't crowd the little lady. Lots of room, gents."

I smiled at the little lady. Louise's friend was winning. They always do at the start. Later on, she would be cleaned without a qualm. Gamblers, whether in love or chance, heed no conscience.

"So glad you came," Louise whispered as her fingers touched mine. "I've been watching and waiting. I was afraid for a minute that you would not come."

The blood began to pound at my temples. She pressed my fingers ever so gently. Then her hand nestled in mine.

"I should not have come," I told her. "I had no right to come. We are both married, you know."

"As if I could ever forget it," she sighed. "Don't laugh at me, Dickie. I'm utterly miserable. Lint's slightest touch makes my blood turn to ice inside me. I despise him. Oh, you can't understand—you can't, Dickie! Marriage to one like Lint is a mockery, a sacrilege. I paid a bigger price for luxuries than I dreamed, Dickie—too much."

"There are always the divorce mills," I told her, my eyes on the roulette wheel. In my mind I was debating her divorce from Lint, my divorce from Helen—marriage with Louise.

"I know," she replied in low tones. "But I cannot. Lint would see that I never got a cent of his money if I sued for a divorce. I doubt if I could get one. He has money, and he loves me."

"Does money still mean so much to you?" I demanded. "Haven't you learned the futility of it, yet?"

"No," she said, so low that I barely heard her. "But, nowadays, you can have both. Look at Mrs. Rennell. Her husband is like Lint. But she has her husband and her money, and also her love. And so can we, Dickie. Lint expects to stay here for the winter. Blaymore is but a jaunt across here and I have my car. We could see each other often. Will you, Dickie? Please say you will. I love you, dear."

I shook my head—but I knew the light

of my indecision shone in my eyes. Louise's next move told me that. She took me by the arm.

"Let's dance," she suggested. "Put your arms about me, dear. Hold me tightly as you used to."

"Wouldn't it be nice, if we could go on like this forever?" she asked me as we swung about the floor. "Wouldn't it be nice to have you near me always—to have your shoulder to lean on, to have your lips kiss away my tears. Oh, Dickie—it would be heaven to have you with me again."

"Don't!" I protested sharply. "It's hard enough to bear as it is. Don't make it any harder. I, too, am married—to the dearest woman in the world. She loves me. I'm a cad!"

"You love her!"

"No." The words came of no volition of mine. "But I wish to God I did."

"Then what does it matter," she hurried on. "Let us take our happiness. Just you and I, Dickie. You and I."

"Please," I begged. "We are married. We have no right."

"Don't be a prude, Dickie."

Her arms tightened about my neck. I wet my lips nervously, fighting to keep back the tide that was slowly engulfing me. She seemed to understand the fight inside me, for she only clung the tighter, her hot lips almost touching mine, her eyes burning.

"I love you, Dickie," she was saying over and over again. "I have always loved you. I think of you by night—dream of you by day. When his lips are on mine, I try to pretend they are your lips. When his arms are about me, I tell myself they are your arms. Oh, you don't know the agony of it—you can't."

"But I do!" I gasped in anguish. "I have felt the same since the last time we met. I have lived over just such scenes."

A report of a gun sent the biggest of the swinging lamps crashing to the floor with a crash. Another and yet another of those deafening reports rang out, and with each bang a lamp was snuffed out or else sent hurtling from its fastenings. Louise went limp in my arms. All about us a fighting, scrambling, cursing mass of humanity surged for safety like cattle fleeing before a storm. And above it all came the roar and whine of bullets as they buried themselves in the soft pine of the walls and ceilings.

"Save me, Dickie. Save me."

WITH my right arm I fended off those nearest me as I half carried, half dragged her to a small room which led into the alley and safety. Only for the fact that she kissed me twice on the way I might have thought she had fainted. Once inside the room, and I slipped the lock on the door and made for the exit to the alley. It was locked from the outside, to my amazement, and I turned back in wonder to tell Louise.

"What does it matter?" she whispered. "We're safe here. Kiss me, dear. Kiss me as you used to kiss me. Let me feel your arms about me once more. Hold me tight—don't ever let me go again. I love you."

I tried to push her away from me, for I knew the danger of surrender just then. Through the one lone barred window, the mad moon cast her radiant beams, touching Louise's face with their magic fingers and lighting up her lovely eyes until they glistened like the stars.

"Don't!" I said softly. "Please don't."

She laughed—a laugh that swept away all my illusions concerning her as though they had never been. Her red lips began to creep upwards to meet mine. Then the touch of those moist lips on mine that seemed to sear my soul; the tightening of

[Turn to page 98]

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The Mad Moon

[Continued from page 96]

those soft white arms about my neck. Something sickened and died within me at that kiss. I pushed her away. In that instant I hated her. In that moment I knew that I never loved Louise—that all the qualities I had endowed her with were the products of a too imaginative mind. I pushed her away from me as I would something unclean.

"Dickie!" I heard her gasp as she fell back against the unplastered walls of the little den. "Dickie, honey."

But I had already slipped the bolt from the door and was dashing through the crowd in the hall to the great outdoors where the air was sweet and pure—where the golden moon rode high in the heavens, and where the path led back to home—and Helen.

It was yet early when I hurried up the path which led to my little cottage. Shaggy old Rex bounded down the path to meet me, tail wagging joyously.

Helen opened the door and stood framed there. I knew she was wondering at my being sober, and being home at such an early hour. And I wanted to tell her—tell this child wife of mine—but I couldn't. I wanted to take her in my arms and kiss her soft lips, her hair, the little rounded hollow in her throat.

BUT I couldn't. Shamefaced, yet glad, I pushed by her into the little room and threw myself on the couch. She knelt beside me like some ministering angel, her arms about me, her face against mine.

"Don't act like this, Dickie," she begged me, tears in her lovely brown eyes. "I know you don't love me, Dickie, and I'm sorry. I'm going away, honey, so you won't ever have to be bothered with me again. I can't stay on when you don't love me. I thought at first that you would in time. But now, I know—"

She was sobbing. And I did not want her to sob like that. It hurt. I found my arms slipping about her, found myself straining her to me. My lips met hers in the sweetest kiss I ever knew, a kiss that was the very essence of love, of devotion, of self sacrifice.

"And I love you so much," she was saying between sobs. "So much, Dickie, honey, I could have died for you, if you had loved me just half as much as I love you. Oh, Dickie, can't you love me just a tiny bit?"

I tucked one finger under the quivering chin and lifted her tear-stained face to meet mine.

"I do love you, sweetheart," I said. "I guess I've always loved you. But I didn't find out for sure until tonight. I had to go to Miller's and meet her once more to know that I had never really loved her. I know I did wrong in going—"

"Hush!" she said, her fingers on my lips. "If it has given you back to me for keeps, and your love as well, it could not have been wrong. And if you really love, you won't want to do it again. Do you love me—Dickie?"

My answer must have satisfied her, for she snuggled closer to me like a tired child. How long we sat there I don't know. I listened with mixed emotions while she twined her fingers in my hair and whispered to me.

"And I want him to be big and fine and wonderful, like you, Dickie," she said softly. "And I don't want him ever to be lonely and unhappy. He won't be, will he, dear?"

Sometimes I wonder that such happiness is mine. Surely I do not deserve it. But I do know that since that night I've tried to be as big and fine as she thinks I am.



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My Sister

[Continued from page 35]

your father's voice sound like it has never sounded before—and your mother's.

They'd been talking a long time, or fighting, and I was half asleep. When I knew it was about Sister I got out of bed and listened, though. Any kid would, if he felt the way I felt when Mother started telling Father things about Sister. Sister never told him things about Mother. She just laughed, and loved his head up a little bit like she did mine, in a way I always thought a little queer, Father being a grown man. But he liked it, I think. And he liked being told always to "Rest up; rest up!" the way Sister could say it.

"Where is she tonight?" Father asked, and his voice sounded tired. They hadn't said anything for a long time and I was just about ready to crawl back into bed, thinking it was all over.

"Where is she tonight! Where is she every night?" Mother's voice wasn't tired but it was—well, ugly. "You don't know. I don't know. Her father and mother don't know!"

Father was taking his shoes off; I heard one drop, and then the other. Just when you think Father isn't going to say anything more at all, ever, then he says it—

"I think, Mother—I think you're a little hard on her," he said. "She's young—"

Then there was more talk that I don't remember, though Mother was talking so loud then you'd have thought I'd remember what she said first of anything. Father wasn't saying much. I knew pretty soon that they were talking about Mr. Ventriss, too, as much as about Sister. Mother didn't like him. I couldn't understand that. While I was sitting there, trying to figure that out, they talked some more, but mostly Mother.

"Marriage? He has a wife!" I heard my mother laugh. I remember that because of the loud way she said it, and the way she stopped talking afterward, so that you could hear it over and over again while you were waiting to hear what Father would answer. "Marriage? He has a wife!" I wondered some more. She couldn't mean Mr. Ventriss. When Father did answer it was so low you couldn't hear it.

"I've read some of her letters," Mother said then. I was surprised. Even I knew that was wrong.

"You had no right to read her letters." Father snapped back so quickly it made me jump. Father wasn't often angry but he sounded angry now and that frightened me more than ever. Father never talked that loud.

Mother laughed some more then. I was so frightened that I didn't listen any more but got back into bed. The last thing I remember Father saying was, "She's our girl, and we'll trust her," still in that savage voice that was so different from the way he usually talked that I think even Mother was scared.

THERE wasn't really anything about all this to frighten me, or to make me remember it all this time—as I think it over. You know how kids are. At night—and alone—everything seems just about as bad as possible. And there was something strange about being up there in the dark, and listening to them. Always I'd gone straight to sleep, before. But you can't argue about things like that, or ever settle them, I guess. You remember things, or you don't remember them; things frighten you, or they don't. I was frightened that night, and I remember it.

But the next day, again, it didn't seem to matter much at all. I got up and went

to school. Father was the same as usual, and Mother was the same as usual, and Sister sang as she hurried around dressing for her office.

And Mr. Ventriss kept coming. And then, finally, he didn't come. For a few nights, I don't know how many, Sister didn't go out at all, and it seemed awfully funny, but nice. She'd help me with my lessons a while, and play those funny songs that she was always singing, and wash things and iron them—funny lacy things Sister had to wash and press. She was awfully busy, and doing something different every minute. And every evening the telephone rang and rang but she wouldn't answer it. I wanted to watch her at work and have her say things to me that would make me laugh, but Mother made me study, and then go to bed.

I WASN'T used to having Sister home and that's how I happened to go into her room and find her crying one of these nights, I guess. You can't know what it's like to see your sister, who has always laughed and sung—you can't know what it's like to find her crying, until you see her. And you don't know what to do then. The way it happened was this. To get into my room I could go through Sister's, which was a short cut, or I could go around by the hall, which was longer. When Sister wasn't in her room I always went that way. Sister's bed was narrow and by vaulting over on one hand I could clear it. That's why I liked to go that way. This night that I'm telling you about I forgot Sister was home. I can't tell you how it seemed to see her crying. Before I could think of anything to say I went out again. I couldn't have said it if I had thought of something to say. There wasn't anything I could say when I wasn't supposed to have seen. But I thought about it a lot.

It was that same night that the telephone rang in the hall and Sister came down and answered it this time. Our telephone was new, and I always listened when Sister talked. She didn't mind. I'd have liked to try talking to someone myself, but the calls were always for Sister. Usually laughed a lot into the telephone and I hoped whoever it was would make her laugh tonight so that she wouldn't go back upstairs and cry again. I'd have liked to listen to Sister laughing over the telephone from the other end. I wondered if you could hear that, too, just like talk.

But she didn't laugh, that night. She kept saying—"No—no"—a hundred times. I guess, and—"Oliver, please." Oliver was Mr. Ventriss.

Then she went back upstairs and before long Mr. Ventriss came, though it was late and Sister had said—"No"—and "Oliver, please." It was a funny thing for him to do. I knew my mother wouldn't like it.

But I was anxious to see Mr. Ventriss. He hadn't been to our house for so many nights. He might have a new car, I thought. No, it was the same one. And Mr. Ventriss came into the hall and Sister came down the steps to meet him just as she always did, but slowly that night, not laughing or running. Mother didn't call me that night; she wasn't expecting him, and maybe didn't know at first that he was there. I turned around right away, though, and went into the dark parlor before they saw me. Mr. Ventriss had caught my sister in his arms and kissed her a long time. I went right away, but I heard Sister say, "Oliver, I can't stand it!" Her head was leaning against his overcoat and in the light from the dining-room



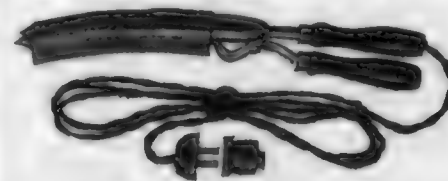
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where my mother had been sewing she
looked awfully white.

It wasn't long after that until she was
happy again, though, and laughing more
than ever. Mr. Ventriss came back again,
every evening, just as he had before. And
Sister came home from her office one eve-
ning, laughing still, and told Father and
Mother and me—Father was, just home
from a trip then—that she had two days
off and was going to the shore with some
friends. Mother looked at Father with a
funny smiling look, like someone who is
winning in a game—and Father looked
tired. But he shut his mouth tight, and
proud. I asked Sister all about it, and she
promised to bring me something.

LIFE, and stories, and everything else,
just about, I guess, are like climbing
and climbing, up and up, and then—when
you think you are coming to something—
reaching a precipice where everything drops
off short. That's the way things did with us
at home then, and that's the way things
will have to go in this story. For Sister
didn't come back. She never came back.
And that was ten years ago, and I'm nine-
teen now, and a man.

My father looked more tired than ever—
and more proud. And my mother most
of the time looked like someone who has
won in a game.

Father told me once that if anyone at
school, or anywhere, should ask about
Sister I was to say she was married, and
living in Texas; that—

And my mother interrupted and said,
"Why are you telling the boy to lie? Do
you think everyone doesn't know?"

Father looked so tired then that he had
to rest his head on his hands. I wished
Sister could be there to rumple up his hair
and say, "Rest up; rest up!" But Sister
wasn't there. She was never there, after
that.

I wanted to ask my father to let me go
and look for her. I wanted to ask him

this for a long time. I had this idea in my
head, and I thought about it every night
in bed, but it was hard to talk about it
when they didn't say anything—my father
and mother. And then Father died, and
Mother will not tell me whether or not
she has ever heard, or whether she knows
where Sister is.

I'm glad it's all that long ago, now. I
hate to think of the time when I was too
little to know anything and too much of a
fool even to know better than to steal over
into town after school and walk up and
down strange streets, thinking I might
see my sister. I'm glad that's over, that
time when our town seemed like the whole
world to me, and it wasn't possible my
sister wasn't in it somewhere, and for-
getting to come home. I'm glad that day
is over when I went up to Mr. Ventriss'
office. Some strange men were there.
From the way they talked I think they
were planning to sell the furniture. When
I said I wanted to see my sister they
laughed, and when I said I wanted to see
Mr. Ventriss they laughed some more.

I'm glad it's ten years later, and I'm
nineteen. I can see now how things were
with Sister—and Mr. Ventriss. I've
thought about it a lot and I ought to know
who was right and who was wrong—my
Sister going away with Mr. Ventriss, or
my mother looking as if she had won in
a game, or my father holding his lips tight
and proud. But I don't know.

I only know I liked my sister best of
all. And I want to see her again. I want
to hear her singing in the mornings, and
laughing into the telephone. I want to
feel her rumpling up my hair again.

I go out with a gang now, and when
they laugh at girls I want to kill them.
If anyone ever laughed at my sister like
that I would kill him. I can see
how white her face was that night and
hear her saying "Oliver, I can't stand it."
There have been things I couldn't stand,
too.

Laugh It Off!

[Continued from page 80]

infirmity seemed connected with old age,
and not only was he young, but he was
also handsome in a strange, hardly earthly
way. His blindness was not apparent ex-
cept in the intent, searching expression of
his face. It was this expression that gave
him his ethereal look. He had—I use
the past tense because it is easier to write
that way—sensitive, finely chiseled features,
and his face was very white in contrast to
his dark hair and eyes, but in spite of the
something delicate about that face, there
was great strength there too, and he never
looked unhappy. Rather he seemed always
to be seeing something that we ordinary
mortals missed.

Of course I did not notice all this at
the time. Then he was only my employer,
my charge, and although his unusual looks
struck me immediately, it was in an en-
tirely impersonal way.

"Good morning, Mr. Pope," I said, tak-
ing his arm and leading him to the rail
where he could stand alone. "I am Miss
Coral."

He smiled at me and then turned so
that his face was toward the sea.

"It is lovely out there, is it not?"

He spoke rather strangely, a little like
the foreigner who has a perfect command
of English and yet retains some of the
peculiarities of his native tongue, and
when he mentioned beauty there was al-
ways a reverence in his voice beyond that
which any lover of beauty I have ever
known shows.

One of my duties was to describe to

him the scenes we passed, so I began a
rather lame description of the glass-like
ocean and the grayish-blue sky. He
stopped me, laughingly.

"I see that." It was his way of saying
that the thing had already been impressed
on the never failing eye of his mind. "I
was born in Venice and have been going
back and forth every three years since I
was fourteen. But tell me the oddities.
Even the ninth time there are oddities."

So we passed our days, talking, describ-
ing. We soon became very friendly, being
constantly together, but our conversations
were always impersonal. We never dis-
cussed each other or our problems of life
or our ideas or ideals of living. For the
most part I was silent while Philip Pope
told me wonderful things out of his vast
experience, and one thing I soon noticed.
What he told me was always happy or
beautiful, and I began to realize that since
he had never seen the world except by
means of the beautiful things people told
him about, since everyone was always
kind and good around him, he lived in a
world of illusion, believing things to be
fine and good and lovely, barely dreaming
of the evil and ugliness.

I SAW all this, and yet I still regarded
him more as an object of psychological
interest than as a man. Then one day in
Venice he said the thing that started the
ball rolling. We were seated together in
an empty corner of the Piazza when he

[Turn to page 102]

MANLY MUSCLES OR GOOSEFLESH!!

Fear covers our body with prickly gooseflesh just as a cat's hair stands on end when a dog comes too near! How often do you break out in a cold sweat? Can you walk down a dark alley at night without quickening your pace? Do you run away from personal danger? Do you let other people walk all over you—just because you are afraid to assert your rights?

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BE A REAL MAN

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This is no idle prattle, fellows. If you doubt me, make me prove it. Go ahead. I like it. I have already done this for thousands of others and my records are unchallenged. What I have done for them, I can do for you. Come on then, for time flies and every day counts. Let this very day be the beginning of a new life for you.

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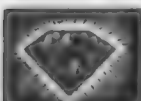
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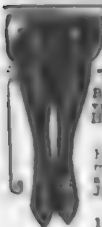
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Laugh It Off!

[Continued from page 100]

suddenly leaned over and groped for my hand.

"Tell me, Miss Coral, what do you look like?"

I was stunned, both at the question and at the idea that for all he knew I might have been a hideous creature with all sorts of deformities. Vaguely I wondered what had made him ask me, while I tried to laugh it off, saying that the question was an unfair one.

He was terribly upset, and his voice was trembling and low as he spoke.

"Are you going to keep me from knowing because of some sort of foolish modesty? I want to know so badly."

I felt a great wave of pity sweep over me, such that I almost wept, and although I wondered why he had not asked his sister, I did what I was paid to do. With the most overwhelming embarrassment that I have ever felt over anything, I haltingly described myself as best I could. It was a poor attempt, but he was strangely pleased.

"I knew you were lovely," he cried. "Why seek further for beauty when I have it with me always? You have given me a lifeless outline, but I can fill it in so easily. The face, the form, the woman of my dreams!"

He seemed hardly aware of my presence as he spoke, but I was acutely aware of it. A plain, unsought working girl, perhaps a little prettier than the ordinary, I was frightened at this display of emotion, and the whole affair was so strange and un-American that I felt even myself to be unreal. Yet somehow the first touch of the personal in our relationship gave me a feeling of warmth and pleasure that quite subdued my other sensations after the primary shock.

HE spoke no more after that. No word of love had passed his lips, though love was so plainly in his voice, and I knew that he felt his infirmity gave him no right to love. Was he right? If I only knew!

That night I decided that Philip needed me and that I must offer myself to him in marriage, since he would never suggest it. The decision disturbed me, determined as I was to carry it out. I was afraid, and yet I think that even then I loved him, though I was sure I felt only pity and martyrdom at the great sacrifice I was about to make. I hardly realized what I proposed to do, for it was always this idea of sacrifice and nobleness that was attractive to me. I was that kind of a person.

I had no chance to speak to him that day, for he was spending it with his sister, giving me freedom until evening, freedom to play with the children of all nationalities that swarmed the place. It was my greatest delight, for I have an unusual, some say an uncanny love and understanding of children. It has always been my big desire (we all have them, have we not?) to have some of my own.

When I saw him at last, I wasted no time.

"Philip," I ached with pity, or something greater, when he trembled as I called him that for the first time, "Philip, will you do something for me?"

He said only, "Of course."

"I want you to marry me."

He shook all over and his pale face grew whiter still. It was several seconds before he spoke, but his voice was quite calm.

"No," he said, without inflection. "No." That was all, but I knew he realized my motive was not love, and I think I felt relief that he had refused.

Then he drew me down to a seat beside him, in his pitiful, groping way, and told me of all the Beauty and Romance and Love in the world. I closed my eyes to the clear night, the dark sky, the silver-capped waters around us, and listened as though in a dream to his deep, low voice as it wove around me its spell of loveliness. I have never heard anything as wonderful as that tale from the pure, beautiful soul of a well-nigh perfect man, and my heart was a great, sweet ache as I crept half-dazed to my room, still thrilling with the wonder of his words, still thrilling with the wonder of him.

I KNEW then that I loved him, and thereafter our moments together were strangely, romantically happy, yet always I felt that vague fear that had come to me with his first indication of love. I wondered what was going to happen. I knew that soon we would return to America and I would see him no more unless we were married. I felt that I could make him consent now, knowing how I loved him, but I was afraid, then, even as I am afraid now, that marriage was not advisable, and wavering between my desire and my common-sense, as I have been wavering ever after, I said nothing. We returned to New York a year and three months ago and I have not seen him since, but as we parted he whispered to me and thrust a card into my hand.

"If you ever want me, this is where you can always reach me. I shall never forget you," and then very reverently he kissed my hand. He was gone and I stood looking after him, with tears in my eyes, and love and wonder and fear in my heart.

What shall I do?

I love Philip dearly. No other man has ever attracted me. Yet I am afraid to marry him. I am not afraid because of the things I would have to give up in order to devote my time to him—the material things, that is. But our love is built on dreams and romance. That is beautiful, but I am so afraid that it will not last in this practical, commonplace world, for I think only the love that comes of companionship, good fellowship and things in common can withstand matrimony. I love Philip's wonderful soul, the beauty of his inner vision. I love the strangeness and the romance and the need of me that is his. He loves me with reverence in which there is no touch of passion.

Then there is another thing to be considered. Philip's blindness is hereditary, and two out of every five of the Popes have been afflicted. So I, who yearn for children, would be living in constant fear. The doctor advised against it, for I have weak eyes myself, and there would be little chance of my bringing a child into the world without that terrible affliction.

I am tortured night and day by my problem, and there is no precedent of which I know that I can take for example. My friends tell me that such a marriage will surely be a failure; that Philip is far happier with the unmarried memory of our love. I feel, too, that this is probably true. Yet, what if it is not? What if he would be always happy with me?

I love Philip and he may need me, for he loves me, too.

Shall I write to him or go to him and tell him that I need him; that I want him to marry me, or shall I wait until another fine man comes along who is an average, healthy companion; who can give me many things that Philip never can? Such a man may never come.

What shall I do?

A Captain of France

[Continued from page 43]

shelter there. A stranger would have no place at such a moment," I said, in spite of the feeling that nothing in God's world could keep me from my home that night.

"A soldier of France would never be looked upon as a stranger by Madame. You must go there, sir. It is the only place where you can sleep. There is no other bed at my place. Here we are, at the gate. I will drive you to the side door and call Madame."

"Hold," I cried, afraid that Joan might penetrate the disguise War had heaped upon me. Women often have an intuition which is stronger and surer than eyesight or hearing.

But before the peasant could bring his horse to a stop we had bumped up to a door which suddenly opened, casting a shaft of mellow light across the driveway. The graceful form of a woman appeared at the lighted door. At sight of her, a little incoherent cry broke through my tightly drawn lips. It was good that the night cloaked me, or else my action would have aroused some suspicion.

"Welcome, Robert; a thousand times welcome," she was saying into the night.

IT is not the American, Madame. It is I, Henri. I bring you a Captain of France, whom I found lying on the roadside—"

There was a swish of silk, a soft magic sound, I thought. Then the air seemed suddenly to distill the scent of lilacs. Lilacs! It was the perfume of my Joan. A hand touched my empty sleeve, sending my whole being into suffering. The hand drew away lightly, now finding mine that was struggling in the dark to keep from drawing Joan's loveliness against me.

"I'm sorry, Monsieur," she was murmuring; "I—I have been expecting someone else. Come, please, you must enter the chateau with me. A drink of cognac will brace you quickly."

No longer master of my own destiny I let my own wife help me down from Henri's cart, as if she were assisting some poor unfortunate stranger at the gate into her home. Strength seemed to have utterly fled from my limbs, and my voice was lost. All that I could do was feel the misery that thrashed about in my chest—the misery of a broken dream and of the despair that had followed. But I managed to thank Henri with unsteady words for his kindness before being ushered into a vast hallway that I knew so well.

Fortunately, only a few slim candles were burning to throw dancing light throughout the width and depth of the hallway. Joan's appeal might have been too much for me to withstand in a higher light. As it was, the tall, supple glory of her body, and the beauty of her face; the wistfulness of her dark eyes; the luxury of her black hair were already challenging my decision to go back to the dead, and give up all my dreams that she and a stranger might weave their own. As I followed to the dining-room, the sight of her moving like a queen through the corridor stirred what there was left of me, just as strongly as the touch of her lips had awakened all of my love five years ago.

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" I groaned inwardly. "How can I go on with my plan? How can I give her up? Man is not strong enough to fight his own spirit and flesh. She is my soul, my body. I can't give her up," was my answer.

And yet, as we sat in the almost dark dining-room of my ancestors, a glass of cognac before me, I realized the chasm

between us. She was still Youth. The war had brought a certain sadness to her eyes. Yes! But she was only a woman in her early twenties with Life begging to be lived. I was only a shell of a man—bent, withered, stricken, and greyed by War. I could only be a burden. I could not match her youth!

An inner voice suddenly warned me that I had best make the most of my strength, and leave the Chateau before my will power deserted. I started to rise, saying, "It was very kind of you, Madame. I am stronger now. I cannot impose upon your goodness longer. I must be going—"

"Monsieur is a Captain of France. He is fatigued. My house shall always be proud to welcome and entertain gallant soldiers." Her voice dropped down to a pitch of gentleness. "You—you should not go on tonight, Monsieur le Capitaine. I bid you stay under the roof of Chateau la Petite. In the morning I will send you off in my automobile—"

I sat down again, but turned my head away. I was afraid to look at my wife for the moment. Besides, I didn't want her to see me. Later, Joan asked me questions about myself and my experiences. I answered her, looking away, only that I might listen to the deathless music of her voice asking more questions.

"And now, about Madame herself, I have heard beautiful things of her," I said. "Henri tells me she is called 'the lady from heaven,' and that love has been her reward!"

I ventured a glance at Joan. She blushed in the way of women receiving a high compliment. To me it seemed such twisted irony that I should be paying compliments to my own wife, en masque as I was. Still, it was a sort of sweet pain to see her cheeks flush and her eyes brighten at my words.

"I suffered, Monsieur, before the American came to bring me happiness," she answered simply, making me glad that I was masquerading. Now I could never steal away this new happiness with the truth of my identity!

"You suffered, Madame?" I asked, eager to learn that she had grieved for me; eager to carry away such knowledge as balm for my broken heart.

Panic swept over me at the sudden manner in which Joan leaned forward in her chair and stared at me. Mon Dieu! Had I given myself away? If not, surely I would, if she continued to stare at me as though she were looking upon an apparition!

"Monsieur!"

Her voice was rife with an emotional excitement that became contagious. Now it was burning in my blood like a fever.

"Yes, Madame!" I forced myself to reply.

I—I am sorry if I gave you a start. Something about your voice for just a moment . . . something about the way you tilted your head reminded me of—of the reason I suffered so much, until Robert came to make me happy again—"

"I—I am afraid I do not comprehend, Madame," I interrupted gently.

"My first husband was killed during the early part of the war. He fell in the fields of Flanders. Monsieur, your voice, and that gesture of your head reminded me of him—"

"I—I am sorry, Madame," I said, fighting to play a part.

A spell of silence fell between us after my words. Joan, deep in thought, made me feel that I had brought agony to her. She got up suddenly, as if to free her-



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off from such agony. What could I say? "Come, Monsieur, I will show you your chamber for the night. I know you are fatigued and wish to sleep—"

I followed her up my own stairs to the broad second hall. There she ushered me into a room I had, myself, often given to guests. We stood at the darkened threshold to say good-night. Her hand touched my hand. I shut my eyes at the touch!

Another second and Joan would have believed she faced a ghost, for I would surely have told her all. But that second did not come. Almost at the touch of our hands a little boy's voice reached us from the next room:

"Mama... Mama," he called, his voice breaking into sobs at the end.

"Yes, my darling, Mama is coming immediately," cried back Joan. "My little boy is calling. Monsieur will please excuse," she said swiftly, then turned and opened the next door, flying through it like a lovely phantom.

I stood in my tracks as if I had suddenly been paralyzed, the call of a little boy for his mother ringing through my soul, awaking all my dreams and yearning hopes anew. Joan had a little boy! The sweet truth burst upon me like a happy flood. He must be our boy! Her child and mine! Somehow strength came back, and I broke the paralysis chaining me to the floor.

The picture my eye caught as I reached the threshold was dimmed by tears. But I saw enough to make my heart thump like mad against my side. A dark-haired little boy dressed in white night clothes was clinging to Joan, whose face was raised as if in silent prayer. I heard a little pleading voice.

"Mama, hasn't my—hasn't our papa come yet? Please, Mama, why doesn't he come? You said he would come, Mama."

Something seemed to snap inside of me. I staggered back across the threshold, reeling as if I had been shot through the breast; as if my last drop of life blood were being drained from me. I shall never know how I forced myself away from that vision of my wife cradling a child in her arms. I will never know how I ever managed to totter into the room Joan had given me. In some way I reached the high, canopied bed and fell across it, agonized to the very ends of my finger tips. There I lay for a while, my ears filled with muffled sounds from the next room—sounds that sent a thousand and one mad thoughts and questions through my mind.

The child had asked for his American father! Mon Dieu! Had Joan already married the man? No... No... That could not be! Yet my Joan, my angel! She could not have gone to him without marriage. Henri had not mentioned marriage. Dieu! If only I had asked him! How old was the boy? She could not have known the American more than three years at most.

THESE are the thoughts that went spinning through my head, only to burst like shrapnel in my heart. My own questions I could not answer. All that I could do was remember the one soul-breaking thing that the child had done. He had asked for his American father!

For an exalted moment out there in the hall when the child had called, the voice of paternity deep down in my man's heart cried out that no longer would I ever remember the sufferings of the past five years. That little voice had held the magic power to make me forever forget. But now, as I heard him begging and pleading with his mother, he became something that made me live through my hell all over again; something that made me want to rebel against God for having given me

a cross too heavy for my sagging shoulders to bear. If I had owned the physical strength then and there I believe I would have gone back into that room. But my body was like a dead thing caging a mortally wounded soul.

Little by little the sounds next door grew softer until at last my ears could catch only the whispered refrain of a lullaby—Joan singing her boy back to sleep.

Her voice stirred my being with a false strength. It was the urge of my heart for its woman... its dream. But I made the best of it, creeping over the floor to a door between the two chambers. There I lay sprawled in the dark, hungry for the slightest tremor of her voice. It came to me bearing the words of an old French nursery song, one that had coaxed many a little boy and girl to sleep under the roof of Chateau la Petite.

"I cannot stand it. I cannot stand it—"

BUT I did stand it, smothering the rest of my outbreak as I heard Joan tip-toe out of the room and downstairs. I tottered back to a chair and slumped down, still battling with the human plea to claim my own wife. However, the voice of a little child who had called for his American papa, constantly echoed through my being, commanding my lips to remain sealed.

Somewhere in the night, a village clock was striking the hour of eleven. Standing in the middle of the guest chamber that Joan had allotted to me, I counted each stroke, trying with all my might to remember the chimes. There had been a time when every village clock for kilometres around was recognizable.

"Essomes?" I asked myself. Doubt entered my thoughts. It was too loud for that bell...

"Fleury?" No, not Fleury. The chimes were more vibrant. Perhaps they were striking over in Chateau Leval. Perhaps! But what difference did it make, after all? I did not care what chimes were tolling off the hour. Of course, I had only been trying to get my mind off the fact that I was waiting for the sound of a dreaded arrival downstairs.

"When he comes, I shall learn the truth," I said inwardly: "I will know if they are married... if the boy is mine, or his. Dieu! If he is my own son, how can I ever give him up? How can I—"

Commotion downstairs froze the rest of the sentence in my throat. The American had arrived! Now I was to learn what had come to pass in Joan's life since the day I had marched away with my regiment for the lines forming across Belgium... Steps sounded on the stairs. Now they were passing my room.

I heard his strong ready steps; her swishing silk; then her voice:

"Only a little while ago he was asking for you, Robert. Ah! how he too has missed you!"

At these words I blew out the candle that flared from its holder on the table, cursing myself the next moment for having done so. For, in the newly created dark I saw a narrow slit of light filtering through the crack of the closed door that led from my chamber into Joan's. That slit of light was like a point of flame burning into my soul. I twisted and turned, tortured by my imagination that pictured what was going on in the light beyond that door.

My own Joan and another man in there together! The hour that I had so long dreamed of and yearned for was coming to them—not to me. I had pictured a thousand times my first night home in Chateau la Petite, when the deep silence of night would come with the dimming

of lights in a neat and rose-fragrant room. How I had dreamed of such a silence and the dark! Silence save for the soft murmurous music of Joan's voice; darkness save for the golden glory of her white form!

Slumping to the floor I placed an ear against the crack of light and listened, fearful of hearing and yet anxious to hear. Joan's voice drifted to me. But she was speaking so softly that only a bare few words were audible.

Suddenly the American began to speak. Heavier and stronger, his voice carried to me, startling me like a shock of electricity.

"Joan . . . Joan . . . what are you saying? . . . You mean that you do not love me tonight? That you do not want my kisses? Joan, you cannot mean such a thing."

"Please try to understand what I am going to say, Robert. It—is so hard to put such feelings as I have now into words. Promise, my big adorable American, that you will try—" The American interrupted her faltering words.

"Something has happened to change you to make you feel this way. It is something that I've sensed strangely enough since entering the Chateau. Your kiss at the door, your voice, Joan, but, most of all, a faraway look in your eyes made me realize that an invisible something has come between us. What is it, Joan? Tell me and I will try to understand."

"Robert," my wife began, her voice charged with brave determination, "when we first met, my heart was somewhere in an unmarked grave of Flanders. I had never been able to forget a man's face—his voice—the touch of his hands. Then you came and lifted my heart out of that grave. You brought love and strength—happiness—to a little boy, and to me. When you went back to war I clung to this new-found happiness. I wanted to embrace it here tonight. Little Jacques is waiting for the morning to find your arms . . . but . . . tonight something did happen . . ."

I strained forward through the dark to catch her next words. They would either send me back to the dead, or into the next room where there was a promise of beautiful Life for me.

"Tonight I went back to that grave in Flanders. Oh! Robert, it was just as if—"

"Joan," cut in the American, his voice hoarse enough with fear to drown the broken little cry that had burst through my lips. "You mean—you mean—" he half-asked the question that was unspoken on my own lips.

I MEAN, Robert, that a French captain came here tonight with Henri. I gave him wine. We talked. Robert, he was a man straight from the hell of war: broken and twisted by it in every way. Somehow he made my thoughts go back to the thought of what Jacques must have suffered there in Flanders before he gave his life for France. Then—he made a certain little gesture of the head! A certain little inflection strayed into his words. I shut my eyes then and there as if the dead had come back to life—"

"Joan, you think he is—"

"No," she cut in. "Poor Charles must have been killed. If not, I would have heard differently by now. It was an accident, of course, that my guest—" here Joan's voice broke, and I heard only a soft sob . . .

For moments, while I slumped against the floor, uncertain of myself, the silence continued, broken only by my wife's muffled sobbing. Just as it seemed that I could no longer contain myself, the American spoke.

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"I—I think I understand, Joan, but you have not told me all. I—I do not want to hear it until later—until you are stronger and more together. Here, let me carry you to your bed. Rest, Joan, and then tell me whatever is in your heart," he ended.

I heard his footsteps as he must have carried her to the bed. I heard them again as he must have walked away. He was still without the answer that must be my answer, too. He did not know as yet whether Joan's heart had gone back to that grave she believed to be mine in Flanders. If it had, then I must rise out of that grave to claim her. If not, I must go back to it forever. I tried to rise to my feet and go back to my bed and wait for the answer Joan must soon give. Strength had deserted my limbs and muscles.

"Robert!" Joan's voice electrified me. Once more I put my ear against the panels.

"Yes, Joan," came the answer of the American.

"I—I saw a grave open tonight when I closed my eyes at the gesture of the Captain's head. It swept my heart back into the grave of my little boy's father—"

Whatever else Joan said then was lost to me for a great roaring noise began to thunder in my ears as I got up from the floor and stumbled to my feet, a decision flashing through my mind. All my pent-up craving for fatherhood, aroused but a few moments ago only to be dashed down again, leaped into flaming life as I groped through the baffling darkness to the door.

Jacques was my son! Joan was my woman! I had come back from the dead to claim them. I could not go back to the misery of love-hungry hours now. The new scheme of things shall give way to the old, I thought, as I moved to the door through which I must burst like a bomb-shell.

A last step, and I would have faced the drama of my wife and the man who had come back to find his dream of love shattered by a voice from the dead. But I did not take that step. Instead, I turned about, drawn by some magnetic force to the room where my little boy slept. I must see him . . . must touch him . . . must hear his voice! He was my own flesh and blood! He was the claim God had given me upon the woman of my heart and soul!

"Ah! mon garçon—mon garçon—" I cried, bending over him.

The child stirred restlessly in his sleep, turning over as if he had heard a distant voice calling. His little round face upturned; his baby lips; his restless form lent strength to my arm. I reached down and somehow drew my boy against my heart.

"Jacques! Jacques! My—"

"Papa—Papa—" answered the child dreamily as he stirred against me. "You have come home—"

THERE was a sound of swishing silk . . . swift, excited footsteps behind me. I turned, the waking child strained to me with love's strength. It did not matter that he had only called me "Papa" in his sleep. He had called, and the voice of my paternity was answering . . . answering in spite of interruption.

"Oui, Jacques. Your—your real papa has come home," I cried, raising my eyes to meet those of Joan and the American.

For a moment that seemed like an eternity I stood there holding my boy, staring through the dimness at my wife. Then, at the sound of my own name on Joan's lips; at the sudden flare of recognition in her eyes; and, at the beseeching movement of her arms, strength fled from my arm. My knees trembled beneath me. I swayed forward, Joan's arms catching me just in time to prevent me from falling down with our son.

Dragon Tooth Light

[Continued from page 53]

but something like a prophesy.

The next day was our time to look after the port lights. You see, in addition to the tower lamps, there were over a dozen small lanterns, attached to partly sunken masts, scattered about the surrounding waters. These burned day and night, to warn passing ships of hidden rocks, and every few days they had to be cleaned and refilled. Naturally, the only way to do this was to go out in a row boat with a small barrel of oil, spare lantern glasses and wicks.

With smooth water, we could count on the trip taking six hours. Should the sea be the least rough just so much more time was required. As we could never tell what unforeseen circumstances would arise, and there was always the rest of the work to be done just the same, we usually started out at dawn.

BY morning Dad seemed his old self again, except for his eyes, which still mirrored the shock he had suffered the day before. The weather continued fair, as it had been the day before, and we made the trip in record time.

Imagine my surprise, upon our return, to see Captain Hunt's boat up on the rocks, and the captain himself waiting to greet us. He seemed to fill the whole doorway with his big person.

I did not know what to do or say. My heart leaped, but I remembered that I must show him no encouragement. Besides, I felt self-conscious, as I wore old

blue overalls, hip-boots, and a ragged cap which had been Father's during his last command.

Father's face grew dark. "I guess we've said all there is to say about this here argument, Captain Hunt."

"I delivered your message, sir. But I didn't come here to talk about that. I came—" he hesitated, smiling rather ruefully. "Well—I'm on a month's leave. I don't care so much for movies, or dancing. In fact, I like to spend my spare time on the sea, just the same."

I do not know whether he looked at me or not. I pulled my cap lower over my eyes, and I kept behind Father. But you could not help believing that he had just come over for a friendly visit. Father felt it to, I suppose, for he relaxed, and gruffly invited Dan to have a bite with us.

Beautiful, glorious days began for me, then; days to be counted off lovingly; days to be remembered; days that warmed my solitary life like the sun, and, like our tower light, cast their radiance afar into the dark future. I could not believe how wonderful the companionship of youth could be until I knew Dan Hunt's.

We spent long hours scrambling over the rocks and collecting brilliant sea forms, weeds and starfish and jellyfish. We spent longer hours seated at the water's edge whispering gently, as if afraid to disturb the soft thunder of the waves.

Hardly a day passed but what he brought me some little gift. An incense burner from China, a bright shawl from

India, a parasol from Japan, a beach umbrella, a carved comb from Spain, silk stockings, and a new bathing suit. Then there was candy, luscious candy such as I had never eaten. One day there were flowers. I felt like crying when he put them into my hands. I had seen so few flowers in my life. Nothing would grow on Dragon Tooth.

Days of glory, and sunshine, and laughter! How we laughed—at nothing! How we started guiltily if our fingers accidentally met, only to draw close again the next moment. Hours of delight, and of youth, of growing tenderness, of blossoming love.

Dan taught me to sail his little boat. Then he took me over for a day's excursion to the mainland, to fairyland. I knew Father did not like me to go. He feared that Dan meant to persuade me to visit Uncle Ben. But I lacked strength to refuse. My acquaintance with that turreted city which lay just out of sight had been limited to two hasty trips a year, when we put in our provisions. We always had to get back by sundown to open the Dragon's eye for the night.

ALL the way home, while the boat glided through the glassy waters, dipping now this way, now that, according to Dan's expert manipulation, I kept thinking with dread of the day when his leave expired. But the very depths of my soul seemed broken with my love for him, and I wondered if there were any ways I could tell him. I too had that directness of the sea in my character.

But he told me himself next day. I remember it all—in a thousand years I could never forget.

We were playing a game, one of my own invention, which I had enjoyed since childhood. It was called "Hunt the Mark," and this was how it started:

Father was supposed to paint the outside of the lighthouse once a year. Owing to exposure, the place rarely looked fresh painted. It was difficult for the inspector to know whether it had been or not. Accordingly, every time he came, he left a crayon mark in some secret corner. If he found the mark covered over the next year, he could be sure that the painting had been done.

As soon as I was old enough to understand this, I invented the game of hunting for the inspector's mark. Sometimes I found it easily, sometimes it took months to locate it. One year I never discovered it at all. Of course the inspector never knew that we were up to his scheme.

Well—that day after our trip ashore, Dan and I decided to "Hunt the Mark." It may seem like a childish game for a girl of my age, but anything we could do together, I did not consider foolish.

Dan started in the entrance room, I in the tower. We met halfway but each reported no results. Then we decided it would be more fun to hunt together. We hung perilously from the windows, scanning the walls with binoculars. We exchanged delicious nonsenses; we teased each other. But for all that we were unsuccessful.

We were standing at the entrance just about ready to give up, for that day, at least, when at the same moment both of us discovered the little red circle, about as big as a penny. It was in such a conspicuous place beside the doorway, that we had never dreamt of looking for it there.

Both started towards it. We collided. Dan put out his arms to steady me, and in a flash I was held tightly. Not a word passed between us. I clung to him, sobbing and trembling. All the warmth of his nature engulfed me like a caressing wave. His lips trembled on mine. Then

as if he had gained courage from this instant of contact, he crushed me to him.

Ah, it was good to feel like a tiny boat caught by the force of an eternal tide. It was good, through my tears, to see his smile with a trail of laughing thoughts in its wake. But it was best of all to know that he was mine, all mine, and that, according to the destiny of the Thorpes, neither misunderstanding nor separation, neither time nor death could change this.

He took my face between his big hands. I could feel the rough spots on his palms, and each spot was like a tender finger that thrilled me to the core. Then he took the pins from my hair, and shook out the soft strands to the wind.

"We must tell Father," I said in a daze.

Arm in arm we went inside, squeezing through the narrow doorway, and taking advantage of a dim corner to kiss again. At first Father did not seem to understand. He stared from me to Dan and back again to me. An ominous hush seemed to settle over us.

Then Father went white, chalk-white, and his eyes gleamed with a strange, frightened purpose.

"You came here a-stealing of my daughter!" he said, in a sort of dry, level voice. "You and that brother o' mine made it up between you. You get out o' here!"

"Father!" I cried in consternation.

"You came here to turn her head," he continued. "I should ha' put you out at the start. Davy Jones curse me for a spineless fool! And now you're thinkin' to carry her off to Ben. You get out o' here."

"But, Father—" I begged. "I love this man—"

"Captain Thorpe—" cried Dan.

Father turned savagely on me. "You're a child. You can't love yet. And you, Captain Hunt," he added sarcastically, in that same terrible, cold, even tone, "get out o' here. And if that rotten tub o' yours puts in here again, I'll smash it to driftwood. And you'll be swimmin' back."

Dan and I turned toward each other in perplexity. It was easy to see that Father had become obsessed with this idea that Uncle Ben was seeking revenge. What could we do? It was useless to argue.

Dan opened his arms to me. I started for their sheltering embrace when the stern voice of duty held me back. If I went with Dan now, Father and I would be estranged forever. He would never forget, never forgive, never talk to me or see me again. I would be leaving him in despair with nothing to look forward to but death.

Was this gratitude to my father? "Martha—Martha!" called Dan.

There was no time to think. "You'd better go," I said, burying my face in my hands. "Don't come back."

WHEN I looked up, Father and I were alone. From the window, I could see the tip of the painted sail disappear.

"You're to forget this here nonsense about love," Father said angrily. "Do you hear me? You're fair young for such talk. You'll forget it. Do you hear me?"

Forget that I loved, when no Thorpe had ever forgotten! Life slipped back into the old routine, unbearable now. That was when I felt like the wild sea birds, and I longed to get away from this evil lighthouse which had brought us nothing but sorrow.

On the day that Dan's ship was due to leave, I wrapped myself in the gay shawl, stuck the high glittering comb in my hair and sat on the highest rock, praying that Dan might look for me through his glasses.

Yet why should he look for me? Had I not sent him away?

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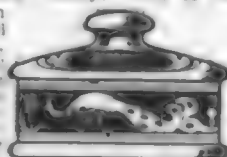
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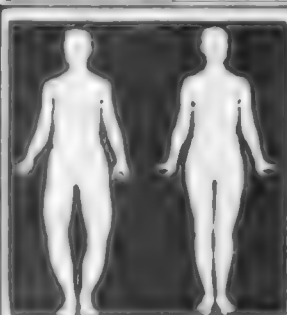
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This was the end. Have you ever walked along the beach and noticed how many empty shells you could pick up? I was one of them—an empty shell, a thing of curves and color, but deprived of its throbbing life by the merciless sea.

I knew that Father had no idea that he had really shattered the one romance of my life. We had a hard winter that year. The ice floes piled up about us higher than ever, crackling and snapping and booming all through the night.

On my nineteenth birthday, in December, which was also the anniversary of Mother's death, we had the worst storm that had been recorded for thirty years. In April the inspector paid us his annual visit.

May—June—July—

Then, on Wednesday of the first week in August, a motor boat chugged up to Dragon Tooth, and out of it stepped a parson. His attire proclaimed his calling. He said he came from one of the seamen's missions, that Uncle Ben was dying, and that he had asked him to come over personally and beg us to see the dying man. Uncle Ben wanted Father's forgiveness.

I suppose he knew that it would be impossible for Father to refuse this real messenger of God. Father's eyes strayed toward mine in bewilderment.

"I guess we had better go," I said.

The parson took us into his boat, but we trailed our own after, so we would be able to get back by sundown. I think the strange spell that came over me later really began when we arrived at Uncle Ben's tiny little apartment, in a dingy house set as close to the wharves as it was possible to get.

He looked so much like Father, only older, with the same grim lines about his mouth, the same pathetic defeat in his eyes, that it was like a startling glimpse into the future. Father would look this way some day. Father would die some day, too.

The place was in confusion, and unbearably stuffy. I smoothed the dying man's pillows, and then flung open a small window. The day was calm and peaceful. A brilliant sun seemed to scatter dazzling jewels of light on the water. And to my utter amazement, I beheld far off in the distance, a tiny spire rising from the water. It was Dragon Tooth Lighthouse!

THEN I topted out, leaving the two brothers alone. Our kind escort had promised to come back shortly with a doctor.

For about fifteen minutes, I stood just outside the door, thinking mostly of Dan. When the rise and fall of the two voices ceased, I re-entered. Immediately I knew that the two brothers were reconciled. There was peace in Uncle Ben's eyes, and understanding in Father's, and my heart swelled with thanksgiving.

The doctor left some general directions to keep the patient comfortable, but nothing else could be done. Somehow we lost track of time, while Uncle Ben rambled on, trying to tell us all what had happened to him these years.

He had taken this little flat because it commanded a view of the lighthouse. He liked to watch the light and speculate about us. He made me find his will in a certain trunk, and bade me keep it. He said he had already left money with the seamen's mission to take care of his funeral.

Father sat beside the bed, his face distorted in silent grief.

Then Uncle Ben mentioned his liking for Dan. How he appreciated the many evenings the young captain had come to sit with him; how he had plied him for news of the lighthouse. Now Dan was away, and there was no knowing when he might return. He was sorry not to be

able to bid him good by.

Slowly life ebbed. The tide was turning, turning. Just what hour of the day it was when he died, I do not know. I had never seen death, and the sight unnerved me. The hidden sorrow of months was added to this ordeal.

It is the only way I can explain what happened to me. I began to sob, and I could not stop. My body was wracked with the pain of it, but I could not stop. Scalding tears blinded me. I sobbed. The world began to grow dim.

VAGUELY I heard Father whispering words of comfort. The doctor came again, and poured something between my lips. Yet my sobbing grew more convulsive. They took Uncle Ben away to a chapel. I was exhausted with crying but I could not stop.

I opened burning eyes to darkness. Something fluttered in my brain. Something to be done! Some place to go!

"Father!" I cried in alarm.

His chair scraped but I could not see him.

"Is it really dark, Father? Night?"

A smothered exclamation escaped him. "Martha—my God!"

"The light!" I gasped. "The light!"

A squeaking gas flame sprang into life. Father's face peered out of the void, haggard, almost wild.

"Martha, Martha! There'll be no light on Dragon Tooth tonight. God!"

I do not know what impulse sent my dragging feet to the window. Maybe the need for fresh air. I looked off into the distance, where only that morning I had seen the slender turret of Dragon Tooth. But what I saw now did not seem possible. Across the expanse of darkened water, there shone a point of light, and as I watched, it blinked.

I called excitedly to Father. He stumbled over. For him as well as for me, the distant eye blinked its mysterious greeting. He passed his hands over his eyes.

"It can't be, Martha. It can't be—"

Who could have done this?

We spent the night at Uncle Ben's place. With the first streak of daylight we were out, paying our last tribute to Uncle Ben in the chapel, before we untied the boat.

As we pulled in at the landing place on Dragon Tooth, Dan Hunt sprang to greet us!

In a flash everything was forgotten. Heaven alone knew how many lives he had saved, what tortures of remorse he had spared Father.

Dan searched my face questioningly.

"Uncle Ben is dead," I said.

"And you went to him at the end! I wondered. My ship got in yesterday at noon. I was dog-tired. I went to my room and slept until sundown. For many months, when I'm on shore, it's been my habit to stand at my window at sundown to watch for your light. I didn't see it last night. I grew alarmed. I got a man with a motor-boat and a powerful headlight to take me over." He paused and turned to Father. "I'm sorry I didn't see your brother. But I guess it was better this way."

I suppose men understand each other without words. Father put out his hand to Dan.

"Mebbe you'll stop a bit with us," was all he said.

Father's heels had hardly disappeared when I was swept into Dan's arms, where I belonged.

The lighthouse gave me back my captain. I love its grim walls. I do not want to leave the sea, the angry, gentle sea; the cruel, kindly sea; the sea which is in my blood.

Why I Left Home

[Continued from page 60]

We got through at two in the morning, I was in bed at three, and went back to the office the next morning with the thrill of having made a start in pictures.

Pearl Conklin had a chance to go off on some "deep sea stuff" soon after that, leaving me on my own. So one day I called the Cinemagraff Company and got Mr. Davenport on the wire. He would not have bothered answering probably, except that he thought someone else was calling.

"I'm the Irish girl that you said was a true Spanish type, last week. Katherine Hogan."

OH, yes, I remember you, Miss Hogan. I'm glad you called. Yes, I can use you all next week. You were born for this part. Monday, eight-thirty, at this studio."

Can you beat that? It was so easy. Actually, it was too good to be true. For it could not last. But I did not know that. Yet here I was, with an office job, and dated up for all next week at a motion picture studio. What would I do? Well, what would any girl do in a pinch like that? Of course I was foolish. I told the people at the office that I must have a vacation. They said I could not have it. So I resigned. I might have said nothing, telephoned that I was sick and perhaps kept my job. But that did not occur to me. Besides, what did I care for my old job now? Was I not "working in pictures?"

That week at the studio, actually playing a part under the friendly direction of Mr. Davenport, was worth as much to me as months of ordinary "extra" work. So I felt that I was launched in a new career, with the sky the limit. I felt quite "professional." But after that it was not so easy. I would often get one or two days work at a time, and then perhaps get nothing for a week. It went in spurts. Sometimes I wondered whether I should pay my room rent or eat. And all the time the requirements of the situation made it more necessary for me to dress up.

Soon enough I learned the difficulties. Believe me, I got my eyes opened. And believe me, too, I kept them open. I got a lot of the dope from Mr. Davenport, with whom I once had quite a talk about it, and I am giving you the straight "low down."

But I had some unpleasant experiences. One smart director's assistant, who flattered me, said that he could fix me up with all the work I wanted, because I was as good as the best of them. Just leave it to him! "But I want you to go out with me, too, you know," he said. "How about to-night? You know, I like you." And before I knew what I was doing I had slapped his face so hard that I don't believe he will ever forget it. Don't overlook the fact that my name is Hogan. Well, that settled it, so far as my reputation was concerned in that studio. No one around that place ever got fresh with me again. But also, I didn't get much work there. Davenport used me from time to time, but he could not keep me busy all the time.

There was an agent who placed a great many people. He was a fellow I never liked to talk to, yet he always encouraged me. Just the same he never got me any work. He would ask me why I did not come around more, but when I did he would say he was all tied up and couldn't I come in and talk to him about five-thirty, and he would try to dig up something. First I thought he meant some night work. When I did that he would keep me cooling my heels in the waiting-room until about half-past six, and then he would

say he was sorry, and wouldn't I go out and have some dinner with him, so we could talk?

Oh, it made me sick. It was cheap stuff. And after a while I began to think that the family life in the Hogan household was not so bad, after all. At least it was clean and human and respectable. And after seeing some of the brands of human nature that I met I began to think that my brother Harry was quite a gentleman, after all.

Of course, I met some fine people in the studios, too. One day I was on a set ready for some work when a most attractive young man came to see Mr. Davenport. He was blond, with blue eyes, and he had a square kind of a face, with a good chin. My own face is oval, and I have always admired a well-balanced square kind of face, anyway. The young man looked at me a number of times, and finally Mr. Davenport called me over to introduce me.

"Mr. Fairchild is our publicity manager. He saw your work in the last picture and wants to know if you have any good photographs."

I was sorry I had nothing of the kind. Mr. Davenport reminded him of some "stills" from that picture.

"Not so good, for what I want," said Mr. Fairchild. "Perhaps, Miss Hogan, we can get some good pictures of you another time."

I liked him so much, a gentleman, and a scholar, as my father used to say. I saw him two or three times at this studio, and he never failed to come around and talk to me. He said I ought to have some handsome portrait photos. I used to say to myself, "If only there were more like him!"

The folks tried to look me up, and once or twice I moved because of it. They must have discovered me in pictures, for one day as I was going out of the Cinemagraff studio I saw my brother Harry out on the sidewalk, watching for me. I ducked back into the hall before he saw me. I told a girl friend that there was a fresh guy out there that I didn't want to meet, and we hunted up another way to get out of the building.

"Just what gave you the idea of going into pictures, girlie?" asked Mr. Davenport, one day.

"Oh, I just naturally happened into it," I said.

"Been on the stage since babyhood, like the Gish sisters?"

"No."

"All your family been actors?"

"None of them. Why?"

OH, nothing. Only your chances of being a big timer would be better. Of course, you never can tell. There's always a first time for any family going into the profession. Only there isn't so much in this game unless you really are a big timer."

"Yes, I know that," I said.

You see, he didn't exactly discourage me. He wouldn't do that. But I wondered why he asked these questions. He went on to say that most of the people never had a chance to be anything but small timers.

"That's what they complain about," I said. "They don't get a chance."

"I didn't mean it in that way. They get a chance usually all right, same as you are getting. But they don't show up quite well enough. I mean that they haven't a chance because of what they have in them, or rather, what they have not got in them. They are just average."



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Well, I could see that that was true of the others. But how about myself? Well, I was not bad. Some said I was pretty good. I looked good. I did my stuff. And yet—? Perhaps I could not quite do the stuff as Constance Talmadge or Marion Davies could do it. Perhaps after all I was just chasing a will-o'-the-wisp. I was not sure. Anyway, it was a hard game. Sometimes days would go by, just looking for work. I even posed for millinery, gowns and furs, and most of the time I owed my room rent.

"Oh, gee, I wish I had a home to go to," said Pearl Conklin one day. We were both hard up, having just a cup of coffee for lunch and nothing else. That agent had asked me again to come in at five o'clock. I was disgusted.

"Haven't you any home?" I asked. "My mother's dead, and my father drinks, a regular old bum," she said.

"Oh, well, I've got a home, but—" "What?" she exclaimed. "You've got a home, and yet you're batting around like this."

"Listen, dearie," I said. "I had trouble with my folks. It's like your keeping up a home with your father."

"Oh, all right; I understand," she said.

JUST the same, it gave me a jolt. It made me homesick, oh dear me, how homesick! After all, home was home. There was friction and quarreling, and work, but it all seemed unimportant, now. It was home, and they were my folks. How I missed them! I almost cried on the spot. But I sipped my coffee. I guess I was pretty well fed up on this picture game. And I wished I was back in my old stenographic job.

I think it was that same afternoon when Mr. Fairchild came to the studio again, and as usual contrived to talk to me during two or three pauses in our work. He said he was writing a story about what the star was trying to accomplish in this new production, but I noticed that he talked to me much longer than he talked to her.

"You find this work fascinating, Miss Hogan?" he asked, in a manner as if it were something he was doubtful about.

"In some ways," I said. "It would be more fascinating if the work were regular, and the income, too."

"I see. I'll do what I can to boost you a little, if that will help."

"Oh, thank you," I replied, but I guess I sounded discouraged.

"Of course, you are going to stay with it, and build a career?" Again in that same tone of doubt.

"Oh, I suppose so. Why?"

"Well, I've been thinking, wondering if it is worth while. Somehow, I have a mental picture of your looking very happy in a nice little home."

"Oh, I've seen a lot of this home life stuff," I said. "And it isn't always what it's cracked up to be."

"Well, nothing ever is; even the career of a star. They have their own troubles. Such is life."

"I suppose so."

"Some homes are mighty happy—with the right girl, or the right man."

Just then Mr. Davenport called me. The camera man was ready to shoot.

"I beg pardon," I said. And while we were working in the next scene, half of the time I was thinking, wondering what Mr. Fairchild might have had in mind by what he said. And that night I thought of it again. He might have meant something personal, or he might have meant nothing. How could I know. I liked him

so much. A little home of my own, with a man like Tommy Fairchild, for instance well, perhaps, if such an impossible thing could ever happen to me.

A day or two later I saw Mr. Davenport again. His scenario manuscript had been changed a lot and he was stewing about having it retyped, and no one around to do it.

"Got a typewriter around here?" I said. "Perhaps I can do it for you."

"Can you? You'll save my life."

So I set to work at it, and it felt kind of good to get my fingers on the old keys again. And then and there I made a decision. Within a week I had found myself a good stenographic job in a law office. At last I felt secure, with something steady. There was comfort in that. I think my chief regret was that I would not see my friend Mr. Fairchild again. That thought bothered me.

Then I wrote a letter to my mother. A couple of days later Father came around to the office to see me.

"Hello, Dad," I said.

"Hello, Kate."

"How's everybody?"

"Fine."

"How's business?"

"Business is better, Kate."

"That's good."

"Don't you think you had better come back home, Kate?" he said. "We've all missed you. Your mother says you can pay whatever you like for board, or nothing at all."

"Oh, that's all right. I've been thinking of coming home."

"It's the right place for you, Kate."

"I'll be home to-night, Dad," I said, and I could hardly work that afternoon, thinking about it.

Mother met me at the door, put her arms around me and kissed me. And we both cried, without saying a word. Then I wiped my eyes and went into the other room. Everybody was so glad to see me. Father came in a little later.

"Well, how's our moving picture star?" he asked, with a little grin, and it seemed to me the family was just a little proud of what I had done.

"How's the little Spanish Vamp, you mean," said Harry, trying to tease me. "Oh, we saw you in the 'Perils of Paris'."

"I am not a vamp or a star," I said. "I'm a stenographer."

And what a dinner! They sure had spread themselves because I came home. The prodigal daughter, I suppose. Good old home-cooking, after months in the restaurants, sometimes half starved. And how I did eat!

AFTER dinner Harry wanted me to go out and look at the new car. They had traded in the old second-hand one. Of course it looked pretty nice.

"Sit down in it," said Harry.

"Will you teach me how to drive it?" I asked.

"Sure. I'll teach you how to drive it." Then he showed me something about the clutch and gearshift.

"You know, Kate," he said, as I was getting out, "I tried to find you a while back, to bring you some of your money that you gave Mother to save for you. do you remember? Mother thought you might need it."

Good night! There I had been needing money so badly, and yet I was dodging out of Harry's way when he was trying to bring it to me. Some of my own money. Well!

Was it good to be home again? You bet it was, just because I had been away. After all, I did not quite come back like one who had been defeated. And there was something of a triumph for me in being received on better terms. They

thought more of me. It was, after all, a good thing that I had gone away, but also, it was a good thing that I came back.

A few days after that, Mother came out to the back yard to tell me that there was a young man in the living-room to see me. She said he looked like the moving picture people. I shook my head. "I am through with pictures," I said to Mother. But I went.

And of all people, it was Tommy Fairchild. My heart jumped when I saw him.

"Why, Mr. Fairchild, how did you find me?" I asked.

"Oh, that was easy. I was just drawn here like a needle is drawn to a magnet."

"Have you come to coax me back into pictures?"

"No, I came just to show you that you can't lose me."

"Oh, then it's just a personal visit?" I smiled. I was happy.

"Exactly. One hundred per cent personal."

"Well, I'm so glad. Sit down."

"You see, we're both out of pictures now. I'm back in straight newspaper work."

"That's nice, since I'm out of pictures," I said. "How do you like it up here?"

"Oh, I always did like the Alps, and such places."

"Shall we go for a walk?"

"Yes, I'd love to."

AND so we went out and walked, in the moonlight. I don't think we even knew whether we were walking up and down hills or not. Somehow my troubles seemed to be over, and now his coming made my happiness complete. If I had not left home, and if I had not gone into pictures I would never have met him.

When we got back to the house, instead of his saying good-night and going home we just naturally sat down on the front steps.

"I am so glad I have found you again, Katherine," he said. "Of course I was surprised when your friend told me that you had gone out of pictures."

"I wondered what you'd think," I replied.

"Well, I couldn't bear to think of not seeing you again. But after I got your address, well—then I was glad that you were out of pictures."

"Why?"

"You remember what I said about how lovely you would look in a home of your own?" He reached over and took one of my hands, and held it between his two hands. I didn't know what to say. "Well," he went on, "I thought that if you were not shooting at a career you would be more ready to think about having a little nest of your own."

"But I've got a home, right here," I said. He laughed.

"Oh, but this is different. You know what I mean."

As he spoke, the moonlight came out a little clearer. He was still holding my hand, leaning over toward me, looking into my eyes.

"Yes," I said, "I think I know—what you mean, Tommy." He kissed my hand, and then he put his arms around me.

"That's why I hunted you up. Don't you truly think that Katherine Fairchild would sound much better than Katherine Hogan?"

"I think Hogan is a very good name," I said.

"I do, too," he laughed. "I've loved the name of Hogan ever since that day I first met you in the studio. But don't you think you would like Fairchild?"

I snuggled a little closer to him. "Yes," I answered. "I think—that I'd kind of like—Fairchild."

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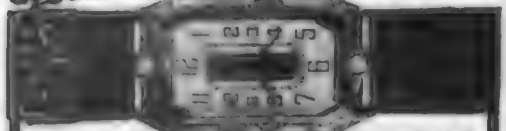
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The Other Side of the Tracks

[Continued from page 68]

we went in. There was an odor of stale whiskey and tobacco smoke.

There was a big hallway with a desk and a place for the guests' mail, while off to the right was a parlor with some stiff looking furniture upholstered in deep red. To the left was a dining-room with large tables in the center and little booths around the sides; down in one corner was one of these "nickel" pianos.

I took all that in with a glance, and was swinging around to ask Ralph where the cottage was, when a girl came down the stairs. Her hair was bleached, and her cheeks were crimson with rouge. Circles seemed to puff out like brown welts under her eyes, and in them were hardness and tragedy. She looked at me and smiled a half-twisted smile.

"Lo, kid! Where are you from?" she asked.

BEFORE I could answer, Bill said, "She's the new housekeeper, Millie. Now run along'n get your work done."

For a moment the girl stood there looking at him. Then she looked at me and back to him and her shoulders shook in sarcastic amusement. And she went on down the hall.

Bill picked up my suitcase and started up the steps, saying, "This way, miss, and I'll show you your room."

I wanted to ask him if I couldn't go right out to "the cottage," and then I thought perhaps they were fixing it up for me and were going to give me a room in the main house until they had it ready, so I followed him. As I turned the stairs at the landing I looked back down and saw "Ralph" standing there, his lips smiling a mirthless smile.

He led me up to the third floor, opened a door with a key, and stood back for me to enter. Then he put my suitcase inside, indicated a push button on the wall, saying, "If there's anything you want, ring," and went out, closing the door behind him.

The room was half dark because of the boards that were over the shutters on the outside, and smelled damp and musty. As I stood in the center of the room, I felt as though some terrible cold, clammy thing was closing in on me to smother the life from me; I had to clench my hands to keep my nerve.

I looked about the room to see where he had put the key, and when I couldn't find it I tried to open the door to see if he had left it on the outside. It stuck and I pulled harder. Then I realized that he had locked it from the outside. At the same time all the funny little remarks Ralph had made flashed through my mind.

I reached for the push button, then it came to me that of course it wouldn't work. I tried to steady myself, saying that I must be wrong; that things like this only happen in yellow journals and story books.

But I *knew*, and suddenly I began to scream and beat at the door with my fists, until footsteps came running down the hallway.

A key turned in the lock. I stepped to one side and as Bill stepped into the room, I tried to slip out. But one of his great hands grasped my shoulder and he sent me flying across the room.

I stood there breathless and panting while he came toward me. His blotched face was twisted with rage.

"If you open your trap once more I'll give you the worst beating anyone ever had!" he said, using different language. Then he took my wrist and pulled me across the room and threw me on the bed, while he stood towering over me like some

giant.

"Now, listen! The sooner you use your brains around here the better off you'll be. You can yell your head off, and no one could hear you in a million years; if they did, they wouldn't give a damn or even try to find out why you were yelling.

"We don't take any chances one way or another. When you get used to the ropes, it's the easiest money you can get anywhere.

"I'll tell you. I've taken a great fancy to you, myself, and if you act right I'll see that you get more than is coming to you."

I brought up my foot and kicked him in the face with all the strength I had in my body; he went reeling back across the room, holding his cheek. I had got out the door when his hand fell on my shoulder. He picked me clean off the floor and threw me back into the room. My shoulder struck the floor and my head the bed post and everything went black.

When I came to, I opened my eyes to gaze into the face of the girl with the bleached hair. She was bathing my head with a cold towel, and her eyes were almost soft.

I began to cry and she said, "Poor kid! He sure gave you an awful thump. I went all over that shoulder and I'm sure there ain't no broken bones.

"Don't try to fight 'em, kid. They'll just beat you." Her eyes became so pitiful and tired for a moment. Then she continued, "I tried to fight 'em at first—and they almost killed me. It's like anything else in life. When you get used to it, it ain't so bad."

Oh, God! Imagine any girl saying that!

I turned my head and saw Bill standing in the doorway looking at me. One side of his face was swollen, where my foot had struck, and it made him look even more terrible than before. She must have seen the fright in my eyes, for she turned and said, "Lay off her, Bill. You've almost killed her now. The kid's all right. Give her a chance!"

Then she sneered at him, and I saw her shoulders shake in that sarcastic way again. In a moment he turned and went out of the room, and she followed him in a few more minutes, locking the door behind her.

FOR three days I lay in my bed, tortured with the pain from my shoulder, unable to eat or sleep. And she was like a guardian angel to me, driving him away when he came up to taunt me; bringing me food and making me gulp it down my throat.

"Oh, it ain't so bad, kid," she said. "I was a kid your age when Benny picked me up in a dance-hall and I fell for him.

"Think of it. That was five years ago, and the little rat is still bringing them girls. The good ones, like you, they send up to the cities all over the country.

"This is about the strongest 'road-house ring' in the country, and they've got away with so much that nothin' scares 'em. Why, right down through the valley here they've got at least fifty girls in the last couple years. Where do they go? Nobody knows. An' usually they're kids that nobody cares a hell of a lot where they've gone—factory kids from out behind the railroad tracks and the dives in the mining section. It's easy money for 'em. At first they think they'll just have a little fun, and the first thing they know they can't get out. Nobody cares where they come from, and nobody knows where they go. Except once in a while they get a little too rough and beat one a little too long. That's what's got Bill worried now. The state

police found a body up in the woods awhile ago and they're tryin' to hang it on him. "If I could help you out, kid, I'd do it, because Bill is going to give you merry hell itself when you get well. Don't try to fight him, or he'll make a mud-puddle of you."

"But isn't there some way I can get out of here. Isn't there someone who can or will help me?"

"Nobody who's got the guts," she answered. "The police have been trying to get Bill for years and have never made any headway. Too much local politics. But the Federal authorities are after him now, and the state police. That's why he wants to murder everybody he sees."

"But I'll tell you, kid: just sit tight for a week and we'll see what happens. Nothin' can happen to you until that shoulder gets well, anyway, and maybe before then something will happen." And she gave me a little pat on the shoulder. But I knew that she was lying.

But my chance did come and through her, only she didn't do it voluntarily. Sometimes she would come in the room and ask me if there was anything I wanted. If I asked for something she would go down and get it without locking the door after her. One day she came in and I pretended to be half-asleep. I asked her for a glass of water. Then I turned over on my side to indicate that I was going back to sleep.

THE moment she was out of the room I slipped out of bed with my shoulder hurting at every move. I knew I couldn't even begin to get any clothes on, so I just stole out into the hallway in a negligee that the girl with the bleached hair loaned me. I went down the first flight of stairs and hid in a closet as she went up by me. Then I dashed down the second, knowing that I might as well make a dash for the road and take a chance on someone seeing me and helping me.

As I flew through the office, Bill was coming across the dining-room. When he saw me he bellowed at the top of his lungs and started in pursuit. But there were wings on my feet as I went down the drive. My shoulder and head pained so that it seemed that I must drop in my tracks, but I kept on. I heard his feet pounding behind me, and looked back but he hadn't gained.

As I went out the drive, then to the main road, I looked up and down the lonely stretch of road, my heart sinking as I saw that it was empty. The little stones in the road were cutting my feet so that it felt like a thousand little tacks, running through them.

I went staggering down the road, my breath coming in quick gasps and I knew that I couldn't keep on much longer. But I determined to keep on until I dropped unconscious, so that I wouldn't feel those hands touch me again.

One step, two steps, three—each one seemed the last.

"Stick 'em up!" I heard, as I leaned against a tree for support.

I looked behind me as I fell, in time to see a man in officer's uniform level his gun at Bill, who stepped back and let forth an oath.

"I've been after you for some time, you dirty hound, and now you run right into my arms,—thanks to the lady."

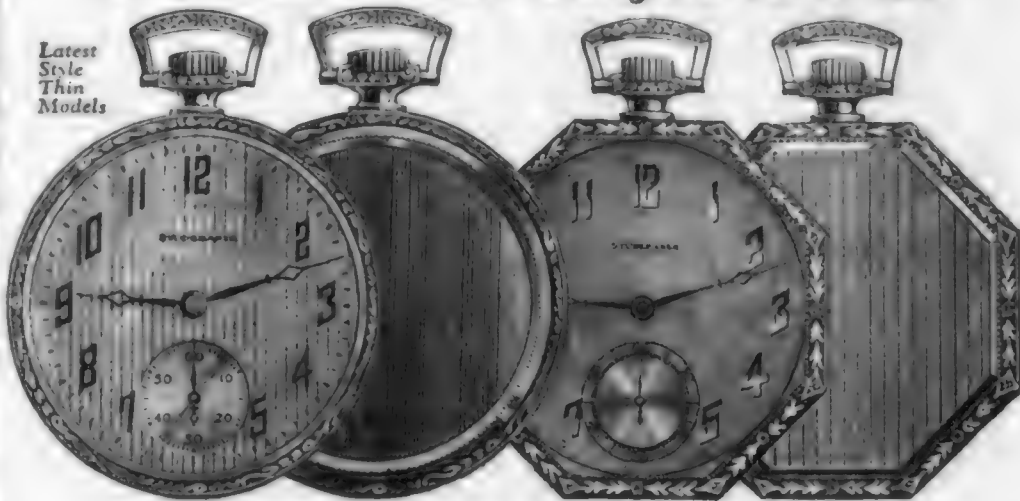
When I came to, I was at state headquarters with a matron and a doctor taking care of me.

The rest of my story doesn't matter.

Bill went to the pen for so long that I'll never need to worry about his finding me. And through my testimony they closed a half-dozen road-houses all down the valley. Ralph went with Bill, and the blonde went to a freedom she didn't want.

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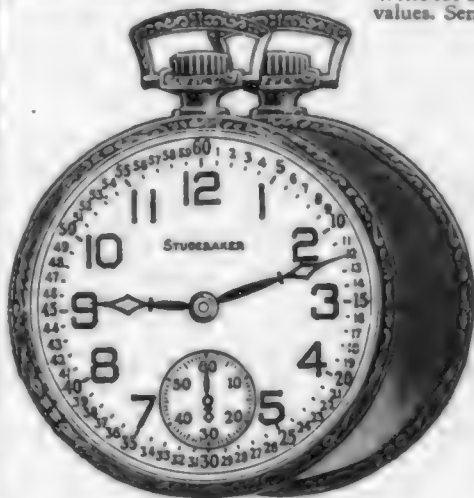
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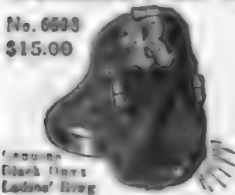
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Flapjacks Back Stage

(Continued from page 28)

introduced to persons of the male persuasion came after I had approved. And she dined with these only when there also were sufficient girls from the company present to make it a crowd.

Incidentally, this course was not only exactly what she and I wished, but it was good business. For she became something of a mystery. She never discussed her past previous to signing a contract with Simpson, and none was able to learn whether there was someone to whom her heart already was pledged. And mysterious and pretty women on the stage bring dollars to the box office.

However, Francine had many things to occupy her mind other than after-the-curtain suppers. Immediately the newspapers hailed her as a "find." Len advanced her weekly stipend to one hundred fifty. To Francine such a sum looked like a gold mine.

PART of it went for books, which she read in every spare moment. But, much more paid the salary of a widow, some years her senior, who had taught in a fashionable girls' school at one time. This "secretary" taught Francine many things she needed to know, and which she could have acquired neither in the St. Louis restaurants nor back-stage.

Though the coaching brought about a material improvement in her conversation and made her more certain of herself when she encountered circumstances to which she had not been accustomed, she acquired no tricks of affectation and lost none of her innate sense of humor.

Then James Bradford Hopkins appeared upon the scene, jumbling all the plans Francine and I had made.

From his name one might have imagined a great many things about him which were not true. It did him an injustice and was a handicap. Actually he was, in many ways, a regular fellow.

Jimmie was a direct descendant of the Hopkins boys who helped to build, and sailed for Plymouth in, the only an original Mayflower.

The original Hopkins' capital of ninety dollars brought to this country had been increased to many millions, scattered among the several branches of the original clan. But a very considerable portion of the Hopkins' wealth had found its way into the coffers of Cabot Hopkins, father of Jimmie.

However, it was Jimmie's mother who was the featured member of the family, and society up Boston way kow-towed at the crook of her finger.

At the time the lad first crossed my horizon he was twenty-four, a Harvard graduate with several letters, and no occupation except to spend money. His personal appearance was not bad, even if he didn't resemble a motion picture hero—at least from the collar up. For he possessed the strength, set-up and swing of the natural athlete, and had put his muscle to the test as a varsity tackle. Being better at draw poker than jazzing and of a happy-go-lucky disposition, all the men liked him. He would have been equally popular with women had he cared to be.

One day—in the period when Francine was making her first big ten-strike on Broadway—Jimmie, along with some of his former college buddies, journeyed to New York to celebrate a football victory scored by the rah-rah's of the John Harvard institution over the followers of Eli Yale.

According to tradition and in conformity with the best university ethics, such a jollification, to be a complete success, must

be both rough and noisy, putting it mildly.

But, along about eight bells in the evening—Forty-second Street time—when the mad rollickers had reached a point where they began to argue with the police, Jimmie realized there was something wrong with the picture and faded out, wisely deciding to play a lone hand thereafter.

And it was shortly after he had started out on his own that we came together in one of the Times Square eddies.

Why, of course I knew him—intimately. His father had owned the old Boylson Opera House, where I ran a stock company through two summers, and Jimmie, then serving his university sentence, used to drop around and sit with me through the rehearsals.

I took him to the roof garden, parked him in a front row seat and left him, explaining that I must go through my trick of duty at the front door.

I had forgotten all about him when, following the second curtain, he put in an appearance in the lobby.

"Who and what is the girl programmed as Francine La Rouque?" he whispered, when he had drawn me into a quiet corner.

Such a query, coming from Jimmie, almost caught me with lowered guard. And his heightened color and the queer look in his eyes had me guessing.

"She is one of the big hits of the show and probably will be our prima donna in a season or two," I finally countered. "And her name you have correct."

His right lid drooped understandingly. "Well, we'll let the name stand. Now tell me when I can meet her."

"Say," I blurted, "you used to be a nice, sensible chap up in Boston. When did you acquire the stage-door habit?"

"Listen, Daddy Billy, I'm still nice. I've never met an actress in my life except those in your old stock company. But I'm going to meet and know Francine La Rouque. With your permission, if possible. Over your dead body, if necessary."

"Go back for the last act," I said. "I'll meet you here when the show's over. You'll have cooled off by then."

But I was wrong. Immediately following the exit march, Jimmie dragged me to a quiet little restaurant in the hinterland just off the Furious Forties, repeated his demand for an introduction and insisted upon knowing more about my protege.

BELIEVING the youth, whom I liked immensely, was actuated only by a yearning for adventure, I attempted to dissuade him from his purpose, even telling him that Francine objected to meeting those who did not speak her native tongue—French.

"Daddy Billy," he finally interrupted with a grin, "you're a big old liar. That girl is no more French than I am Chinese. My guess is that her ancestry is Irish. I'm going to know her tomorrow. If you don't arrange to introduce me, I'll find another way to meet her."

Knowing how hard a man falls the first time he becomes smitten with a performer, I kept Jimmie from storming the stage door by persuading Francine to meet him at supper after the show. I didn't tell her much about the youth; just that he was a particular friend of mine and so fresh from college that she should be merciful and not kid him too hard.

Every time I look back upon that evening I laugh right out loud at myself. As a bodyguard and a protector I was a total loss. Five minutes after the napkins had been unfolded, I was out of focus. By the time the entree was served, I had passed.

Reaching home somewhat later and recasting the events of the preceding few hours, I had a suspicion that I had been sitting in on one of those exceedingly rare happenings—outside of fiction, a case of love at first sight.

Subsequent events proved my surmise was correct. Francine and Jimmie became inseparable. He took her motor riding mornings. He met her at the stage door nightly and breezed her away in his car. This I learned only through gossip. For, of their comings and goings, of their love making and their plans, they told me—nothing.

Then, one morning, weeks after the introductory supper, my office door was pushed open to admit Francine, her eyes laughing, her cheeks whipped to a perfect pink.

"I believe we have met before, miss," I affected sternly.

The next instant a cyclone of beauty and fluff whirled in my direction and I was kissed just where my forehead was getting rather high.

"Now, Daddy Billy, be nice," she pleaded, slipping into a chair at my side. "I apologize humbly for neglecting you. But I know you will forgive me. And, besides, I must have your advice. I'm so excited my poor little brain can't think."

"I will listen to what you have to say."

She laughed at my attempt at banter. Then, with considerable stammering, she told me what I had feared I would learn, sooner or later, that Jimmie had asked her to marry him.

"Listen, little girl," I said. "I love you more—probably—than your own father ever did; and I'd go beyond the limit to make you happy. Now tell me, absolutely straight. Do you love Hopkins?"

"Honestly, Daddy Billy, I love him more that I ever thought I could love anyone. And he loves me; I know it. I've told him everything about myself, and he says we must consider the past dead and forgotten. I want to say 'yes' to him. Shall I?"

That question put a big responsibility upon me, so I determined to paint the other side of the picture for her; a side to which love had made her blind.

"Francine," I began, "you know that Jimmie is one of the richest young men in the country, and—"

"That's where you're wrong," she interrupted. "Everybody thinks that, but it isn't so. He only has an income. But he has saved sufficient so we can go to Europe on a wedding tour—if we marry. It is his father who is wealthy. When we get back Jimmie is going to do some work so he can be independent."

I WANTED to laugh, but I hadn't the heart. So that was the yarn he had told her—this youth with enough coin of the realm in his own name to purchase a share in the U. S. Sub-Treasury. Well, at least she was not marrying him in anticipation of being the mistress of several millions. And that placed her in a class apart from other stage beauties I had encountered.

"Yes, Daddy Billy," she prattled on, "when we return to America we are going to live very modestly. Jimmie is going to get a little place for us out on Long Island right in the real country—a cozy, comfy house with lots and lots of ground and trees around it. That will be the dream of my life come true. But Jimmie has promised me even more than that. I am to have a horse to ride, some cows, and a lot of chickens to feed. And, sometimes, just for a lark, he is going to let me cook for him. I've told him how good I can make flapjacks. And he says he just adores them. Isn't it going to be jolly?"

Mentally, I threw up my hands. Poor kid! She hadn't grown up. Stage experience had taught her but little. There was no doubt she was in love, but in love as Mary Jane Kelly would be—with a man and a home. Possibly he had been sincere in his promises. Maybe his pledges to live the simple life would be carried out—for a time.

I felt I had to say something to square my conscience, and gently and clearly I attempted to explain the dead wall she was facing. But it was no use. Jimmie had forestalled my every argument.

THEY were married, of course. Only a few intimates of Francine, including myself, were at the wedding, and the couple were far down the Bay on the way to Europe before the story reached the newspapers. Naturally, it was featured as a first-page sensation. But I supplied the reporters with an ancestry for the bride that raised a smoke screen which hid completely everything concerning the years previous to her stage debut.

* * * * *

I wish I could state that, when Jimmie and his beautiful wife again set foot upon their native soil, they were welcomed by the forgiving parents of the groom and a delegation from Boston's elite. Also that he purchased a nice, comfortable, well-wooded place in the country, where Francine, in snappy gingham, fed the chickens, learned to milk the cows and planned the dinner while he was in the city holding down a job in one of his father's banks. And, further, that after he had eaten the evening meal prepared by his wife's fair hands, Jimmie donned knickers, trundled the lawn-mower a bit, then took her for a ride along some stretch where the breakers made merry on the sands.

But—this is no fairy tale.

Of course, in his first mad infatuation, Jimmie had promised Francine everything she had asked. But I always figured he did it believing that, after a year of free spending in the capitals of Europe, she would forget all about her yearnings to cook for him and help feed the livestock, and would join him in living the life to which he had been accustomed. And that life meant that somebody else did all the work.

However, circumstances which he should have foreseen forced the issue. Immediately following the home-coming, he took his wife to Boston, where she met with a reception which had all the earmarks of a severe Arctic winter. The bride was treated with severe politeness by his parents. But there were no invitations to bring Francine to the homes of his former friends.

She was hurt; cut right to the heart, poor kid. Too late she realized that my warnings had been founded upon knowledge born of long experience; while Jimmie had based his pretty promises upon hopes.

He began by purchasing a Long Island estate of several hundred acres, to which he took his wife. Then he kept open house for a horde of friends and acquaintances who were free from the hide-bound prejudices of his Boston kin. They really liked and admired Francine for her many good qualities and, in their own way, tried to make her happy. But they failed. She had hoped to get away from the Broadway life forever. And they brought it right into her home.

Just once, in a spirit of jest, he permitted her to prepare a meal for his guests. But he put a ban upon the flapjacks she wished to include, fearing some chance remark might betray a hint of the portion of Francine's past which he tried to keep



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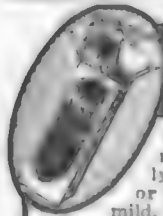


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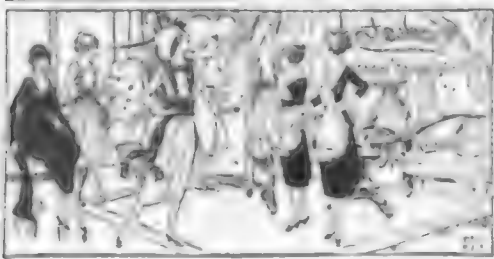
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even from his own mind. Safer, he thought!

And the day following he exacted from her a promise that she never again would enter the kitchen or do anything which could be performed by servants.

To herself Francine admitted her great dreams had disappeared into the mists. But to please her husband she tried, earnestly and persistently, to do as he desired: to hold her own with the hard-boiled, dancing, gambling, roistering men and women with whom he surrounded her.

I learned all this in the course of my frequent visits to their home, for neither Francine nor Jimmie would permit me to remain away long whenever I was in New York. I tried to close my eyes to what was going on. I endeavored to force myself to believe the storm would wear itself out; that ultimately they would come together on a middle ground. But my common sense kept prompting that they were headed for the rocks, that the crash I had forecast was imminent.

HOWEVER, they stuck it out longer than I anticipated. It was not until the spring of the third year of their married life that the inevitable happened. A few months previous Jimmie had begun to drink heavily and gamble persistently. Francine pleaded with him to change his habits; to make a new start away from the associates who were making both of them unhappy.

He would not listen. If she refused to live the life he desired, he would go his course alone. Even then she clung to him, hoping that time would bring him to his senses. But her effort was useless. Night after night he left most of his guests to be entertained by her and, with a few intimates, went to his quarters and gambled far into the morning.

Finally she could no longer stand up under the strain. She rebelled. There were some bitter words, followed by a period in which each avoided the other. Then the smash came.

One morning when Francine came to breakfast, Jimmie was missing. A note from him was beside her plate. Intuitively she sensed disaster. But, fighting to master the dread which clutched her, she drew the bit of paper from its covering and read:

Dearest Francine:—

It's no use for me to four-flush any longer. My cards are on the table. I'm a teacher in the matrimonial game. I have lacked the nerve to keep my pledges. I have been selfish and unfair; tried to make everybody else, and particularly you, play my game. I don't understand what, but something finally has told me into seeing myself as I really am. I'm sorry I didn't wake up sooner.

You, on the other hand, have been on the square all the time; have tried to be the kind of a pal I really need.

I'm going to make a fight to redeem myself, to win back your love and respect. I can't win out if I remain at home surrounded by the old crowd. The odds against me would be too great. And I can't deliberately send them away. No, I'm the one who must make the break; go to some place where I can battle for my come-back alone.

I know it is cowardly to quit you cold. But I also know that if I told you of my plans in person you wouldn't let me go. And that would mean drifting back into the old life. My lawyers will see that you have all the money you want until I return. I don't know when that will be. But before you see me again I'm going to learn how to behave like a white man. Do not think too harshly of me, but wait. On the level, Francine, I'll make good.

Jimmie.

She brought the letter to me. Between the lines I believed I could read sufficient to signify that her romance was over, that she had reached the end of her rainbow.

"He will come back to me, won't he, Daddy Billy?" she questioned, fighting to hold back the tears.

"Of course he will," I lied, patting her shoulder. "Jimmie's going to find himself. Just be patient."

"I wanted to hear you say that. I shall go home and wait."

In the long weeks which followed I received but two letters from Francine: short, pitiful missives, telling of her weary vigil in the great, lonesome house. I had tried to discover Jimmie's whereabouts, but failed. And, as she did not ask me to come to her, I was glad to remain away. For, frankly, I believed he had left home deliberately to break with her. I had known similar cases, and feared she would force the truth from me if I talked with her.

Then my busy season began, and for a month I was kept on the jump night and day, signing performers and completing a thousand and one details for the opening of "The Masqueraders," which was to take place in Chicago late in August. Simpson, who was spending the hot weather period on the West Coast, was to meet me there, and together we were to whip the show into shape.

It was a blistering day, with the air from the baked pavements rolling in through my office windows like a breath from a volcano, when I signed my last contract. The worst of my tasks were completed. And, despite the weather, I released the first sigh of contentment I had uttered in a long time, lighted a cigar and lolled in an easy chair, where the breeze from an electric fan could strike me flush.

I must have dozed, for I heard no one approach, and realized I was not alone only when I caught, "Hello! Daddy Billy," in Francine's familiar contralto. I leaped to my feet to find her facing me, cool, smiling, immaculate in white, a picture summer-girl come to life.

Never was I more glad to see anyone, and in the prolonged exchange of greetings it was some time before I thought to inquire what had brought her into the inferno of Manhattan on such a day.

INSTANTLY, straight, serious lines corrugated her forehead; her eyes flashed determination and her lips set themselves.

"I'm not going to talk a great deal now, Daddy Billy; I can't. Sometime, perhaps, I'll explain everything. But I have forced myself to accept the truth. I have heard nothing from my husband since he went away. I have tried to bluff myself—waiting and hoping. Now I realize that he is not coming back; never intended to. I can't go on as I have been doing. And I won't continue to live on an allowance he sends me through his attorneys. I am going to return to the stage, come back to the people I know and trust. I will be where I will not have to pretend to be what I am not; that I enjoy things which I dislike. I made a try for happiness and failed. Now I am going to work and forget—if I can."

I tried to argue Francine out of her plan, assuring her that Jimmie would be certain to see matters in the right light before long and would return, sorry, repentant and ready to make good her every desire. I did not want her to go back behind the footlights, fearing such a move would raise a barrier which would prevent absolutely any possible chance for a reconciliation.

But my arguments proved useless. For a point had been reached where her pride would no longer be denied its due. The



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outcome was that I promised to take her with the company to Chicago.

I knew the "big chief" would be tickled silly to have Francine with us. He always had liked her.

Then there was the box office point of view to be considered. As the petite and magnetic Francine La Rouque, she had won the public's favor without press-agenting. But, thereafter, a new element would enter into her drawing powers; curiosity to see a "Masquerader" who had captured the scion of the famous and wealthy Hopkins clan of Boston.

As a special favor she begged me to request her former companions not to question her concerning her reasons for returning to the stage. I did that and more. I arranged for a little farewell supper at the theatre the night before we were to depart for the West, at which she could be present and renew old friendships in an atmosphere which would preclude all formality.

THE getaway supper, like all such, was a happy, care-free celebration, where jealousies were forgotten—temporarily—and everybody wished everybody else the best of luck. The festivities concluded. I began issuing the final instructions for meeting at the special train the following afternoon. But I was interrupted by a messenger boy, who pushed to my side and handed me a telegram. It was addressed to Francine in my care. Pointing her out to the youth, I continued with my tasks.

I had finished replying to a thousand or less queries shot at me from all directions and was urging the milling performers to go home and get some sleep, when Francine beckoned me aside.

"Where and what is Whipcord, Arizona, Daddy Billy?"

"It's a one-cylinder town in the mountains, a million miles from nowhere. I have been told that its leading industries are copper mining and draw-poker."

"Daddy Billy," she stammered, her eyes smiling, her cheeks flushed with new color. "I have just learned something which has changed all my plans. I'm sorry, fearfully sorry, but I can't go with the company."

"Why, Francine, you can't mean that," I cried. "We can't get along without you."

"Please don't be angry with me, Daddy Billy, or I'll break down. Everything has changed in a minute. I—I've got to go home—quickly. Be good to your little girl once again. Telephone to the station and reserve tickets and staterooms for me—right through to Whipcord, if possible. And on the first train leaving. Then call me up and tell me what time I must be at the depot. Will you?"

"Of course, Francine, of course. But won't you explain."

"I can't now. I'm too excited. Here," and she crushed the telegram she had received into my hand. "That will tell everything. Good-by and God bless you, good, old standby daddy c' mine."

Then raising her voice, "Good-by, boys and girls. I can't go with you. Daddy Billy will explain." And she was off toward the stage door on the run.

"What's the matter? What's happened to Francine? What's the big news?" Those and dozens of other queries were hurled at me from right and left as the company crowded close.

Bewildered, too dazed to think, I pushed my way to a stage light, smoothed out the crumpled sheet and read aloud:

Whipcord, Arizona.

Have been here months bossing my copper mines. Broke my wrist licking my Dago superintendent. Not much hurt, but lonesome as hell. Am sure a plate of flap-jacks would fix me up O. K. How about it? Wire. Jimmie.

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Smoke

[Continued from page 78]

wizard. His face split into a toothless grin.

"You fella look-see Vila boy?" he demanded.

"Yes, yes!" Doc replied quickly. "Vao Kid! Where is he?"

The Lizard squatted on his haunches and poked at the fire. Then he motioned us to sit down opposite him. When we had done so, he picked up a bunch of dried fibre and poked it into the fire. It began to smudge. He plucked it out again, leaned over and passed the thing thrice under our noses. The smoke was sweetly scented, rather heady.

I had experienced that sweet smoke before. I knew what would follow inhalation—a sort of mesmeric trance; moments when the unreal to us would seem most real.

And now what we saw was most unreal. With slow deliberation, the Lizard arranged the fire in a foot-long heaped-up line radiating like a wheel spoke from the original bed of coals.

A second time he did this, making another line on the opposite side of the fire. The coals now made a continuous line about two feet or so in length with the remains of the first fire as a center.

Now the old wizard picked up a handful of dirt and tossed it on to the line of coals. Instantly a whitish smoke began to rise, straight up. It formed like a sheet, perfect, an opaque screen between us and the sorcerer.

Then the screen began to be shot with shadows. They shifted, began to blend, like a picture.

Then the shadows wavered and mingled into one—a writhing thing that reared up on a tail and swayed a hooded head like the shadow of a cobra.

I moved suddenly, impelled by a nervous impulse. The shadows seemed to vanish from the smoke. The screen grew wavering, less opaque; then it thinned and died away.

THE old wizard, still squatting on his fleshless haunches, pointed a bony arm toward the far off beach. His lips moved as he explained the message of the smoke. Doc seemed to understand. He sprang to his feet and started for the trail.

"Come on!" was all he said.

Not a word was spoken until we regained the launch. Then Doc broke out with quick commands. Anchors were lifted; the engine coughed; we started full speed for the home island.

* * * * *

It was just midnight when we crossed the reef and churned into Doc's lagoon. Doc switched on the searchlight which the launch carried forward. He swept the white beam of light over the water. Shoreward, moored with a single line, was a rakish craft the wizard had described. She was without a light, and lay queerly, with an odd starboard list. She was aground.

We landed beyond the stranger. Doc was the first ashore, and no sooner had his feet touched the beach when he started on a run for the storehouse. We ran after him and met him coming from the building with several bundles in his arms. In the darkness I had to look closely at them before I recognized them as rockets.

At three-minute intervals Doc set off a rocket from the beach. With the sixth shot, a bursting star high in the air, a golden stream of fire vaulted heavenward from Renault's place about six miles away. A moment later a similar one went up from Schrumpf's trading station farther

south.

"Now you and Bill turn in," Doc said. "Sleep on the veranda. I'll shoot or yell if I want you. I'll keep a couple of the black boys with me so I won't be alone."

Long Bill and I went to the bungalow. We slung a couple of hammocks on the veranda and turned in. I was dead weary. In less than a dozen minutes I was sound asleep. But for another dozen minutes only. Anyway, that is the way it seemed. I struggled back to consciousness, dimly realizing that Long Bill was speaking to me.

"Don't move!" he was saying. "Don't move!"

Wondering what it was all about, I did not move. I lay very still; but slowly I opened my eyes. The sun was mounting; it was dawn.

I WAS flat on my back in the hammock, but my head was turned so that I looked toward Long Bill's hammock. Long Bill was carefully, cautiously raising himself to a sitting position, and, at the same time, he was slipping, slipping gently to the floor. His eyes were not on me, but on the floor space between our swaying beds.

I turned my eyes downward—and froze, every muscle tense.

Black, reared like a goose-neck, a grizzled thing stood not three feet from my side. Its hooded head was fully distended; its beady eyes had a deadly gleam; and it did not sway. It stood as still as death—a cobra.

Long Bill's bare feet touched the floor. They made the merest shuffle of a sound. More swift than light the cobra whirled. A black streak flashed in the morning sun.

Long Bill yelled. I catapulted from my hammock and reached in a bound the door near to which one of Doc's bush-knives stood. I snatched it up and turned.

Long Bill had slipped and fallen. He was down with both arms raised to shield his face. The black flash was striking at him.

With two swings of the bush-knife I cut down my hammock and tossed it like a net over the cobra. It fouled the snake so that it could not strike. I drew it away from Long Bill and somehow pinned it down. Then with a vicious blow of the knife I struck off the head.

Doc Burchard, rifle ready in his hands, came on a run. With him were Renault, Schrumpf, and several other near-by planters who had come during the night in response to the rocket signals.

Doc saw at a glance what had happened. Tenderly they lifted Long Bill from the floor and put him on his hammock. The cobra's venom worked almost as swiftly as the doctor. In a few minutes Long Bill twitched a bit then lay quiet. We had done all we could—time alone would tell whether or not the bites were deadly.

Without further delay we boarded the strange craft beached in the lagoon. It was deserted. Whoever had come in her had gone ashore.

Ashore we went. Doc rounded up the black boys and set them hunting for a trail. One of them found it near to the veranda where lay a covered basket in which, doubtless, the cobra had been carried.

The trail led into the jungle. We all took it on a trot. It circled about bewilderingly, then turned inland to a high rocky spot.

"Deploy!" Doc commanded. "It's the Kid. Spread out and surround that devil! We've got him now. Shoot on sight!"

We deployed. Suddenly old Schrumpf threw rifle to shoulder. Up among the

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rocks the Kid was shifting to better cover. The old trader's rifle roared. The Kid pitched headlong among the bare basalt slabs. He rolled over twice, then slid from sight into a depression in the rocks.

With a yell one of the black boys went bounding up the jagged wall. From up above him came the whip of a rifle. The boy clapped hand to belly, half turned about, then crumpled up and came rolling over and over down the rocks.

Schrumpf swore German oaths deep in a guttural throat. From up above again came the whip of the rifle. Another black boy lifted both feet clear off the ground and went over backwards.

"Through the head," Doc shouted. "Dig for cover, boys!"

On both sides of me our little band scurried for shelter. I stood where I was. Up among the somber rocks the Kid suddenly leaped into full sight and stood poised on an edge of stone. He was naked, save for a lava-lava about his middle, and his left side was streaked with blood.

Doc Burchard fired. The Kid pitched forward and dived down behind a basalt ledge fully fifteen feet below him.

Slingsing my rifle over a shoulder, I started to climb up the rough steep. Doc yelled for me to turn back, but I ignored him. I climbed on and up. Then I heard the others following.

A loosened rock came crashing down. After it came the Kid, rolling over and over—and between tight-clasped arms and legs, rolled with him another form. They brought up against a boulder with a grunting impact, almost at my very feet. The Kid was uppermost.

"Grab him!" he gasped. "Get him! I'm about done!"

I JABBED my rifle muzzle into the fellow's face. The Kid sighed and went limp, rolling off to the ground. There he lay for some moments panting, until the others came up. Then he looked up at Doc. "He's hidden her—Helena—somewhere. We'll make him tell us where," he said.

The fellow was an Indian, a Eurasian, a great, swarthy giant of a man. He would tell us nothing, not until the Kid took charge, and for the third time swung him clear from his feet, strung up by the thumbs. The third time broke him. The girl, he gasped, breathless from the pain, was on the boat, lashed to the boom with the mainsail furled over her.

We found her as he had said, unconscious, half-suffocated. We carried her ashore, to the bungalow, where Doc gave her an injection of something or other and put her to bed in a hammock.

Then we went at the Indian again. We wanted to know why he had done what he had.

He hesitated to tell us, until Renault yanked suggestively on his thumbs. Then he confessed. Money. That was the idea—money. Chan Lee Wong, who kept the hotel at Noumea, had offered him one thousand francs in gold for every girl delivered. Easy money! Already he had collected six thousand francs, and he would have collected a seventh—Helena, he meant—had it not been for the Kid. Allah bear him witness, the Kid was a sorcerer! From the night and the sea he had come, riding the wind of the gale, and he had driven the schooner ashore in the lagoon.

"What's the answer, boys?" Doc turned to us and asked.

"Diable!" exclaimed Renault. "My tumb she cee turn straight down for hell!"

Thumbs down. That was the verdict. Doc opened up the boathouse and had dragged out the smallest canoe. The fellow was stripped, given a paddle and orders to push off.

Without a word he embarked and started down the lagoon. The tide was flowing;

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the reefs were boiling, flinging white water angrily toward the sky. Driftwood could not have crossed those barriers without breaking. The man in the frail canoe paddled on...

Doc looked at the Kid's left side. "Schrumpf did it," laughed the Kid. "With that damn' elephant gun of his." Schrumpf put on his steel-rimmed glasses and leaned over to examine the furrow the .44 slug had plowed along the Kid's ribs. Then he lifted his rifle and squinted at the sights. "Py golly, I aim for der belly. I haff to fix dem sights." Renault laughed. "Ze Kid know how smell ze win' from ze Dootchman's gun. *Sacre!* Schrumpf, you are one rotten shot! But all right. Now ze Kid tell us how he know ze black one bite Dixie wit' hees snake."

The Kid begged a cigarette from me. "I didn't know," he said. "I met the schooner coming away from the island before I landed. I found Dixie dead. I dropped my knife in the room. I wouldn't pick it up. I couldn't touch the thing again—not with Dixie's blood on it." "But ze schooner! You wreck heem?"

I FOLLOWED it. I would never have caught up with it though if it hadn't been for the storm. The gale actually blew me on board. It was a freak accident—but that snake charmer thought I was some kind of a devil. He locked himself in the cabin. I put the schooner ashore and then let the Lizard know where I was. I had to go ashore to do that. When I got back, the black devil had skipped. I thought he had Helena with him. Still I couldn't quite understand how it all had happened; I thought it a good time to learn.

"You sent the Lizard a message?" I asked the Kid. "Sure! I knew you'd all head for Dixie's place. I wanted you to get back here—quick. I had the Lizard send you back."

"He did that," I said. "But how did you communicate with him?" Still grinning, the Kid got up and tossed away his cigarette.

"Come along," he said. I followed him—deep into the jungle. The trail was dim, wet and slippery; then we made a clearing. A thatched roof stood on bamboo poles, and beneath the thatch, suspended by a single rope of twisted vines, hung a drum.

A drum—I call it that, but it was unlike any drum I had ever seen. It was, perhaps, ten feet long and three feet in diameter, the whole thing made up of short sections of hollow bamboo bound together. Over each end was tightly stretched a skin, a black skin whose owners had once walked as men.

Near to the gently swaying drum the Kid heaped up a tiny pile of damp wood dust. This he fired, and a thin stream of smoke mounted unwavering to the thatch. Then he took a short, heavy club from one support of the roof and swinging it against the drum, he beat out a quick, short code.

And with every beat he struck upon the drum my ear-drums throbbed—but I heard no sound.

The Kid sat down beside the smoke, his eyes intent upon the climbing wisp.

"Watch!" he breathed. As he spoke the smoke swayed gently as if a breath had blown upon it. Again. And thrice.

"The Lizard answers—with his drum."

"This is sorcery—"

The Kid laughed. "Hell, no! It's only—smoke."

Life Is Like That

[Continued from page 75]

other devotedly get that way, is indeed difficult to understand. But how they stay that way is even more mysterious.

During the commencement exercises Jack Garrett never once looked in my direction, but I was shocked by his changed appearance. Of course I should have gone to him and begged his forgiveness, admitting my mistake in even for a moment imagining I could be happy with another man, or that it was right for me to promise to marry another when I knew he and I were as good as engaged. But false pride held me back though I suffered, too. Mercifully, there was the flutter of excitement which goes with commencement, and this kept me from thinking of Jack every minute.

Finally the graduating exercises were over and I was motoring toward Chicago with the man who was considered the best matrimonial timber for miles around. Still I felt strangely cold and unresponsive, though I tried to be natural. He attributed my mood to embarrassment, no doubt, and was very patient and kind to me.

SO we were married, forgiven by my parents, who immediately sent us a bless-you-my-children message, had a short visit with them, and were on the way to Europe on our honeymoon.

While I never actually loved my husband, I admired him greatly and always felt a thrill of gratification at the thought of his choosing me from all the girls in college. We met many brilliant men during that trip who showed how much they admired my husband. He was a world recognized authority on astronomy, receiving large royalties from his books, which were read more extensively than I imagined such works would be.

And then September came, the beginning of a new semester of college, and we were back in the large house where my husband had lived alone in semi-seclusion, attended by his servants.

Then a change came over him. He was no longer good company, but buried himself for hours at a stretch in the observatory or library, two rooms I was forbidden to enter. Sometimes he ate his meals with me and sometimes had them sent to him, depending upon his mood. To be sure, there were times when he remembered he had a wife, but sometimes for days, maybe weeks, he was like a man in a dream-world, only leaving the house to conduct his classes. The balance of the time he was shut off alone, except when he took an occasional trip either to fill a lecture engagement or attend to some business with his New York publishers.

I used to wonder how he came out of that detached mood long enough to imagine he wanted to marry me; I decided that it was because of the approaching vacation when he would put aside his work for awhile. Then, too, it had been spring, and perhaps in spring even a middle-aged hermit's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of matrimony.

Aside from the afternoon functions that I attended, which were inclined to be formal and considerably boring, we had almost no social contact with the outside world. He even withdrew from it more than before our marriage, saying that now since he had me it gave him all the diversion he needed, and so far as the people in the town went, they could go hang. They were a stupid lot, anyway. If I ever asked him to consider me, he would probably tell me I was free to go wherever I chose.

I thought that if I did go out alone in

the evenings he might become jealous and want to accompany me. But I had no such luck. Being a neglected wife had taken a lot of the happiness and spontaneity out of me, and I'm sure people generally considered me very dull. But one night a young instructor flirted mildly with me and I insisted upon driving him home in my car. I gladly reported this to my husband.

"Now, that's nice," he said. "That's the way things are done on the continent. You are too young and pretty to be entirely robbed of other men's company, just because you happened to marry me. Have a good time. It relieves me of the worry of going places that bore me, and is good for you."

"But aren't you jealous? Don't you mind other men being attentive to me?"

He laughed. "Of course not. I trust you. All men should trust their wives. Having too delicate feelings on the subject of ownership only makes everyone concerned unhappy. But even if that were not my philosophy, I'd trust you, because at heart you're a little prude and lack the necessary courage to wander from the straight matrimonial path."

"But if I go places with other men, people will talk—"

"Good Lord, Winifred! Have you lived with me all this time without learning that I don't care what people say or think about anything?" was his reply. And it was true. Neither did he care what I said or thought about anything.

It was always that way. Sometimes I would be alone for days, and when he would emerge from his library or notice me on his way to or from classes, I'd try to attract his attention or stimulate his interest in me. This always seemed to amuse him and since he spoke his mind, did not hesitate to be brutally frank about it.

"You women are all alike," he would declare. "I wonder if you know you were deliberately vamping me. You should have learned long ago that it is useless to practice such wiles upon me. When I'm interested in something else, women bore me."

"Then, why in the world did you marry me?" I cried.

GOODNESS, must I answer that? How can I tell? I suppose it was because you were young and pretty and I was tired of work. But stop complaining about me. I'm sure I do the best I can by you. I give you all the money you can spend and all the freedom in the world, in addition to providing an expensive establishment. And I make love to you when I feel like it. What more can be expected of a man?"

He left me stunned and miserable, as I always was when I tried to get from him more than he had to give. He had little to offer except money. Gifts of kindness, unselfishness, self-denial or love were things he did not in the least understand nor wish to understand.

So for five years we lived together, and for me they were lonely, miserable years. My husband fared much better, because he was living the life he chose, entirely independent of me, refusing to allow me or my problems to worry him. His attitude toward anything that concerned me was maddeningly indifferent. At least this was true during the nine months while college was in session. I used to think of myself as a bird in a gilded cage, for I was surrounded with every luxury. To be sure, the cage door was left open, but the very ties of matrimony kept me there as surely as though I were locked in. I had no real

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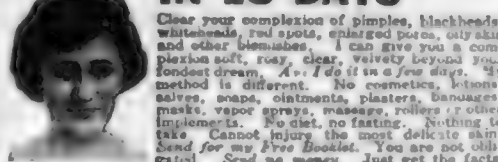
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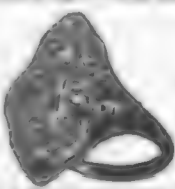
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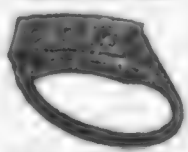
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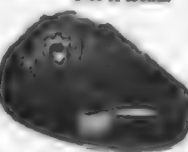
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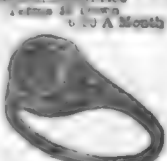
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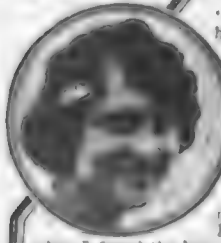


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opportunities to be unfaithful to those marriage vows, but a strong sense of honesty would have prevented my doing anything to dishonor my husband's name, had there been an opportunity. But then, of course, I might have made opportunities. It is never difficult for an attractive, well-dressed woman with plenty of money and leisure.

In summer we always went abroad and then my husband was a different being. At such times it suited his mood to devote himself to me. And no man was ever a more ardent love-maker than he when he chose. He had a trick of shutting himself off entirely from his work during vacation time. It was the only way he could keep up the pace, he used to explain.

"But you have plenty of money and hate the college. Why put so much of yourself into it for nine months?" I used to argue.

"Of course I hate the college, but the work interests me. Keeping in touch with those keen young minds is a stimulus. And there are always these summers away from it all—with you."

I knew how little I really mattered except as an anesthetic to make him forget his work. I was a convenience to him and his life plan and ambition, and that was all.

DIVORCE suggested itself to me, of course, though on a whole my plight seemed hardly sufficiently serious for such desperate measures. My life was not as unbearable as if I had been alert. Inactivity and disillusionment had deadened my senses so that I went through the days in a sort of dream—drifting, drifting through life as so many women similarly situated have done since the beginning of time.

The sixth college year since our marriage rolled around, finding us once more back in our home and quickly settled into the uneventful rut that always went with that location.

One morning I woke and glanced through the door into the adjoining room to find that the bed there had not been disturbed. This was not unusual, as sometimes my husband preferred to sit up all night with his stars, or sleep in the observatory. But it never failed to irritate me.

I was experiencing this feeling of exasperation when he came into my room and sat on the edge of my bed, looking more absent-minded than usual.

"I just got a night letter from an old friend of yours—Jack Garrett. He will be here in the morning. Kindly have the guest-room made ready for him," he said.

"This is an outrage," I cried, sitting up quickly. "Jack Garrett cannot come into this house."

"Kindly remember you are speaking of my house. It was mine before you married me. I've made a great discovery, Winifred—the greatest astronomical discovery of the century, and I simply have to watch it continually. When I do not, someone who is bright enough to understand my directions must watch for me. Garrett was one of the smartest fellows I ever had in my classes. He has a gift for figures and accuracy, too. Taken all in all, he is the one man for the job, so I wrote, asking him to come, and I just received this wire."

He handed me the telegram, which I read with unbelieving eyes, continuing to protest, though I knew at the start it would be futile. There were perhaps not more than three other astronomers in the world who would discover what my husband had, he explained. It was vital that he should be the first and vital that he did not disclose his discovery until he had it all figured to a certainty. Since Garrett was the man he needed, no college romance

between boy and girl would thwart his scheme. After all, it was just another display of jealousy on my part, he declared—the same jealousy he had been obliged to contend with ever since our marriage. Had he allowed it to interfere with his work, he would have been a dismal failure long ago—a product of petticoat rule.

So that was that. It had always been impossible for Charles to realize or admit that there were any half-way measures. Either he continued to do exactly as he wished, or ruin faced him.

What I couldn't understand was Jack's agreeing to come. I had heard nothing of him since our marriage. Was he coming to be near me? Little thrills of happy anticipation at seeing him so soon crept over me, but they only helped to warn me of the difficult part I was cast to play.

And so it was that Jack Garrett became a temporary member of our household. To be sure, he spent a large part of his time in the observatory, and I never saw him except at our meals.

I managed so that there was never an opportunity for confidential conversation between us, but one morning after he had been there about two weeks, Charles overslept and hurried off to his class without breakfast. So Jack and I breakfasted together.

It was not so intimate as it would have been without the servant who flitted in and out of the dining-room, but a great sense of happiness came to me at his nearness. Although I had poured his coffee for several days, this was different. It was a ghost of might-have-beens.

"This is jolly, Freddy," said Jack as if more than five years had suddenly been wiped out.

"Yes, it is," I agreed. "But just the same I wish you hadn't come. Why did you?"

"To be near you."

"No, you wouldn't do that. It isn't like you."

"You wanted to know the truth. That's it. The money he offered was a temptation, of course. Campbell is no piker with his purse. But what really decided me was because I wanted to see you. I wanted to know if you're happy, and I see you're not."

"Why pretend that I am? But it will make me infinitely more unhappy if you remain here. Please leave, Jack—that is, if you do not need the money."

WELL, I don't. I simply did this on the spur of the moment as sort of a lark. Have a two-months' leave of absence from my firm. That shows where I stand with them. I've made good. We might have been married a long time ago. I think you'd better chuck this whole business and decide to marry me after all. You see, I don't hold a grudge against you because you were very young, and he and his position were dazzling. Anyway, I never stopped loving you—and you still love me. You know it."

"I love you too much, Jack—too awfully much. That is why you must leave."

"Not on your life. I consider I am a man of honor, but he stole you from me and I'm going to steal you back. If you were happy with him it would be different. But I couldn't stand going away and leaving you here with him. He isn't even civil to you and hasn't a particle of love for anyone in the world except himself. When I leave, either you go with me or I have your promise that you will follow later."

Try as I might, I couldn't change his mind. And because I knew what he said was true and because I loved him so much, I decided at all costs he must leave. With all my heart I wanted to elope with him. But, well, such a thing simply couldn't

happen. Perhaps as he had said, my husband did steal me away from him. If so, the fault was mine. I hadn't been square with Jack. But now my duty was toward my husband. I felt I had to be square with him. So I told him the whole thing. He did not appear to be the least bit confused.

"What you say is extremely interesting, Winifred," he said, "but honestly I don't believe it—that is, not all of it. If it were true you wouldn't be so sweetly confiding. You may not know it, but like most women you will stoop to anything to gain your end. Your jealousy of my work has caused you to carry on systematic propaganda ever since we have been married to get me to neglect it and devote myself to you. If Jack Garrett were to leave now it would seriously interfere with my work. So, consciously or unconsciously, you mean to get him out of here. Perhaps he did suggest your eloping with him. Why not? You are really adorable and it is a compliment to my good taste to have someone else wish to possess you. But there are some things I've learned about you. You have a strong sense of honesty and of your duty toward me. Therefore, you can and will keep this young fellow at a distance for a few more weeks. Then he will leave and we will go on in our comfortable rut."

"Comfortable!" I cried, "Perhaps for you, but not for me. I detest this life and you know it. I'm unutterably bored with it all and would welcome an elopement—welcome almost anything for excitement."

"Yes, I understand. But that isn't enough reason for your eloping." Then his tone took on a menacing quality. "You wouldn't dare do such a thing, and you wouldn't dare be unfaithful to me. Please don't think of trying it or you'd be the most unhappy woman in the world. Now you're only bored, not actually unhappy." Again his manner changed; this time he spoke in the maddeningly cool way that I detested. "You can't stir me up, Winifred. Isn't it fortunate?" And with that he was gone.

THEN for awhile things went on the same as usual, except that my husband and Jack spent more time in the observatory, but I hadn't even the satisfaction of attributing that to any jealousy on the part of Charles Campbell. Things had become more active in the heavens and it was necessary for them to keep closer watch.

It was perhaps a month after the conversation between my husband and myself concerning Jack Garrett that Charles went to a stag dinner at the home of a man he particularly liked. He left orders for Jack's dinner to be sent to the observatory and this order was carried out.

After a solitary, lonely dinner while I sat playing the piano in the drawing-room, I was conscious that someone had come into the room. Wheeling around I looked into the face of Jack.

I arose quickly.

"Don't be cross," he began. "I wanted to be near you. Aren't you glad I came?" "Yes, I am, but you shouldn't have done it. I should send you away."

"But you aren't going to. You'll let me stay, please?"

"I'm afraid I will. I can't help it."

Then for the first time in years he gathered me in his arms and kissed me.

"I love you, my girl," he said tenderly, still holding me in his arms.

"And I love you," I replied. "Oh, I'm so glad we can have this short time together. I told him to send you away. I warned him, but he paid no attention to me. Now I don't want you to leave. I've wanted so much to talk to you and to feel your dear arms around me."

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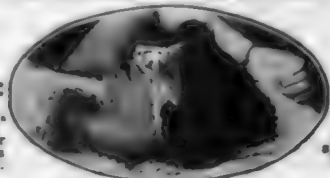
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It happened to be on a night that the servants were out, so for two hours we were together. But my husband returned sooner than we expected him. We were seated on a sofa facing the open fire, my head was on Jack's shoulder and his arms were around me, when we heard the front door open. Jack slipped softly away from me and by the time my husband reached us, he was standing at the desk, an open book in his hand.

One glance at Charles told me he had been drinking. He seldom did, and the few times he was under the influence of liquor since our marriage, he was thoroughly unreasonable and displayed a temper entirely unlike his usual calm manner.

Now the look in his eyes as he glanced from Jack to me struck terror to my heart.

"You both look guilty as the devil," he commented angrily.

"We are not guilty—not in the way you mean," said Jack gamely.

"Oh, I didn't expect you to admit it," sneered my husband. "And I didn't believe it was necessary for me to stay home every minute to keep you from taking advantage of me, Garrett. As for you," he continued, turning from Jack to me, "go to your room. I'll settle with you later. First I want to have it out with this cur."

"But, Charles, he is right. I give you my word—"

Both men were too much engrossed with each other to pay any particular attention to what I was saying. Suddenly my husband reached for a revolver in the table drawer, though almost as suddenly Jack flew at him, making a heroic effort to wrench the revolver from his hands.

The struggle was brief. Rage and hate faded from my husband's face to be replaced by a look of pain and ghastly whiteness. Then after one last desperate, enraged movement, he fell to the floor in a crumpled heap. His heart had not been able to withstand the combined mental and physical strain.

THEN followed moments of horror for both Jack and myself. Before phoning for the doctor I helped Jack remove all traces of a struggle from my dead husband as well as the room. I cannot explain how weird and horrible this was and the indelible impression it left upon the minds of us both.

Then there was the doctor's examination, the coroner's inquest, and through it all Jack and I felt like a pair of criminals though in reality we were not. We both expected to be tried for murder, but fortunately it was so obviously a case of heart failure that neither of us was involved.

It would seem that after that nothing remained but for us to marry and live happily ever after. But this was not the case. To be sure, after waiting a year, we were married, but marriage did not immediately put us in heaven. A cloud seemed to have arisen between us, making real happiness impossible. It seemed almost as if my dead husband's spirit haunted us, and that he was determined we should have no peace. We were both nervous and unnecessarily irritable. I often thought of my dead husband's words, "—you'd be the most unhappy woman in the world. Now you're only bored, not actually unhappy."

Yes, the boredom during the time I lived with Charles was heaven compared with this unrest and feeling of guilt.

And so things continued until one day when I received a letter from a noted astronomer asking if among Professor Campbell's papers I had found certain records, explaining that he would be glad to refer to them in a book he was writing.

There were so many papers that I had never gone through them carefully, but

now I made a thorough search, and in so doing came across a great many personal letters—letters of no consequence, some of which were little more than mash notes from college girls.

Others were of such an ardent nature that they left no question in my mind what their writer's relation with Charles had been. I read some of them with unbelieving eyes, a slow rage taking possession of me as their meaning dawned upon me. Had not his treatment of me been bad enough without this crowning offence? But here was conclusive evidence that he had been untrue to me from the time we returned from our honeymoon until his death.

MANY of those letters bore dates after our marriage. The most recent ones were from a woman in New York, named "Catherine." They spoke of the days she and my husband had spent together shortly before his death and immediately before Jack Garrett had come to our home. In one of them she wrote:

Adorable Man:

So you are really coming to me soon! I cannot tell you how happy I am and how I've missed you this summer. It is hard to understand your sense of duty toward the girl you married, since you do not love her and do love me. How wonderful it would have been had we gone away together, far off in distant lands with nothing to do but be happy and love.

But I do not mean to complain, Charles darling. How could I when you never lose an opportunity to be with me when you can. These business trips to New York are extremely convenient for us.

Dearest, I am waiting so eagerly for you to come. In imagination I feel your dear arms around me, your warm kisses on my face, my arms, my neck, my hair. Most wonderful man in the world, I love you. I want you.

Devotedly, Catherine.

My Little World

(Continued from page 72)

difficult for him, but he fought them hammer and tongs, never budging an inch. And when he took the matter of crossing a corner of the Mason farm into court and beat old Giles Mason, the whole county laughed behind their hand.

I was almost happy during those days, because I could see Byron's dream developing into something real. He used to take me out along the edge of the valley, pointing out where they had changed the course of a stream or spanned it with a trestle; graded down a hillside, or blasted through a bed of rock.

His face became drawn and tired; great circles formed under his eyes, from loss of sleep; but he kept on, never sparing himself a hardship, yet always considerate and kind to me.

I told Mother, and she almost snapped, "That boy is worth a hundred Larry Masons!" But Mother didn't love Larry, so I didn't expect her to understand.

I kept waiting and watching and wishing that Larry would come back for just a visit, so that I could only see him from across the street. But he stayed away from Granville, and one day Byron told me quite casually that Larry had written home saying he was going to stay in New York permanently.

I had never answered his letter: never sent him any message. What was the use? There wasn't anything to say. But sometimes I wanted to sit down and write him a note, just a few words: "I love you Larry, I love you, I love you, I love you!"

The letters she wrote to him after that visit with her were so ardent that they were disgusting. They told me, too, that Charles had written similar letters to her, almost up to the very last—letters which, according to her, were so full of life and passion that they made her feel exactly as though she were in his arms again; made her live through all the experiences of those wonderful days and nights.

And while he was writing such letters to her, I was struggling to overcome my love for Jack and be loyal, even in my thinking, toward my husband.

As I remembered my faithfulness to him during all our marriage in spite of his brutal neglect, the thought of his perfidy became unbearable. His offences, now that I had light on this new side of the man, seemed sufficiently great to wipe from my conscience the guilt I had felt because of being indirectly responsible for his sudden death. With a peace of mind such as I had never felt since that tragic night, I dressed and went to my husband's office.

I had seldom been in Jack's office and he was surprised to see me there, but that surprise was mild compared with what he felt after he had heard my story and read some of the letters.

"The dirty bum!" he exclaimed. "I knew he was a rotter, but I never suspected this. What a blessing he left the evidence! Heaven knows I'm not a saint, but I never was in his class at all."

"But his death, and my being involved, certainly have hurt me. There have been times when I've felt like the villain he called me. But, somehow, these letters make it right."

"Yes, somehow those letters make it right," I repeated, all the unhappiness of the past seeming to be wiped out and a great sense of peace remaining. "The cloud has lifted, Jack. His power to make me unhappy or afraid has vanished at last. Those letters have set us free."

Suddenly I began to notice that Byron was drinking again. At first it was just in the evening, but after a while his breath was constantly laden with whiskey. When I chided him about it he smiled and said, "I get so tired, dear, and it sort of braces me up. But I'll stop entirely if you wish me to."

"I would do anything for you if you would, Byron," I told him. "It worries me and you know the way Granville talks about a thing like that."

"Oh, damn Granville!" he flared and went stalking out of the room. That was the first time Byron had ever spoken to me like that, and although it hurt me, I couldn't help agreeing with him. I wanted to double-damn Granville!

For two or three weeks I didn't smell liquor when Byron came near me: his eyes cleared up again; he seemed better humored and happier.

THEN one night I came back to our room at about nine o'clock. I had stayed at Mother's for supper because Byron had been down the valley and had said that he wouldn't be home until rather late. When I opened the door I heard his heavy breathing and smelled the fumes of stale whiskey. I lighted the lamp and found him sprawled out across the bed, arms and feet flung dangling—drunk.

After a while I got Byron in bed and went back to my chair beside the window to gaze out on the dreary bleakness of Main Street. Drizzling, cold rain and

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fleet. Mud that seemed to cover the whole world, ankle deep to the horses as they passed under the street lamps. It fascinated me, watching them sink in, using every ounce of their strength to pull their load. Like me! Sinking in, deeper and deeper, hemmed in on every side, nothing ahead but more mud to take my spirit and strength.

In a half daze I went over to Byron's bureau and took out the revolver he always carried among the foreign laborers. Its nickel glint fascinated me.

I turned toward Byron. He moaned and raised a hand as though brushing away a dream. I took a step toward him and then something seemed to snap in my head; I drew in my breath so quickly that the wind whistled in my throat and startled me. With a little cry I put the gun back in the drawer and ran out of the room and back to Mother's.

That was the beginning of a nightmare that lasted for weeks. Byron had given everything he had to me and to his company; we had both failed him. They had taken all the men off the work, lacking funds to continue. Every siding and trestle along the road bed was a part of Byron, a part of his creation, and when they began to rot and rust in the winter winds Byron's soul rusted and rotted with them.

IF I could only have given Byron that something that was locked away in my heart, we could have gone on, laughing at our troubles and laughing at Granville, while it waited for us to fail. I tried, oh God, how hard I tried!

And Granville said, "If he hadn't got himself mixed up with her, old Giles Mason would have given him a hand. Look at the boy, drinkin' himself to death and goin' in debt. If she'd kept her hands off him he'd made a man!"

Mother tried to talk to Byron; I pleaded with him. And he would say he was sorry; that he wouldn't drink any more. Then in another day he would begin again, lounging in the Mason House bar; drinking one drink after another, going further and further in debt. And the men who hung about the bar with him would goad him on, nudging each other, laughing behind his back.

But one day he turned on them. It was the day after the news came that the Maine had been sunk in Havana Harbor. That morning he got up and sang while he dressed. I went over beside him and brushed back his hair from his forehead; he took my hand and kissed it, saying in a queer way, "I'm born again, Blanche."

For a moment I saw the old Byron and then his bloodshot eyes turned up to mine; his lips formed only muttered, slurring sentences when I put him to bed.

That afternoon I knew. He went down in the bar—Ted Williams told me about it—and when someone offered him a drink he nodded his head with a smile and then threw it in their eyes. When they protested he just sailed into them and drove them all out with split lips and bruised faces. After that he came up to the room, throwing back his head and laughing the way he laughed when I had first known him. His coat and shirt were torn, and over one eye was a great bruise; a little trickle of blood ran down his cheek. But he sat down and only laughed the more when I looked alarmed.

"I had to get one last crack at them before I left, Blanche. Every time I hit one of them with my left hand, that was for you; every time I hit them with my right, that was for me."

Then, as though he were telling me about a day's work, he said he was going to Washington on the five-ten to join the army. "It will give us time to think, and

give me an opportunity to find myself and give you—who knows?" he said and smiled.

I cried and told him I was willing to go on with him through everything and anything to keep my bargain. But he just went on about his packing and getting ready.

It was nearly five o'clock when we went down together and climbed in the rickety old Mason House bus and went rumbling up through the mud of Center Street to the station. And all the way Byron held to my hand like a little boy, and I sat there dry-eyed, silent, not knowing what to say or do, but feeling in my heart that Byron was going through a hell that no man could stand.

We stood on the lower end of the platform away from the few people who drifted in and out of the old wooden station—just holding to each others hands, not knowing what to say. The *clickety, click, click* of the telegraph instrument in the station came to our ears, the sound broken only by the far away whistle of the fifteen.

When the night wind began to bite through my coat and I shivered, Byron stood before me, shielding me, looking down at me with lips that smiled but eyes that cried out in torment and anguish.

As the five-ten whistled for the crossing above town, Gus Manley, the village drayman came galloping up with the evening mail from the post office. Not able to see who we were, in the gathering dusk, he moved down the platform and peered through his spectacles. When he recognized us he said, "Lo, Byron! Goin' down the line?"

"Yep," Byron answered, shortly. "Fer long?"

"Long enough so that Granville will have a new postman when I come back," he said and turned his back, laughing again. But now it was a high shrill laugh and at the end a little quavering sob.

I clutched to his arm and tried to make him see that I did have a heart and a soul, and that it did make a difference. And he gathered me in his arms as the headlight on the engine swung around the bend, and crushed me to him, whimpering like a sleepy child.

Then I was standing there alone watching the tail lights disappear down the valley. *Rickety, rickety, rack*, the clatter of the speeding wheels came back to my ears. Little angry gusts of wind snapped at my throat and I gathered my coat closer about me and looked up and down the platform. Forms began to move down toward me and I hurried away, stumbling through the mud, tears running down my cheeks.

Gone! Life changed so fast!

THE next morning I moved back to Mother's, and my sisters sneered. Before the day was over, it seemed that everyone in town came up to ask if Byron had left money to pay them what he owed. Then they looked at me as though I had stolen from them, like a thief. But I was so tired I didn't care.

After a few days I had a note from Byron. Just a few pages trying to make me laugh, but I could read between the lines of his pitiful, brave attempt. I could sense the loneliness and sadness of him.

But his next letter said that he had joined the First Regular Cavalry, because he was afraid that if he went into a volunteer regiment he would never see any active service. In every line I could read his one wish: to face death bravely, and have done with life and what it had given him.

Then one morning, while I was doing the housework, I looked out on a day that promised the coming of spring. My nerves had quieted down, and I could keep myself from jumping when someone closed

a door quickly or dropped a pan. And suddenly, around the corner, arms swinging, shoulders back, in the uniform of a cavalryman came Larry.

How many times I had thought of just this—seeing Larry! A million times I had gone over it in my mind. How I would smile and bow, as though it were Mr. White, the minister at our church—warm, yet impersonal!

Instead, my hand flew to my mouth to stifle the little scream that came from my lips. Mother called, "Blanche!" Then she came hurriedly into the room, dusting her hands on her gingham apron. She bent and looked out the window; I could see her jaws snap together. Then she stalked to the door, opened it. I put my hand on her arm and tried to pull her away. She shook it off, half angrily, and called, "Larry! Larry Mason!"

He turned his head, hesitated for an instant, then waved his hand and came across the street. Mother said without turning, "Don't be silly, Blanche!"

BE a silly? It was Larry! In a minute, a half a minute, just a few steps now, he would be standing before me, taking my hand, looking into my eyes!

His hand touched mine. I could feel little tremors go up my arm and down through my body to my toes. I talked to him and saw his steel, grey eyes sparkle and laugh; saw his face crimson and heard him laugh.

Then he was gone.

I went to my room and cried; I kissed where his hand had touched mine and prayed to God to keep him safe. How precious those fleeting moments would always, always be!

Larry went back to Washington on the five-ten to join the few college athletes and men of fortune who had managed to get in Roosevelt's Rough Riders. From there he would go to San Antonio to join his regiment of wild-riders and riflemen from the Rockies and the plains.

How proud Granville was of Larry! He'd show them a thing or two—the damned Spaniards! All Roosevelt needed was Larry, to hear Granville talk. Hardly a word for Byron. It was where he belonged in the first place—a ne'er-do-well.

Through April and May I had letters from Byron—letters that didn't sound like him. Too gay and happy for Byron! Never a word of what our future might be, when he came back.

So I told him in my next letter that he had something real to work for now, for our child would be his as much as mine. But he never mentioned it in the next and last letter I had from him.

It was written in June, the day his regiment would land at Daiquiri, on the coast of Cuba. He told me the fleet had been shelling the town to drive out any Spaniards who might have remained there.

At the end of his letter he said, "We make our advance in the morning, Blanche dear. Whatever lies before me, I thank God for giving me you, or a part of you, and whatever happens, 'His will be done'."

Just ten days later word came that Byron had been killed in action with his regiment at Las Guasimas.

And Granville dared to mourn his death and call him one of her sons—Granville that had driven us into each others arms for protection and then driven us apart that we might know a minute of rest and peace. I wanted to scream out and tell all Granville what it had done. My child without a father!

But I was used to life now; used to facing what seemed the worst that life could hold. So I just went along in the same dreary way I had gone for the past few months, not expecting anything and not caring.



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This is just a note to sympathize with you and tell you that my regiment was side by side with Byron's squadron of the First Cavalry when he was killed. He met his death like a true soldier and a brave man. I didn't know until after the battle at Las Guasimas and saw the list of killed and wounded that Byron was with the squadron of the First, that accompanied us from Tampa.

After I saw his name I inquired among some of the men of his regiment, who told me that he led a charge after the officer who commanded his troop had been killed, and took his men to the top of a hill right into the very face of the Spaniards' fire, routing them from a ranch they occupied on the extreme right flank of the movement.

The Spaniards used Mauser bullets with smokeless powder, so it was extremely difficult to locate their fire. But Byron led his men forward through a jungle, half exposed to a continuous fire they could not return, never flinching. At the crest of the hill he was shot through the abdomen, but refused to allow anyone to help him back to the rear. When he fell he didn't utter a sound, and two of his men dragged him over behind a tree where he propped himself up and continued to reload and fire until the line had moved forward.

When they found him again he was unconscious and had a little portrait of you clasped in his fingers. They took him back to a field hospital, and from there on board a transport where I believe he died.

How proud you must be of him—fighting to the last, never admitting defeat! I hope my father is now thoroughly ashamed of the way he acted toward him.

I wish I could do something to help ease your sorrow, Blanche dear.

May I say, lots of love?

Larry.

It was two months before Doris was

born that Larry came home. What a flood of thoughts filled my mind and my heart! It seemed too incredible, too impossible to think about. But the day he came home was like that day a year and a half before.

But this time the whole town turned out in force. Even my sisters went to the station and stood with Mother and me when his towering form came through the doorway. On his chest was pinned the Congressional Medal of Honor. How proud I was of him, for he had always been mine. My Larry!

And just like that day a year and a half before, he pushed his way through the crowd and took me in his arms and kissed me. Granville opened its mouth, gasped, and stood silent. Then they began to crowd and mill around us, patting Larry on the back, cheering, almost as though they were trying to take him from me.

And as though he sensed the pain that was in my heart, he held up his hand—Granville has never seen such a sight to this day!—and when they all quieted down he took his decoration from his uniform and pinned it on my dress. I buried my head on his shoulder and cried, while Granville stood by and watched.

GRANVILLE didn't know what to do. It had to accept what Larry Mason said or did, because it had followed the Masons for a hundred years like sheep. But I could hear them whispering: "And her child not born, and Byron only killed five months ago."

But their gossip was like the old cry of "Wolf! Wolf!" to me now. I didn't care. Nothing mattered but Larry and the child that would soon be ours,—Larry's and mine, as surely as though we had belonged to each other through all those awful days.

And Larry said we would be married in the spring and move down into the little cottage on the Mason farm with its hollyhocks and black-eyed susans and rambler roses.

[Concluded in October issue]

An Hour at Twilight

[Continued from page 49]

not enough ground to light a fire on. You know that. You have black blood to understand me. But I can't understand you. It's like you are no true Gypsy."

She leaned near me, tears in her eyes as she talked. Careless of those who watched us, I put my arm about her shoulders and drew her face toward mine. She pushed me away, firmly, tenderly, shaking her head, smiling wistfully.

"No," she whispered, "you know that Sinfie's lips are only for her rom. If Sinfie couldn't be married like her mother with a white handkerchief on a pole to show her goodness, she would sleep to-night with the little dagger in her heart."

"You are wonderful, Sinfie. Oh, I love you. I must see you—alone—tonight." And then, intoxicated by her nearness, maddened by the restraint endured, I whispered, "Meet me down the road, to-night. Meet me, if you want me to come back and be your rom."

Her eyes were like stars.

THERE is a saying that love finds a way. I left the camp and waited down the road in the deepening shadows. Sinfie came to me. I was conscious first of the spell of her nearness, of the odor of jasmine in her hair; then of her lips against my own. I felt the hard handle of a forgotten dagger—forgotten in the touch of our lips, in the wild, clinging kisses, the murmured words of love.

Forgotten, too, was my firm resolve to renounce all things Gypsy. Over and over

again I said, "mande fer tute—mande fer tute—when I come back."

* * * * *

It is twilight in the city. I am standing by an open window, facing a tiny park. That tiny bit of green makes me think of faded tents, dusty vans, and of love among the Gypsies.

Homesick desires must remain unsatisfied. News travels on wings in the Gypsy world, and in that world I am an outcast. There is no welcome, no tolerance, for one who has broken tradition and run away. Gypsy law is by necessity unrelenting. I could not go back.

My wife is speaking. "Yes," she says, "you are too busy, of course, to go to a dance. You have no time to dance—no time to play—no time for anything. You are too straight-laced. You have no imagination."

I do not argue. I turn from the window and pick up a book, nervously turning a few pages. Queer, isn't it, that I should chance to turn to the "Lament of Mahomed Akram"?

"There is an hour, at twilight, too heavy with memory;
There is a flower that I fear, for your hair had its fragrance..."

I drop the book and turn again to face the little patch of green—to face the memory that comes always with night, with dawn, with wind and sun and rain, with all the natural, beautiful things of life.



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